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MUSICAL EXPRESS

US 50c/Canada 35c

December 14, 1974 10p

Barry White -Unlikeliest sex symbol of them all

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Status Quo

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Eric Clapton

PAGE 39

Bopper Rool! But do they?

IS BOPPER POWER ALL IT USED TO BE? PAGES 18/19

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Albums Of The Year

Osmonds play January gigs

THE OSMONDS were this week confirmed for a string of British concert appearances during the second half of January. They fly in from Scandinavia and play Southampton Gaumont (January 21), London Hammersmith Odeon (23, 24, and 25), Birmingham Odeon (27) and Glasgow Apollo Centre (28). There will be one concert each day except on Sunday, January 25, when there is an additional afternoon performance for Osmonds Fan Club members only (for which tickets have already been allocated).

Applications for tickets may be submitted immediately, by post only to the respective box offices. Seats are priced at £2.50, £2, £1.50 and £1 at all venues, and applicants are restricted to two tickets per person. A stamped self-addressed envelope should be enclosed with every application.

Polydor are moutning a huge security operation to shield the Osmonds during their visit, and to safeguard audiences at their concerts. The group will stay at an undisclosed hideaway "somewhere in the country". They are expected to appear on TV during their visit, which will be followed by further dates in Europe. This will be the first leg of a 1975 world tour by the Osmonds which — among other territories — will take in Japan and Australasia.

GINGER BAKER –10 CONCERTS

GINGER BAKER is to tour Britain early in the New Year with his new band, the Baker-Gurvitz Army, the other two members being Adrian and Paul Gurvitz. After playing dates in Sweden, Denmark, Germany, France and Holland, the outfit flies into this country and opens at Edinburgh University on January 31. The tour culminates with a major concert at London Rainbow Theatre on February 16.

Intervening gigs are at Norwich East Anglia University (February 5), Sheffield City Hall (6), Lancaster University (7), Leeds University (8), Birmingham — venue to be announced (9), Manchester Free Trade Hall (10), Southampton University (12) and Reading University (15). As a prelude to the tour, Vertigo release the band's debut album "Baker-Gurvitz Army", recorded at Ginger's own studios in Nigeria, on January 10.

Adrian Gurvitz (guitar) and Paul Gurvitz (bass) were both originally members of The Gun, who scored a big chart hit with "Race With The Devil", and Adrian subsequently worked with the Buddy Miles Express for 18 months. Baker has been living mainly in Nigeria for the past few years, working with and recording African musicians in his own studio — and, in fact, Wings recorded some of the "Band On The Run" tracks there. The Baker-Gurvitz Army have signed a deal with Mountain Management, who also represent Nazareth and the Alex Harvey Band, as well as a three-year contract with the Vertigo label.

Doobies: extra London shows

THE WARNER BROTHERS package tour, plans for which were first announced by NME six weeks ago, will now play four concerts at London Rainbow Theatre next month — instead of the two gigs originally envisaged. The Doobie Brothers will top all four shows, with the other four acts in the package alternating as support act.

The running order of the London concerts is as follows: Doobies and Montrose (Friday, January 17, at 7.30 p.m.); Doobies, Tower Of Powe and Bonaroo (Saturday, 18, at 7.30 p.m.); Doobies and Little Feat (Sunday, 19, at 3.30 p.m.); and Doobies and Graham Central Station (Sunday, 19, at 7.30 p.m.).

As previously reported, the Warner tour also plays Manchester Free Trade Hall on January 15 and 16. Both concerts start at 7 p.m. and the running order is Little Feat, Tower Of Power and Montrose (15); and the Doobies, Graham Central Station and Bonaroo (16). Tickets for all six concerts go on sale this Saturday (14) priced at £2.20, £1.80, £1.40 and £1.

Javells open tour

THE JAVELLS, featuring Nosmo King, begin their debut British tour next week — aimed at consolidating the success of their chart hit "Goodbye Nothing To Say". Gigs so far confirmed are Paignton Penelope's (December 18), Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido (19), Coventry Mr. George's (20), London Speakeasy (21), Kettering (23), Scunthorpe Baths Hall (24), Skegness Festival Pavilion (26), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (27) and Burton-on-Trent doubling Wigan (28). The group have now been augmented by singer Jeanette Tavernier.

Mott's Ian recording solo set

IAN HUNTER has arrived back in this country considerably earlier than expected, after recovering from the collapse which caused the cancellation of Mott The Hoople's autumn tour of Briatin. And he is already in the studios in London recording a solo album, reports Lisa Robinson.

He is being assisted in the project by fellow Mott member Mick Ronson, who is co-producing as well as playing on the set. It is hoped to complete all the tracks before Mott are scheduled to start work on their next group album in the New Year.

This latest surprise development has increased speculation regarding an impending split in Mott, with Hunter allegedly anxious to pursue a solo career. But official sources still maintain that no such split is on the cards.

STOP PRESS: BARRY WHITE'S JANUARY TOUR OF EUROPE, INCLUDING LONDON CONCERTS, IS CANCELLED. REASON AT PRESENT UNKNOWN.

RECORD NEWS

- A new band called **Jet,** handled by Gary Glitter's manager Mike Leander, have been signed by CBS and are cutting their debut album for release in February or March. Producer is Roy Baker, who also produces Queen. They comprise guitarist Davy O'List (ex-Nice and Roxy Music), drummer Chris Townson and vocalist Andy Ellison (both formerly with John's Children) and keyboards man Sir Peter Oxendale and bassist Martin Gordon (both from the original British line-up of Sparks).
- **Bonnie Bramlett,** previously half of Delaney and Bonnie, has been signed by Capricorn Records. She has already finished work on her first album for the label "It's Time," which will be released in Britain in the New Year.
- Virgin release two major singles on February 7 — "Don Alfonso" by **Mike Oldfield** and "Yesterday Man" by **Robert Wyatt.** The Oldfield track is a traditional song and features "bull-fighters and massed guitar crescendos," with Oldfield himself playing all the guitars supported by David Bedford (vocals), Chris Cutler (drums) and Kevin Ayers (wine bottles). Wyatt's is a novel version of Chris Andrews' 1965 hit
- The above two tracks will also be included on a Virgin compilation double album, titled "V", for release on January 31. It comprises all new material and among other highlights are two **Captain Beefheart** tracks recorded at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal, **Tangerine Dream's** "Overture," a new **Ivor Cutler** song and an extended version of **Kevin Coyne's** "Marjorie Razor Blade" recorded in London Hyde Park last summer.
- Sweet Sensation's follow-up to their recent chart-topping single "Sad Sweet Dreamer" will be issued by Pye on January 10 — title is "Purely By Coincidence." The band are at present recording their first album.
- **Lynyrd Skynyrd's** new single, for release by MCA in the New Year, will be "Saturday Night Special." The song is featured in the new Burt Reynolds film "The Mean Machine" which opens in London in Mid-January.

Sensation big gig

SWEET SENSATION play their first major concert in the London area on Sunday, January 26, when they headline at Croydon Fairfield Hall. Another London debut announced this week involves Scottish comedian-singer Billy Connolly, who appears at the London Palladium on Sunday, January 12.

More big tours planned for '75

NEIL DIAMOND will definitely tour Britain in 1975, it was announced last weekend when Diamond flew into London for a four-day visit. A spokesman said that several leading promoters are "waving blank cheques" for Diamond's services and, until he has actually been contracted, it is impossible to specify the exact period of his visit. Diamond was in town this week primarily to film a guest spot in Shirley Bassey's Christmas TV show, but he was not making any live appearances.

CARL DOUGLAS is at present rehearsing with his newly-formed backing band, and will be going on tour — both in Britain and abroad — in the New Year with his own road show. Douglas was to have guested on George McCrae's current British tour, but withdrew by mutual agreement between his managers and the tour promoters. His co-manager said he regretted there had been some confusion over this, and that the promoters had not made Douglas's withdrawal clear to the public.

DETROIT SPINNERS head a package of Atlantic Records artists who will tour Britain, France and Germany in April under the banner of "Soul Explosion Tour". Also featured will be Ben E. King, Sister Sledge, Margie Joseph and Arthur Conley. The package will play about 12 major dates in this country. All the artists involved are included in a compilation album titled "Super Soul", to be issued by Atlantic in March as a prelude to the tour.

SUPERTRAMP are to undertake a nationwide concert tour starting in early April. The band are currently playing a handful of British dates, culminating at London Victoria Palace on December 15, but these will be their last dates in this country until the spring tour. They begin a European tour on January 12 — visiting Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark — and are set for their first U.S. concert series in March. The band, whose "Crime Of The Century" album entered the NME Chart last week, will have their follow-up A & M album issued in the spring.

10 c.c. set out on a major 24-city tour in March. Details of dates and venues are at present being finalised and will be announced early in the New Year. British group Fancy, who have had two hit singles in America with "Wild Thing" and "Touch Me", will support 10c.c. on the road. Fancy's current U.S. tour, due to finish on December 23, has been extended until mid-January and they are set for a Scandinavian tour in February.

PILOT are to headline a British concert tour opening in early May. The band are currently playing a series of debut one-nighter gigs around the country, to tie in with their hit single "Magic". Their new LP "From The Album Of The Same Name", just released here by EMI, will be issued in America on January 6 — and they fly to the States in early February for a one-week promotional visit. On their return, Pilot start work on their next album. Further isolated gigs follow before the full concert tour starts in May.

COCKNEY REBEL now plan to open their next British concert tour — their first since Steve Harley completely re-shaped the band — in the middle of March. It will be an extensive itinerary, covering most major venues throughout the country. They are currently at work in the recording studios laying down tracks for a new album, which EMI will issue at the beginning of March as a prelude to the tour. Rebel leave at the end of January for America, where they are to tour for four weeks.

BLACK SABBATH will play selected dates in Britain in the early spring, it was announced this week. The band have just returned from a tour of Australia — where they collected 12 Gold Discs — and in January they start recording a new album, for release in late February and early March. They will undertake tours of Japan and America in March and April, and their British dates will be slotted in between these overseas engagements.

OSIBISA, who have been playing spasmodic gigs during the past six weeks, will headline a full concert tour in the New Year. It is not expected that details of their itinerary will be completed until after Christmas. Meanwhile, the band's last major date of 1974 is at London Hammersmith Palais this Sunday (15), with Casablanca and the Funkees supprting.

- **Dave Mason** is expected back in Britain towards the end of January for a short tour, comprising five or six venues, with his new four-piece band . . . The **Ohio Players,** currently a big-selling album act in America, are being lined up for a debut British tour early in the New Year . . . **Lynsey de Paul** is planning a two-week tour starting in mid-January, though no venues have yet been confirmed . . . **Jon Hiseman** is getting together a new band, with a view to going on the road in the New Year, and has already named ex-Thin Lizzy guitarist Gary Moore as one of his sidemen . . . **Billy Cobham,** who was to have visited Britain this month to tie in with the release of his new Atlantic album "Total Eclipse", will now instead tour here in the spring.

Friday, 13th Dec. Lancaster—St. Martin's College
Saturday, 14th Dec. Plymouth Polytechnic
Tuesday, 17th Dec. Thurrock Thames Side Theatre
Friday, 20th Dec. Sutton Coldfield—College of F.ED.
Friday, 27th Dec. London—Biba's
Saturday, 28th Dec. London—Biba's

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News Desk — Edited: Derek Johnson

BOWIE EUROPEAN TOUR —UNIQUE PRESENTATION

DAVID BOWIE will definitely tour Britain and Europe in the spring, he revealed in Philadelphia at the weekend. He will play selected dates at major venues in April, May and June. It is almost certain that Wembley Stadium will be included in his itinerary, and — provided suitable venues can be negotiated — it is likely that he will visit other British cities.

Bowie has unique and ambitious plans for the European tour, involving a more spectacular production than any previous rock show. He intends to feature a gigantic set incorporating five separate stages, all with "something different" happening simultaneously, while Bowie himself switches from one stage to another. Obviously this project will necessitate hiring the largest possible venues, and it will also incur a huge financial outlay.

As previously reported by NME, two leading British promoters have already declined the opportunity of presenting Bowie, because of the huge expense involved — which would have to be passed on to the public. It now seems probable that Mel Bush will promote Bowie's British gigs, although he was not available this week for comment. However, it is understood that several Saturdays have been booked at Wembley Stadium during the spring and early summer for the presentation of pop and rock shows.

DAVID BOWIE pictured on stage in Philadelphia last week. On the left is JEFF McCORMACK, who will be accompanying Bowie on his journey along the Amazon.

Bowie's new album "Fascination" — recorded at Sigma Sound in Philadelphia — is being issued in America in January. RCA do not yet have any plans for its release in this country, and it seems likely that it will be withheld to coincide with — or immediately precede — his British dates.

The album is all r-and-b and comprises eight tracks. They include "Win", "John I'm Only Dancing" (his third attempt at this song), "Young American", "It's Gonna Be Me", "Right!", "Can You Hear Me?" and the title track — plus one other which has not yet been named.

Bowie is to tour Brazil for three weeks from January 10 with his "Philly Dogs" package — an extension of his recent American "Diamond Dogs" road show, and re-named because of his current r-and-b involvement. Beacuse of his dislike of flying, Bowie intends to travel by sea to Caracas in Venezuela — and then journey overland by Land Rover, via the Amazon, to Brazil.

ELTON JOHN welcomes DIANA ROSS to his dressing-room, backstage at Los Angeles Forum. Lyricist BERNIE TAUPIN in on the right.

'I stay put in Britain' – SAYS ELTON

ELTON JOHN has decided not to quit Britain after all! It had been widely expected that, due to excessive taxation in this country, he would become a U.S. resident in 1975. But Elton arrived back in Britain, following his extensive American tour, with the news that he is "staying put" here. He said: "I thought seriously about staying in the States, but I soon had to accept the reality — that I simply couldn't face it. Anyway, I've now made enough money to live happily in Britain, whatever the taxman may take from me."

It is now expected that, as a result of his decision, Elton will undertake a British tour fairly early next year — although nothing has yet been set up. A tour had been pencilled in for him in January, to follow his five days at London Hammersmith Odeon (December 20-24), but this was scrapped when it appeared that he would be spending most of his time in America. A spokesman for Rocket Records said this week: "We are now hopeful that something will soon be set up for Elton around Britain."

Ace & Bad Company see in '75

BAD COMPANY, Ace and Leo Sayer will be performing live in a special edition of "The Old Grey Whistle Test", lasting over two hours, which will see the New Year in on BBC-2. The programme, subtitled "Rock 'Til Two", will be screened on December 31 from 11.55 p.m. to 2 a.m. and — said a spokesman — could well overrun that time. Also featured in the show will be highlights from the "Whistle Test" series during the past year.

As previously reported, Elton John's concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Christmas Eve is to be transmitted live by "Whistle Test", and the time slot now set for this is 10.05 to 11 p.m. It will be broadcast simultaneously (in stereo) by Radio 1 in John Peel's "Top Gear", which is expected to air the rest of Elton's act after the TV sequence has finished.

XMAS AND NEW YEAR TV ROCK

A 50-minute compilation programme, featuring highlights from the Osmonds' BBC-1 series this autumn, is to be transmitted by the same channel on Monday, December 23.

Granada-TV have now completed the line-up of the special Christmas edition of "45", to be fully networked at lunchtime on Christmas Day. Among acts appearing are Queen, Mud, The Bay City Rollers, Neil Sedaka, Ken Boothe and Mac & Katie Kissoon. As previously reported, Rick Wakeman and Dave Cousins perform as a duo, as do Colin Blunstone and Russ Ballard.

By switching channels to BBC-1 after "45" ends, viewers will then be able to see the first part of the 1974 "Top Of The Pops" round-up. The second part will be screened on Friday evening, December 27. The full cast list for the two TOTP shows has not yet been settled, but a spokesman said that all the No.1 hits of the year will be featured.

Among other highlights of BBC-1's Christmas schedules are specials featuring Petula Clark, Shirley Bassey (with Neil Diamond guesting), Cilla Black, the Spinners, Harry Secombe (with Peter Sellers guesting), Mike Yarwood and Diane Solomon; "Aladdin" with the Goodies and Dana; and "Parkinson" (December 21) with Andy Williams and his family. Tony Bennett and Spike Milligan have their own shows on BBC-2. Full day-by-day details will be listed in next week's Gig Guide.

● Emerson, Lake & Palmer make a rare appearance on Radio 1 this weekend (15), when they are showcased in "Sounds On Sunday" (7-7.30 p.m.)

SLADE as they appear in their debut movie "Flame".

Slade film on release

SLADE's debut movie "Flame" is to be released in Britain on a rota system of TV areas, as was the Gary Glitter film "Remember Me This Way." The idea is to enable the distributors to promote and advertise the picture — and for Slade themselves to make promotional appearances — on local ITV in the areas concerned. The film will open in the Tyne Tees (Newcastle and district) and Yorkshire (Leeds and district) areas on January 19. There will be an official premiere in London West End on February 13, although the cinema has not yet been named, and it will go on general release in London — North and South — on February 16.

GIANT TOUR OFF—AGAIN!

GENTLE GIANT have been forced to cancel their British concert tour for the second time. The revised schedule was due to open in Sheffield last Thursday (5) and terminate at London Rainbow on December 22, but it had to be scrapped at the last moment because lead singer and multi-instrumentalist Derek Shulman is suffering from a severe stomach ulcer.

Shulman first became aware of the ulcer during the band's five-week autumn U.S. tour, and his condition worsened during a hectic European itinerary late last month. Now doctors have forbidden him to work for two months, and have told him to take a complete rest for that period.

However, he plans to consult his doctors again next week, in the hope that they will give him permission to appear in a one-off concert — the Rainbow date on December 22. Whether or not this show will take place will not be known until a few days before the event. Shulman is at present convalescing, but hopes to start writing material for the band's next album early in the New Year.

Giant were originally scheduled to tour Britain in late October and early November, with Snafu supporting, but this was postponed because of the extension of their American tour. Brown's Home Brew were due to support them on their projected revised dates this month. A spokesman said that the tour will be rescheduled yet again, although no period has yet been specified.

H.B. Barnum plans Albert soul show

H. B. BARNUM, the noted American musical director and producer, flew into London this week to promote his newly-released solo single "Having A Party" on the Power Exchange label. He was filming a sequence for BBC-1's "Top Of The Pops" for screening today (Thursday) and, during his visit, he is also producing the new Thunderthighs single.

Barnum is also nearing completion of a solo album, which is scheduled for release in February, and he will be returning to this country at that time. Highlight of his February visit will be a special soul concert — probably at London Royal Albert Hall — which he will headline supported by guest artists.

Currently musical director for the Osmonds, Barnum has previously been associated as producer with many leading recording artists — including Johnny Bristol, Marvin Gaye, Gladys Knight & the Pips, Stevie Wonder, the O'Jays, Diana Ross and the Supremes. An unusual engagement for Barnum takes him to Iceland on December 19, where he is to conduct the Icelandic Philharmonic Orchestra in two charity concerts.

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1. POINT ME AT THE SKY ..... Pink Floyd (Import)
2. AMERICA ..... Yes (Import)
3. WHOLE LOTTA LOVE ..... Led Zeppelin (Import)
4. SPACE ODDITY ..... David Bowie (Import)
5. SMOKE ON THE WATER ..... Deep Purple (Import)
6. ALL I WANT IS YOU ..... Roxy Music (Island)
7. ONE OF THESE DAYS ..... Pink Floyd (Import)
8. COUNTING OUT TIME ..... Genesis (B&C)
9. WOMAN FROM TOKYO ..... Deep Purple (Import)
10. NEVER TURN YOUR BACK ..... Sparks (Island)
11. RADAR LOVE ..... Golden Earring (Track)
12. LET'S EAT (REAL SOON) ..... Hatfield and the North (Virgin)
13. DAY AND NIGHT ..... Man (United Artists)
14. ROCK AND ROLL ..... Led Zeppelin (Import)
15. PROMISED LAND ..... Johnnie Allan (Oval)
16. KEEP IT DOWN ..... Jack Bruce (RSO)
17. COSTAFINE TOWN ..... Splinter (Dark Horse)
18. LIVING IN THE USA ..... Steve Miller (Import)
19. FREE FOUR ..... Pink Floyd (Import)
20. LONG TALL SALLY (EP) ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
21. YOU MAKE ME DANCE ..... Faces (Warner Bros.)
22. ROUGH KIDS ..... Kilburn and the High Roads (Dawn)
23. E.L.P. ..... Jerusalem (Manticore)
24. I'M A BELIEVER ..... Robert Wyatt (Virgin)
25. 5.15 ..... The Who (Track)
26. DOWN, DOWN ..... Status Quo (Vertigo)
27. WALKING IN THE WIND ..... Traffic (Island)
28. WHAT WENT DOWN ..... Ronnie Lane (Island)
29. FIESTA FANDANGO ..... Roger Wooton (Virgin)
30. FLY AWAY ..... Russ Ballard (CBS)

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Five Years Ago

Week ending December 10, 1969

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	RUBY DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE TO TOWN	Kenny Rogers & the First Edition (Reprise)
1	2	YESTER-ME, YESTER-YOU, YESTERDAY	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
2	3	SUGAR SUGAR	Archies (RCA)
8	4	TWO LITTLE BOYS	Rolf Harris (Columbia)
6	5	MELTING POT	Blue Mink (Philips)
4	6	(CALL ME) NUMBER ONE	Tremeloes (CBS)
12	7	SUSPICIOUS MINDS	Elvis Presley (RCA)
10	8	WINTER WORLD OF LOVE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
5	9	SOMETHING	Beatles (Apple)
18	10	THE ONION SONG	Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell (Tamla Motown)

Ten Years Ago

Week ending December 11, 1964

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I FEEL FINE	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	2	LITTLE RED ROOSTER	Rolling Stones (Decca)
3	2	I'M GONNA BE STRONG	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
4	4	DOWNTOWN	Petula Clark (Pye)
9	5	WALK TALL	Val Doonican (Decca)
10	6	PRETTY PAPER	Roy Orbison (London)
5	7	ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT	Kinks (Pye)
6	8	BABY LOVE	Supremes (Stateside)
15	9	I UNDERSTAND	Freddie and the Dreamers (Columbia)
21	10	I COULD EASILY FALL	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

15 Years Ago

Week ending December 11, 1959

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	WHAT DO YOU WANT	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
2	2	WHAT DO YOU WANT TO MAKE THOSE EYES AT ME FOR	Emile Ford (Pye)
3	3	TRAVELLIN' LIGHT	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	4	OH! CAROL	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
8	5	SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS	The Avons (Columbia)
5	6	RED RIVER ROCK	Johnny and the Hurricanes (London)
7	7	PUT YOUR HEAD ON MY SHOULDER	Paul Anka (Columbia)
6	7	MACK THE KNIFE	Bobby Darin (London)
10	9	TEEN BEAT	Sandy Nelson (Top Rank)
12	9	SNOW COACH	Russ Conway (Columbia)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Tuesday, 10th December, 1974

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in Chart	Highest position
1	(2)	YOU'RE THE FIRST, THE LAST, MY EVERYTHING — Barry White (20th Century)	6	2
2	(5)	YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET — Bachman Turner Overdrive (Mercury)	4	2
3	(1)	GONNA MAKE YOU A STAR — David Essex (CBS)	9	1
4	(3)	JUKE BOX JIVE — The Rubettes (Polydor)	4	3
5	(6)	TELL HIM ..... Hello (Bell)	5	5
6	(4)	OH YES! YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL — Gary Glitter (Bell)	4	4
7	(9)	MY BOY ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)	4	9
8	(19)	LONELY THIS CHRISTMAS — Mud (Rak)	2	8
9	(21)	GET DANCING — Discotex & The Sex-O-Letes (Chelsea)	3	9
10	(8)	LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS — Elton John (DJM)	4	8
11	(22)	IRE FEELINGS (SKANGA) — Rupie Edwards (Cactus)	2	11
12	(7)	KILLER QUEEN ..... Queen (EMI)	8	2
13	(—)	YOU CAN MAKE ME DANCE — Faces/Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	1	13
14	(14)	HOW LONG ..... Ac. (Anchor)	5	14
15	(15)	MAGIC ..... Pilot (EMI)	5	8
16	(11)	HEY THERE LONELY GIRL — Eddie Holman (ABC)	8	3
17	(18)	SHA LA LA ..... Al Green (London)	3	17
18	(10)	PEPPER BOX ..... Peppers (Spark)	6	5
19	(—)	STREETS OF LONDON — Ralph McTell (Reprise)	1	19
20	(12)	TOO GOOD TO BE FORGOTTEN — Chi-Lites (Brunswick)	5	9
21	(—)	DOWN DOWN ... Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	21
22	(29)	UNDER MY THUMB — Wayne Gibson (Pye)	3	22
23	(26)	HEY MISTER CHRISTMAS — Showaddywaddy (Bell)	2	23
24	(20)	TELL ME WHY — Alvin Stardust (Magnet)	2	20
25	(30)	ZING WENT THE STRINGS OF MY HEART ..... Trammps (Buddah)	3	25
26	(13)	THE WILD ONE .... Suzi Quatro (Rak)	5	13
27	(27)	COSTAFINE TOWN — Splinter (Dark Horse)	6	20
28	(—)	THE BUMP ..... Kenny (Rak)	1	28
29	(28)	SOUND YOUR FUNKY HORN — K.C. & The Sunshine Band (Jayboy)	2	28
30	(—)	NEVER CAN SAY GOODBYE — Gloria Gaynor (MGM)	1	30

ALBUMS

Tuesday, 10th December 1974

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in Chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS (DJM)	5	1
2	(2)	ELVIS PRESLEY'S 40 GREATEST HITS ..... (Arcade)	5	2
3	(6)	DAVID ESSEX ..... (CBS)	10	1
4	(7)	CAN'T GET ENOUGH — Barry White (20th Century)	7	3
5	(3)	ROLLIN' ..... Bay City Rollers (Bell)	11	1
6	(4)	SHEER HEART ATTACK — Queen (EMI)	5	4
7	(5)	COUNTRY LIFE .. Roxy Music (Island)	4	5
8	(9)	STORMBRINGER — Deep Purple (Purple)	5	8
9	(11)	SMILER ..... Rod Stewart (Mercury)	10	1
10	(8)	TUBULAR BELLS — Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	68	1
11	(17)	DARK SIDE OF THE MOON — Pink Floyd (Harvest)	89	1
12	(10)	PROPAGANDA ..... Sparks (Island)	5	10
13	(—)	SHOWADDYWADDY ..... (Bell)	1	13
14	(13)	THIS IS THE MOODY BLUES (Threshold)	4	13
15	(19)	BAND ON THE RUN — Wings (Parlophone)	52	1
16	(—)	THE LAMB LIES DOWN ON BROADWAY..... Genesis (Charisma)	1	16
17	(12)	THE SINGLES 1969-1973 — Carpenters (A&M)	48	1
18	(20)	MUD ROCK ..... (Rak)	11	11
19	(—)	RELAYER ..... Yes (Atlantic)	1	19
20	(22)	MUSIC EXPLOSION ..... (K-Tel)	4	20
21	(14)	DAVID LIVE ..... Davie Bowie (RCA)	6	7
22	(24)	BACK HOME AGAIN — John Denver (RCA)	15	1
23	(15)	THERE'S THE RUB — Wishbone Ash (EMI)	2	15
24	(—)	GOODNIGHT VIENNA — Ringo Starr (Apple)	1	24
25	(16)	STARDUST ..... Soundtrack (Ronco)	7	16
26	(23)	SLADE IN FLAME ..... (Polydor)	2	23
27	(—)	SANTANA'S GREATEST HITS (CBS)	10	8
28	(—)	A STRANGER IN MY OWN BACK YARD ..... Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)	8	12
29	(29)	AND I LOVE YOU SO — Perry Como (RCA)	66	3
30	(30)	MOTOWN CHARTBUSTERS VOL. 9 (Tamla Motown)	8	17

U.S. SINGLES

Tuesday, December 10, 1974

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	KUNG FU FIGHTING	Carl Douglas
2	(4)	ANGIE BABY	Helen Reddy
3	(5)	CAT'S IN THE CRADLE	Harry Chapin
4	(3)	I CAN HELP	Bill Swan
5	(1)	WHEN WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN	Three Degrees
6	(6)	DO IT (TILL YOU'RE SATISFIED)	B. T. Express
7	(8)	SHA LA LA	Al Green
8	(11)	JUNIOR'S FARM	Paul McCartney & Wings
9	(10)	YOU'RE THE FIRST, THE LAST, MY EVERYTHING	Barry White
10	(23)	LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS	Elton John
11	(12)	YOU GOT THE LOVE	Rufus
12	(15)	ONLY YOU	Ringo Starr
13	(16)	LAUGHTER IN THE RAIN	Neil Sedaka
14	(7)	MY MELODY OF LOVE	Bobby Vinton
15	(17)	I FEEL A SONG	Gladys Knight & Pips
16	(20)	BOOGIE ON REGGAE WOMAN .	Stevie Wonder
17	(19)	AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG	Rolling Stones
18	(25)	PLEASE MR. POSTMAN	Carpenters
19	(21)	ONE MAN WOMAN, ONE WOMAN MAN	Paul Anka
20	(22)	FAIRYTALE	Pointer Sisters
21	(24)	BUNGLE IN THE JUNGLE	Jethro Tull
22	(9)	WISHING YOU WERE HERE	Chicago
23	(—)	MANDY	Barry Manilow
24	(29)	MUST OF GOT LOST	J. Geils Band
25	(26)	PROMISED	Elvis Presley
26	(27)	WOMAN TO WOMAN	Shirley Brown
27	(28)	WHATEVER YOU GOT, I WANT	Jackson Five
28	(18)	I GOT THE MUSIC IN ME	Kiki Dee Band
29	(—)	DARK HORSE	George Harrison
30	(—)	NEVER CAN SAY GOODBYE	Gloria Gaynor

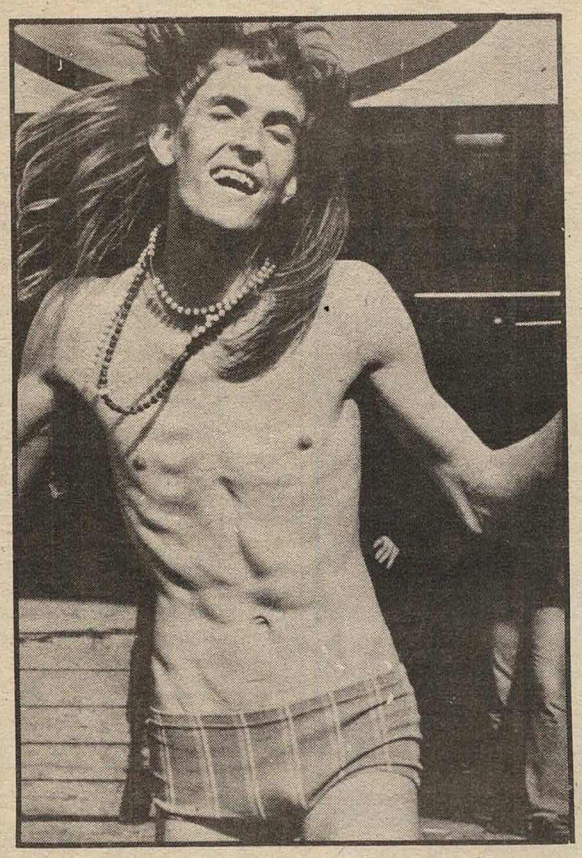
Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Tuesday, December 10, 1974

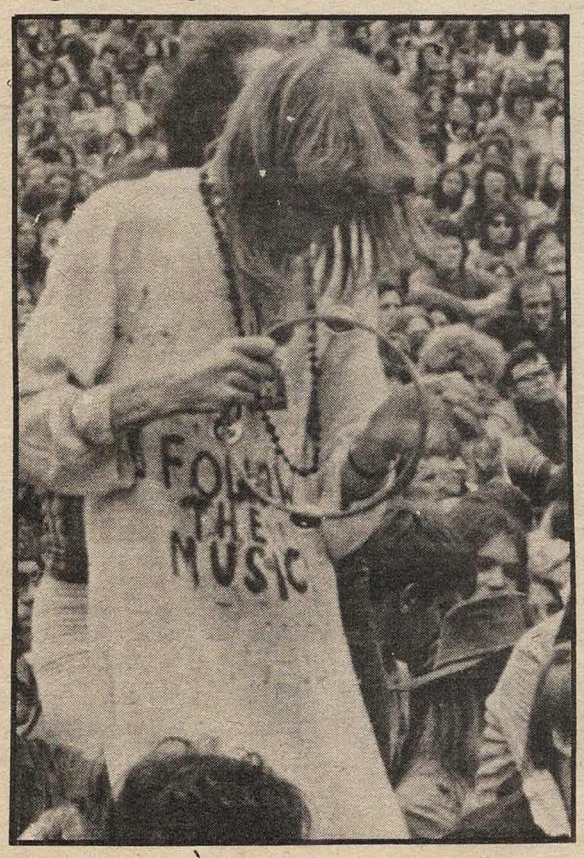
This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS ...	Elton John
2	(3)	SERENADE	Neil Diamond
3	(2)	IT'S ONLY ROCK 'N' ROLL	Rolling Stones
4	(4)	WAR CHILD	Jethro Tull
5	(6)	NOT FRAGILE	Bachman Turner
6	(7)	PHOTOGRAPHS AND MEMORIES ..	Jim Croce
7	(9)	MOTHER LODE	Loggins & Messina
8	(10)	THIS IS	Moody Blues
9	(5)	WEDDING ALBUM	Cheech & Chong
10	(18)	BACK HOME AGAIN	John Denver
11	(16)	FIRE	Ohio Players
12	(8)	ODDS AND SODS	Who
13	(13)	BORBOLETTA	Santana
14	(14)	LATE FOR THE SKY	Jackson Browne
15	(19)	DAVID LIVE	David Bowie
16	(17)	ELDORADO	Electric Light Orchestra
17	(24)	VERITIES AND BALDERDASH ..	Harry Chapin
18	(22)	FREE AND EASY	Helen Reddy
19	(30)	GOODNIGHT VIENNA	Ringo Starr
20	(11)	WALLS AND BRIDGES	John Lennon
21	(27)	BUTTERFLY	Barbra Streisand
22	(12)	WRAP AROUND JOY	Carole King
23	(26)	CARIBOU	Elton John
24	(28)	WAITRESS IN THE DONUT SHOP	Maria Muldaur
25	(25)	BAD COMPANY	Bad Company
26	(—)	AL EXPLORES YOUR MIND	Al Green
27	(—)	I FEEL A SONG	Gladys Knight
28	(29)	NIGHTMARES	J. Geils Band
29	(—)	DRAGONFLY	Jefferson Starship
30	(20)	HOLIDAY	America

Courtesy "CASH BOX"



ONCE HE was just a Carpenter, last seen on the slopes of Calvary some two thousand years ago. This time around, he's perhaps the best-known face at each and every Festival, gig, concert — you name it, he's graced it with his (usually-naked) presence...

To the Barnado's Hostel people, he's "William Jellett". To irritated festival bouncers, he's "Hey, you!". To himself, though, he's "Jesus". That's it: Jesus. And he's got the stigmata to prove it...



AND THUS IT came to pass that Mrs. Jellett, probably believing herself to have been the victim of an overdose of prunes, delivered Jellett Junior of sturdy Salvation Army loins at Poole General Hospital.

William — as they had christened the offspring — subsequently found himself dry-docked in Dr. Barnardos. Good Christians both, the Jelletts had separated, leaving the child all but parentless.

Prior to that, William had been something of a ruffian. "I used to fight a lot. I led a local street gang when I was six. If anyone in the street used to upset members of the gang we used to throw a brick through their front window and set light to their backyard."

William — now balding slightly — subsequently found his *metier* as Jesus, and all was resolved. But first, let him describe his formative years as a civilian.

"I left Barnados and went to live with my auntie in Bournemouth," he recalls, bangles tinkling. "One day I was sitting on a wall outside the bowling alley — and I suppose I was a bit of a mod — the local mods were the Seven Clubs and the G Men. I didn't get involved in their fights because I always believed I could talk my way out of everything."

He was frequently beaten up.

"I knew that I could hurt people with words, though.

"Did I take drugs? No, I didn't. I used to drink, though. I used to drink . . . shandy."

He didn't have a scooter or a parka either.

"I didn't go as far as that. I just wore moddy-type clothes, combat jackets."

Yes. But *this wall???*

"Oh yes. Well, I was sitting there thinking to myself about these fights, and how I'd been in Bathroom Accessories — and then in the Radio Department — and it all seemed pointless so . . ."

The young Jellett had an epiphany. *'Hold on,'* he said to himself, *'there's a whole world out there.'*

He got offered a job selling mags to the ships docked in Southampton.

"Well," mused the young Jellett, "I need a break. This might be what I'm looking for."

His recall is quite extraordinary — a bit like Scaduto reliving Marianne Faithfull's thoughts as she dropped that bottle of valium in Australia.

A bit like a re-run of 'The Parallax View' where they project forward six steps then suddenly retract 12, taking in a couple of red herrings and several cul-de-sacs on the way.

He wasn't very happy at school. The other kids thought he was an oddball. He was very insular, very passive. Although: "I can remember this one time I was in class and somebody was throwing around the straws with the nibs on the end. Someone threw one and it stuck in my head. I was very angry, really *very* angry, and I said 'if you do that again you'll regret it.' And everybody looked at me because they knew I was a pacifist.

"He did it again and I leapt up and started hitting him, really hitting him. I really wanted to deal him bad you know?"

The kid's mates pulled him off his bike after school and beat him up again.

"You know what one of my last teachers said to me? He said, 'You know, my best advice to you is to go get yourself a job, get engaged, get married and settle down and just keep out of the way'."

Jellett left his aunt — who was intolerant of the hours he was keeping — and set up home in the local YMCA. Most evenings he could be found shuffling with the mob to contemporary soul bands playing the Mecca at the end of the pier.

"I was always at the front shouting for Geno or whoever. I used to dance . . . but I didn't *dance* because I didn't understand free movement then . . ."

ENTER THE NME lensman. Jellett nervously breaks off and starts attending to his hair, checking out the reflection in the window.

"What's my hair look like?" he asks worriedly, "I think the face and the hair are the most important things — I mean I think they've been the most noticeable, don't you think?"

He recalls seeing PP Arnold And The Nice and Family at the Concord, Southampton.

"I often see Roger Chapman," he volunteers, "and he often sees me. I saw him at the Marquee the other night."

But it was seeing the Crazy World Of Arthur Brown that really Whacked the Wad.

"I was absolutely *fascinated,"* he recalls. "This guy was up there dancin' about, like, and suddenly," and here his voice rises three octaves as if a termite has just burrowed through the seat of his chair and is now penetrating his jockey shorts.

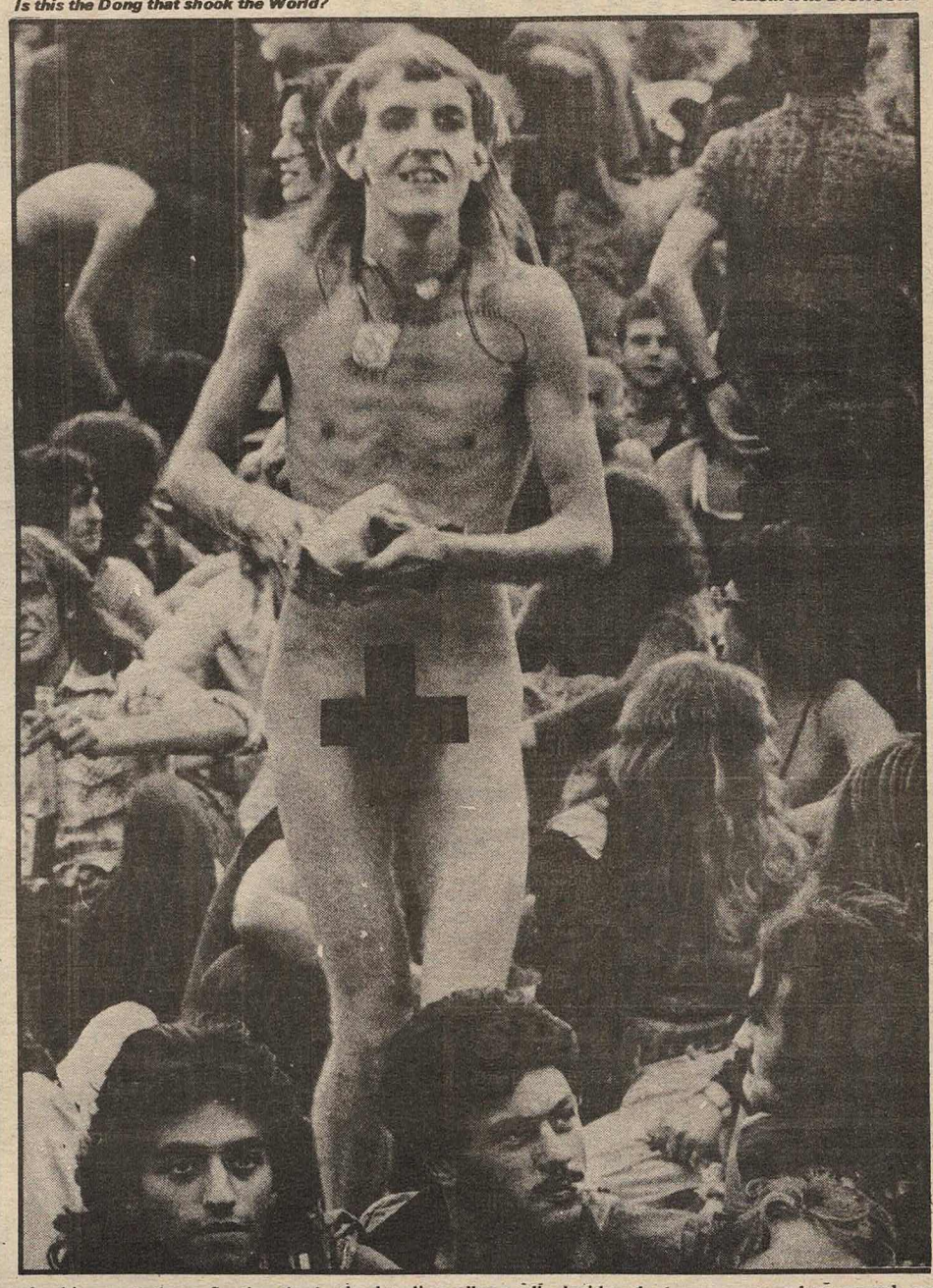
"I just got up out of my seat and started dancing *like I'd never danced before.*

"And there are people looking at me as if to say I'm crazy."

At which point — or soon thereafter — the embryo Godhead, following his epiphany on the bowling alley wall, decides to check out the source of this untramelled whackiness.

"So I think to myself, I'll have to go to London, to find these groups and perhaps find people who feel the same way

Is this the Dong that shook the World? *Vision: IAN DICKSON*



By PETE ERSKINE

about life as I do — the Simple Natural Way."

So he arrives in the metropolis, trucks about rather luckilessly, decides the place is too dirty and noisy and is on the point of re-embarking for the south coast when the genie taps him on the shoulder and informs him that he is going to London. A bit like Dick Whittington.

"I arrived with four quid and went to work for a tea importer in Holborn."

Nights he spent at the newly-opened Middle Earth. He still looked pretty straight.

"My hair was still short. I dressed in anything I had. I've always wore what served my purpose. So later, I wore my djellaba (a white ankle-length robe). For a long time I wore it because I felt that, by wearing it, people would see me wearing the same kind of clothes as I Wore Before — and then they would know that I was just living the Simple Natural Life amongst the people again."

Jellett jumpeth forward again.

"You see, I've always been pretty much a loner," he observes romantically. "As soon as things get complicated I want to get out — that's one of the reasons I Left The Planet before — because things did get complicated and I knew that I wouldn't be much longer staying here because . . . it didn't matter about my name or age because that's what The System says. It was," he continues, slightly disjointedly, "just the fact that I'd volunteered to come to the world to help the people to live and work, and be amongst them."

Well, thanks, pardner.

"I don't believe in a God,

● *Continues over page*

And the Lord said to William Jellett, of Poole, Dorset, "Go into the Wilderness– well, as many Pop Festivals as you can blag. For you are My only beloved son – Jesus."

JESUS JELLETT

From previous page

though. I believe in The Universe, see?"

Well . . . not really.

"So — where was I? Oh yes. I met Anna at Middle Earth, I left the tea importer and went to work for Manpower. I thought about the way the music made me feel and I thought to myself, 'how can I, as a person, use what I have?' "

Apparently by working in the storeroom at the BBC — where he developed a unique artform based upon biroed designs on corrugated cardboard. Subsequently he and Anna were married. She worked in a coffee house in Wardour Street just along from the Marquee. Meanwhile, Jellett had been scouting for a band that combined all the elements of the bands that'd impressed him at Middle Earth — the Floyd, Soft Machine and Family — and through Anna, hit upon Uriel, recording at the time in a studio above the Marquee. Jellett managed to persuade the people at Middle Earth to put the band on at the newly-opened Roundhouse venue. The organisers, however, decided to change the band's name.

"They said 'Uriel' sounded too much like 'Urinal'," he reports. "I thought 'Crumbs! Egg! *Birth? The Beginning!!!*"

Soon after, Jellett persuaded the landlord of *The Roebuck* in Tottenham Court Road, to put Egg on once a week, which, in time, led to their signing to Decca. The drummer, Clive Brooks, subsequently joined the Groundhogs.

For that we have Jellett to thank.

"At the same time I used to go down to *The Crypt* in Lancaster Road. I saw this band down there called Infant. They had a violinist called Joseph. I went up to him afterwards and said, 'What do you do in the daytime?' He said: 'I work as a carpenter.'

"Egg? I thought. Infant? Carpenter?"

It could, of course, Mean Only One Thing . . .

"I was sitting in Holland Park playing with my bongos . . ."

In public?

"And suddenly I look up and I see this person walking across the grass towards me with long robes on . . ."

Not, Not . . . *Him???*

"No. It was Brian, Brian from Middle Earth. He said 'My name's not Brian any more, my name's Sathnanji. I've been to India to receive Spiritual Knowledge!' He told me to come round to his flat which he'd called The Divine Light Mission and find out more. The last thing he said to me was 'This boy is the reincarnation of Krishna, Buddha and Mohammed.'

"I thought about this word 'reincarnation'. About a week later I was on the tube going to work and I thought to myself, 'well, now, this word 'reincarnation'. What is it?

"In the evening I came back on the tube. The woman across from me had a paper in front of her. It said 'Cambridge riots — two policemen beaten up' and I put my hand up to my face and saw . . ."

What? *What???*

"These."

The creases on his hands appear to radiate from a centre point.

"See? Just there where the lines cross."

He immediately went to check out Sathnanji (*aka* Brian).

"You told me I was the reincarnation of Jesus!' I said to him. 'Brother,' I said, 'if we're all one, I'm Jesus by name'."

Sathnanji was not, however, impressed. Could he have been jealous?

Jellett peeled out

"I get home in my flat and see my friend Marco and say 'tonight Marco, there'll be a third thunderstorm.

"The second one came while I was in the launderette. However, as I spoke . . . lightning flashed across the room and I Knew . . . I knew then that I was Jesus."

Couldn't it, perchance, have been *a coincidence?*

"Let me tell you something."

Okay.

"You have your path to follow and I have mine. And if you try and live the best you can according to the way you feel in yourself, working for something More, then you're playing your part and I'm playing mine . . ."

Yes, but BUT . . .

"People say 'why Jesus?' Alright. Names and ages are immaterial, but The Universe knows there is A System. If you're going to do that . . ."

AND SO on and so on. Jellett always flicks the safety catch off his Verbiage Gun whenever questions demand a clear-cut answer. Thus, to this day, enquiries as to how he can afford to get into every metropolitan gig (and whether it's true that managers of ailing bands always slip him in because he helps get audiences going), and whether he's ever seen a psychiatrist, remain unanswered.

He did, however, nearly get beaten up again.

"I clean flats for a living," he explains. "The agency called me in and said: 'You've been telling people that you've been finding out you're Jesus. What's all this about?' "

His reply was to whip a little stigmata on them. Their response was to try and pin him down so's they could strip him and look for The Marks.

"Then suddenly," he recalls, "I realised Who I Was and thought 'they can't touch me. They can't possibly hurt me' so I simply got up and walked out. They were astonished."

Any formal encounters with The Church, though?

"I tried. I went to Churches. I went to meetings. I went to lectures and I was always ready to stand up and tell people what I'd found out. And out. And you know how they reacted towards me? 'Go away, you're interfering.' That really hurt me. I was only trying to help them.

"I was on *Speakeasy* with Jimmy Savile and the Archbishop of Canterbury. I said to the Archbishop 'didn't Jesus say before, *know thyself, live you own life?* I say 'I never preach or teach. I just talk, I live and I naturally share what I find out 'cos it's real'. And he said, 'how old are you young man?' and I said, 'it doesn't really *matter* how old I am' and he said, 'young man, if you want to get a message over you'll have to go about it in another way.'

"I've been misunderstood. So many beautiful people have been misunderstood. People like Isadora Duncan and Hendrix — his job was like mine, he had to get through to the people — and Janis Joplin and Jim Morrison — he knew what was going on. 'Waiting For The Sun' was to tell us where we went wrong.

"My favourite song is 'You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet' by Bachman-Turner Overdrive. It sums it all up really."

Didja ever perform any miracles?

"I once gave someone a piece of orange at the Roundhouse."

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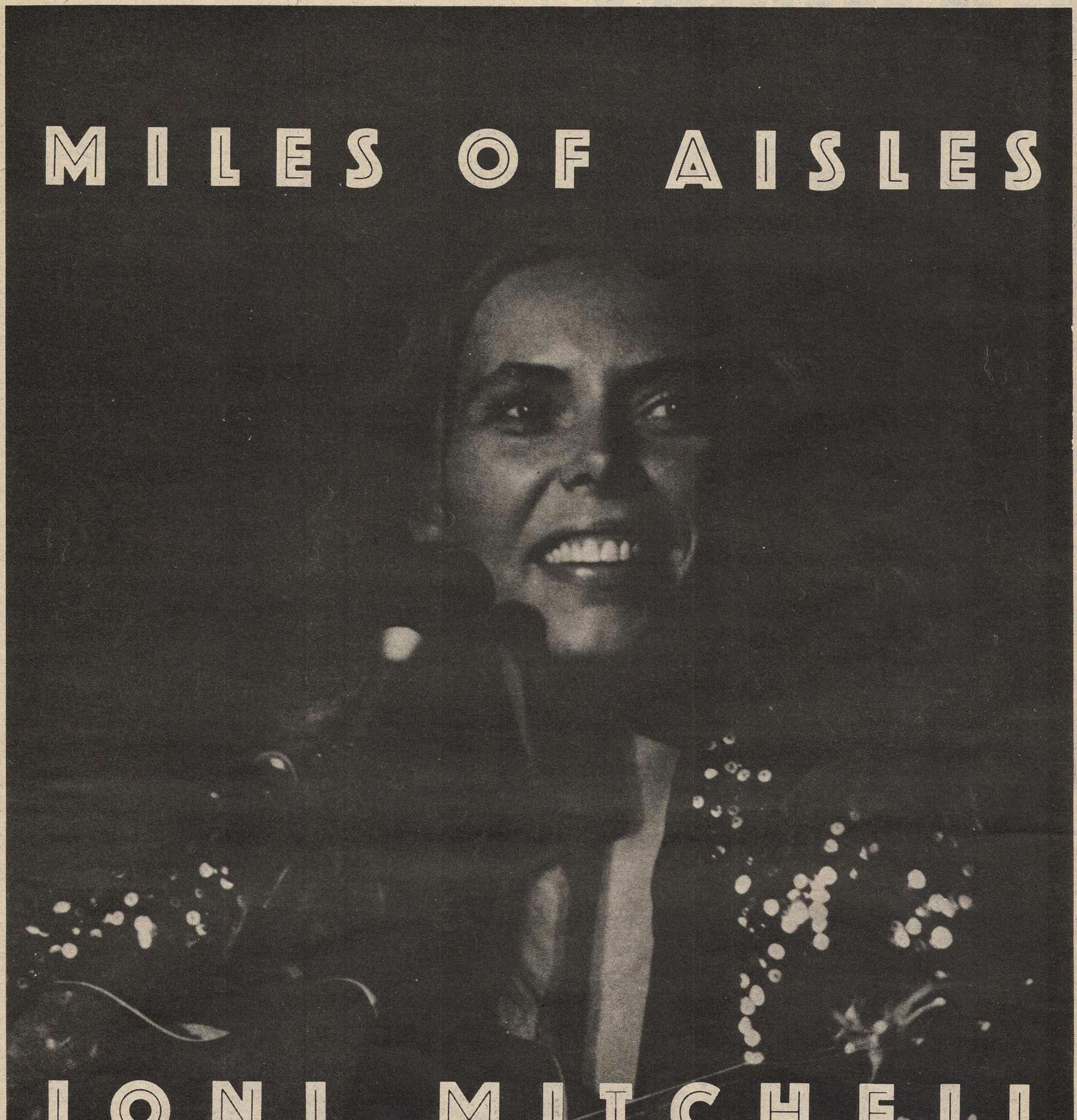

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THRILLS

EDITED BY
NICK LOGAN

The Night They Raided Bowie...

"You remember Trevor and Woody, don't you . . ."

"And the rumour spread that I was ageing fast" — David Bowie "Width Of A Circle."

NO, NOT *that* fast, sweetheart. Why, a Philadelphia cop wouldn't even believe that you were over twenty-one.

Let's begin, appropriately enough, in the middle. Bowie and his entourage (played by Mike Garson, Ava Cherry, Jeffrey MacCormack A.K.A. Warren Peace, two bodyguards and assorted guides) were sitting in this Philly club called the Artemis, previewing Daring Dave's new album (see news pages for the squalid details) when, whammo!, at 3 a.m. the Philly Phuzz schlepped in in search of under-age drinkers and other vicious criminals.

A bunch of kids actually had the temerity to be in possession of false identity papers! Imagine that!

So Bowie and his gang attempted to exit by squeezing through the embattled throng. Ava Cherry (who's a bright, mature 22) was in the lead and got rebuffed by a police captain who took one look at her and growled, "If ya ain't got no proof of yore age, siddown, miss!"

Ms Cherry turned away in disbelief, and Bowie pushed forward to meet with similar treatment.

. . . NME's lensman-on-the-loose JOE STEVENS was there. This is his report.

"You don't believe that I'm not at *least* 21 years of age? Incredible! That's quite flattering, actually. Why, *everyone* knows that I'm at least 52."

After a few minutes of huddled discussion among themselves, the cops agreed to let the Bowie party go after all, leaving us to ponder their motives. The kids who were unable to produce the required identification were probably herded to the station to await bail from their parents, and probably a hiding afterwards.

Throughout it all, Bowie signed autographs and chatted cheerfully with the kids. One young thing who was detained for lack of proof of age, offered David her body. "When I get out of jail, David," she breathed, "I want to sleep with you."

Once all that was over with, the party split back to the hotel by limo and ordered some breakfast. Just in case you didn't know, breakfast (bacon,eggs, etc.) for 15 people at the Barclay Hotel will set you back no less than $375.

Image, wise, the fag-tag on Bowie seems to be on the downswing, and winning "worst-dressed woman" awards seems to be a thing of the past.

The man who once said "I'm gay and I've always been gay" appears to have abandoned the limp wrist set.

His ex-spokesperson, Cherry Vanilla, lays it down this way: 'David knows how to turn anyone on. He's hot all the time, but he never sleeps with guys. I've seen him kiss guys on the mouth — he knows how to do it to them, that's for sure — but he never sleeps with them. Never."

Goodnight, ladies and gentlemen, and all the ships at sea. Your sons are safe from Beckenham pop stars, but Lawdy! — watch out for your daughters!

Tooth decay in faeces fjord

Is this the end, asks PETE ERSKINE, talking to MIKE PATTO...

UNUSUALLY enough, it appears that the last remains of the once-cultist Spooky Tooth are again firmly landlocked in faeces fjord — despite the fact that their current album "The Mirror" (an untypical hardrock collection in Montrose vein) is cutting a neat swathe through the U.S. charts.

The cause appears to have been some kind of clash of ideologies between Gary Wright — the only founder member left in the band — and recently-recruited vocalist Mike Patto, late of his own band of the same name.

After Mike Harrison, the only other original, split from the Tooth, along with bassist Chrissy Stewart, Wright had called Patto from the States and invited him over to work with the band and set up house.

"I was sittin' at home pickin' me toenails, man, freatenin' the kids," reports Patto, "so I said yeah. I asked Nigel who advised against it. But I thought it's be nice for the ole lady and the kids."

Nigel is Nigel Thomas, Patto's manager. Spooky Tooth having broken up and re-formed so many times and having, perhaps, gotten something of a reputation for the secondhand in the process, Thomas figured that the association mightn't be overly beneficial for his boy's reputation.

"But me being what I am," rejoins Patto, "I fancied a bleedin' knees up."

Bryson Graham rejoined the band on drums; Micky Jones remained from the original reformed line up; and Chrissy Stewart was replaced by a young black bassist called Val Moore.

"So out of it all, we formed a gassy rockin' little band. And that was the first thing that me and Gary came to blows over.

"It was like me working out something and being full of enthusiasm and coming up and saying 'lissen man, I got a great tune' and he'd say 'It's not Spooky Tooth'. And I'd say, 'You're wrong, man, it's not the *old* Spooky Tooth, it's the Spooky Tooth you've just reformed. I'm not in to sing just what you ask me to sing. This is *my* song so help me play it, man, and I'll help you play yours'.

"And it was like that. The explanation he gave was that we can't go away from what Spooky Tooth was because that is where we earn our money.

"And I'm saying 'Well look, man, I think Jonesy's great and now we've got Bryson back in and Val Moore, we don't have to worry about the *old* Spooky Tooth. It's a good name in the States, you can earn bread, but we're gonna rock on from here . . .'

"And then Gary started to get the horrors. He had always said it was a co-op band, but he, basically, runs everything . . . does all the raps, helps on the management side and so on. "It got to the point," claims Patto, "where he was having little meetings with the band suggesting that they get rid of me. But they only said, 'Why? You must be jokin'.

"It did get a bit nasty. I've never been in that sort of atmosphere and I can't work in it. In Patto we used to be able to say: 'Your breath smells. I don't wanna talk to you today.'

"It was as honest and blunt as that. I mean all this thing of 'I must have sensitive people around me'— well, cool man, but you're in rock'n'roll to get somethin' outta yourself."

HOWEVER, the last laugh appears to remain with Wright.

He left just after the album was completed and reportedly laid claim to the right to exclusive use of name Spooky Tooth. He then split to the States.

The current band, therefore, appears to be in limbo.

Patto himself has his own album to do — probably with Spenner and Hubbard etc — and guitarist Micky Jones has split for the U.S. as A&R rep for Nigel Thomas' record label, Good Ear.

Sources for comment from Gary Wright were unavailable at press time. However, Charlie McCutcheon, a spokesman for Warner Brothers, confirmed that Wright has just signed a solo contract with them — "as just Gary Wright" — which would seem to confirm the fact that Spooky Tooth are nae more.

his time wasn't being directed towards another new project.

Dennis Thompson now lives in a splendidly run-down apartment on L.A.'s Sunset Strip. It is next door to the Hyatt House and a stone's throw from the Whiskey A Go-Go. He shares it with the rest of the band New Order. Dennis Thompson is the drummer, but New Order appears to be the brainchild of Ron Asheton, late guitar player with the Stooges, and even more of a dedicated Nazi enthusiast than Hawkwind's Lemmy.

There is an oft repeated slogan — "There's an energy crisis and we're going to fill it." It's delivered with a wide eyed, warped patriotism. The word "energy" is used as a kind of talisman.

New Order not only have rhetoric. They also have tapes. They sound very much like a mid-point between the Stooges, the MC5 and maybe Blue Oyster Cult.

There are positive overtones of post-decadent fascism, and a very definite backlash against the baby trans-sexuals who crowd in Rodney Bingenheimer's English Discotheque.

A frequent visitor chez New Order is another ex-Stooge, James Williamson. Prospects are not quite so bright for Williamson. He isn't driving the Chicken Delight truck any more — in fact he is training as a studio engineer — but it's hardly a substitute for being a rock 'n' roll star. He is currently a heavy contender in the Keith Richard look-alike contest, but that's about his only claim to fame now.

A LESS frequent visitor is James Osterberg A.K.A. Iggy Stooge A.K.A. Popp, hereafter referred to as Iggy. He hints at a multitude of maturing plans, but all definite information seems to be blocked by an individual called Danny Sugarman.

Danny Sugarman is Iggy's latest manager. He is also manager to ex-Door Ray Manzarek. There seems to be a tentative tie-up between the two, and yet nothing positive has materialised. Sugarman explains that he isn't allowing Iggy to do interviews right at this moment. Iggy doesn't have a phone, so he can't be reached directly.

He asked me if I'd like to talk to Ray. He then excused himself. He said that he had to go and beat up some punk on Sunset Strip who's been calling Iggy a junkie. Before he left he assured me that Iggy was working on a sensational new project, and that all would be revealed in January.

It begins to feel as though the Iggy saga is slipping into fantasyland once again. What is this new project? The only tangible thing that was going on was Ray Manzarek's solo album, and even that was complicated by the way that Sugarman rushed round Patti Smith when she checked in for her stint at the Whiskey.

New York poet/singer Patti Smith is already being hailed in some quarters as the female Jim Morrison, and Sugarman seemed hot to get her doing something on Manzarek's album. The question remains, where does this leave Iggy?

The strongest hopes for a Detroit punk music revival would seem to lie either with Kramer or Asheton, but, as with all these things, only time will tell.

□ □ □

The Liverpool Echo, November 28, 1974

Ferret attacks baby

■ *Anonymous, Liverpool.*

THRILLS

Elt&Lennon&Bob & David & Bette &

That enough to get you going? Nope. Well, how about Raquel Welch? LISA ROBINSON reports from the Big Apple.

RAY DAVIES does his REGINALD BOSANQUET. A scene from the New York production of "Preservation". See LISA ROBINSON'S report. Pic: BOB GRUEN.

"I HAD A great time," said **Lennon,** "but I wouldn't want to do it for a living." He laughed: "Actually it was fantastic ... so emotional. Everyone was crying and everything."

John was talking from his table in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Pierre, where a midnight supper dance was being held to celebrate **Elton John's** gig at Madison Square Gardens earlier that evening ... the gig, of course, where Svelte Elt was joined onstage by one J. Lennon.

Lennon's unscheduled appearance had, it should be said, sent the audience completely berserk.

Together, they went through "Whatever Gets You Through The Night", "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds", and *then* (and no one was ready for this) "I Saw Her Standing There".

"That was really amazing," said Lennon. "I've never sung it before ... Paul always did it." John continued to talk enthusiastically about the show, what an amazing performer Elton is, how he was carried back onstage for the encore by a huge black bodyguard ... "*So* Las Vegas," we agreed.

John and Elton had planned the gig a few days before, and even had time for one rehearsal. As for the motive, Lennon's constant companion **May Pang** confided: "John told him he'd go onstage with him if the song became No. 1." (Both "Whatever" and "Lucy" reached the top in the US). He never really thought it would happen. But when it did, he had to live up to his promise."

A LONG TIME ago (I won't mention how long), I had a date with a boy who used to call me up and whisper obscene things into the telephone. I thought this was incredibly sophisticated at the time, and when he suggested that we go see **Bobby Short** perform at the Living Room (then a smart Eastside supper club), I was impressed.

Bobby Short was, to my mind, the most elegant man I had ever seen, and I was immediately transported to a world where all the women wore furs and ate bon-bons and the men donned white satin mufflers and tuxedos as they sang Cole Porter songs to each other all night.

I was sadly brought down to earth when my date didn't have enough money to pay the bill and we slunk out in total disgrace. Even as we walked the 40 odd blocks back to my house, and I muttered all the way, I still couldn't stop thinking about Bobby Short.

And now — as I go back to hear him sing "These Foolish Things" at least once a month at the Cafe Carlyle in the super posh Carlyle Hotel where he performs three times nightly to packed audiences, he still is, I think, the most elegant man I've ever seen.

I wonder if Bryan Ferry has ever seen Bobby Short; I think I'll get Atlantic's Earl MacGrath and Howard Stein (big Ferry fans) to take Bryan there when he's next in New York.

Bobby Short sings all those standards — "These Foolish Things", "Just One Of Those Things", "Miss Otis Regrets", "For All We Know", "Let's Fly Away", "How's Your Romance", "At Long Last Love", and so many more — songs of Porter, Gershwin, Noel Coward, Harold Arlen — for *real,* and has been doing so for years.

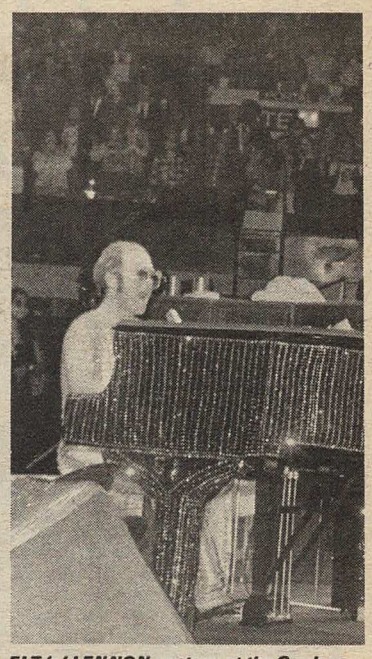
In a way it's fabulous that someone like Bryan Ferry has been able to bring some of these songs to the attention of younger audiences everywhere, and if it helps people to become aware of someone like Bobby Short — who wears a tuxedo every night as he holds court in the Cafe Carlyle — (he also gives annual concerts at Philharmonic Hall, occasionally with Mabel Mercer) — that's even better.

As people become increasingly desirous of going somewhere to sit with a drink in their hand while an artist performs, clubs like the Cafe Carlyle, Reno Sweeney's, and so forth, are enjoying tremendous success. (I don't know *why* Bryan objected to my suggestion that he should do a solo week at Reno Sweeney's ....)

SPEAKING OF Reno's, **Dana Gillespie** opened there this week with much MainMan and RCA fanfare. It really was one of the most boring acts presented there in a while.

Dana Gillespie doen't have a bad voice, and her songs are okay — even if they do sound pretty much the same. But her act — her stage, shall I say, *presentation* — is on this showing abominable.

The audience was constantly regaled with stories about how



ELT 'n' LENNON onstage at the Gardens.

Americans didn't understand their blues roots, how we have different slang expressions than in England, how she wants to put the band members in bondage, how she gets lots of obscene phone calls. (Maybe it's the same guy who took me to Bobby Short...)

None of it made much sense, and while I assume it was an attempt to be raunchy, or sexy, or something it just came across as embarrassing and *very dull.*

She had the guitarist take her guitar pick out from inside her bra (ho-hum) and she wriggled her ass *and* she attempted to sit up on a stool as she coyly bared her rather hefty thighs to the audience.

What can I say? To paraphrase a line from a great motion picture, she's too big for those gestures.

Anyway, writer Fran Lebowitz echoed the feelings of many when she said, "Who

...ts early next year.

No relief for ENO

By our Arts Reporter

The four-week-old a...

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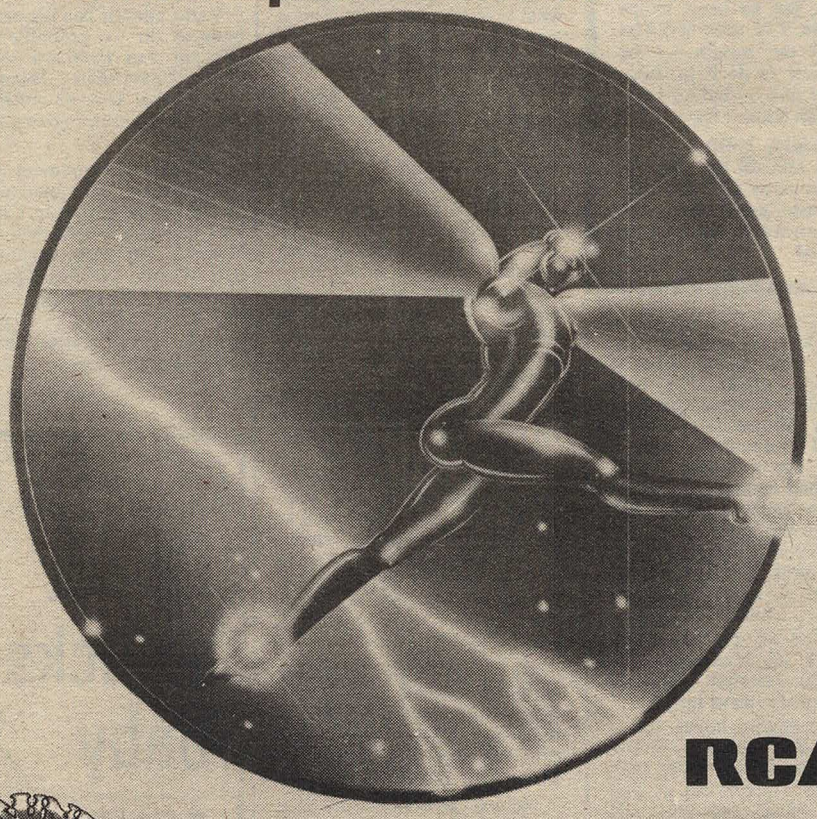

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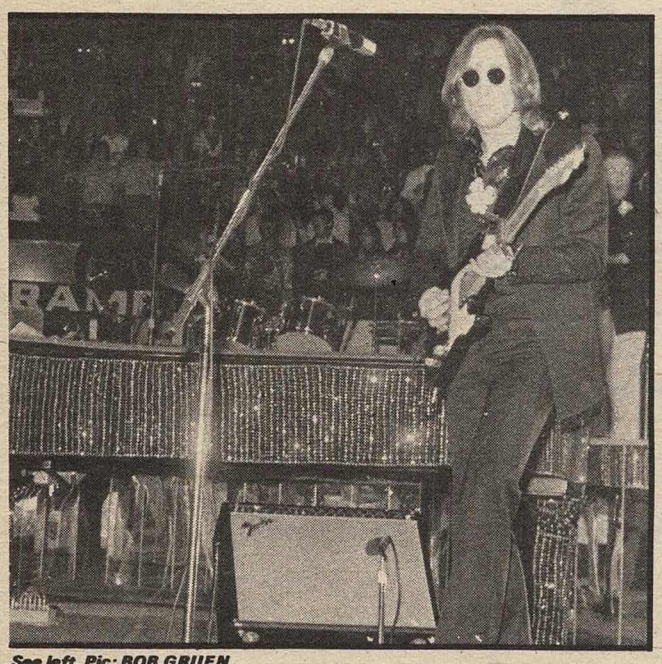


See left. Pic: BOB GRUEN.

would have ever thought that Wayne County would be the most tasteful act on Main-Man?"

In the audience to see Dana during the week were **Raquel Welch, Bob Dylan** (fresh from attending the "Sgt. Pepper" show), **David Bowie** and **Bette Midler.** Bette, Bob and Bowie all sat at the same table.

For those who care, Dylan's hair is longer and bushier than ever before, and he was wearing a leather cap, and some sort of wool jacket. Sunglasses, too.

Bowie was described as moving around strangely, looking very thin and a bit crazed. Bette is known to watch other female singers *verrry* carefully, but she needn't concern herself with this one.

Dylan, as mentioned had attended "Sgt. Pepper", and while he said that he liked the show, declined an invitation to go backstage and meet the cast.

The next night, "Sgt. Pepper" had **John Kennedy Jnr.** in the audience, who arrived with several of his friends and a Secret Service man. John *did* want to go backstage and meet the cast, but got besieged by photographers who tried to get candid shots.

"WHAT A GREAT opening act," I said to **Ray Davies** backstage after the first half of the **Kinks** concert. "Yeah, they are a good group, aren't they?" he smiled.

The opening act for "Preservation" here was the Kinks, and the audience couldn't have been more ecstatic for the almost three hours that the band was onstage.

The first half of the show was the usual assortment of favourites; "Celuloid Heroes", "Lola" (that still brings the biggest cheers here), "Alcohol", "Skin & Bones", and then — introduced by Ray this way: "We're going to do this song because we love it, we'll probably always do it. It was probably written before a lot of you were born . . ."— they ended up with "You Really Got Me."

Ray pranced and danced all around the stage as confetti, paper plates and the occasional spray of beer was tossed at him.

"Preservation" was performed with six singers, the Kinks, horn players, and used a large screen onto which films and slides were projected. The songs from both "Preservation" elpees were woven together with a plot that basically went like this: A small Egnlish village is threatened by a Mr. Flash who wants to buy up all the land, tear it down and build huge projects, skyscrapers and so forth. He represents Evil — his lifestyle is replete with women of a dubious nature and lots of booze.

Challenging him is Mr. Black — who wants to get together a people's army. They manage to take over, turn Mr. Flash into an artificial man, and Goodness (?) triumphs. I'm not sure of The Message, but, anyway, Ray played both Mr. Flash (onstage) and Mr. Black (on screen in interesting and well made films).

It's apparent that Ray Davies has had this concept in his head and on his albums for the past eight years; this is the first attempt on his part to actually turn it into a theatrical presentation, and it most definitely worked. Ray sensibly brought this to a rock and roll concert context rather than right away to a Broadway theater where it would have possibly been misunderstood.

The staging wasn't on a very grand scale; they used rear projection slides that included scenes of the English countryside and 1890's pornographic postcards, the singers wore two basic outfits ("Good" — while robes, "Bad— flashy, glitter stuff and garter belts) as well as holding up cardboard cutouts in front of them as they introduced themselves as the villagers.

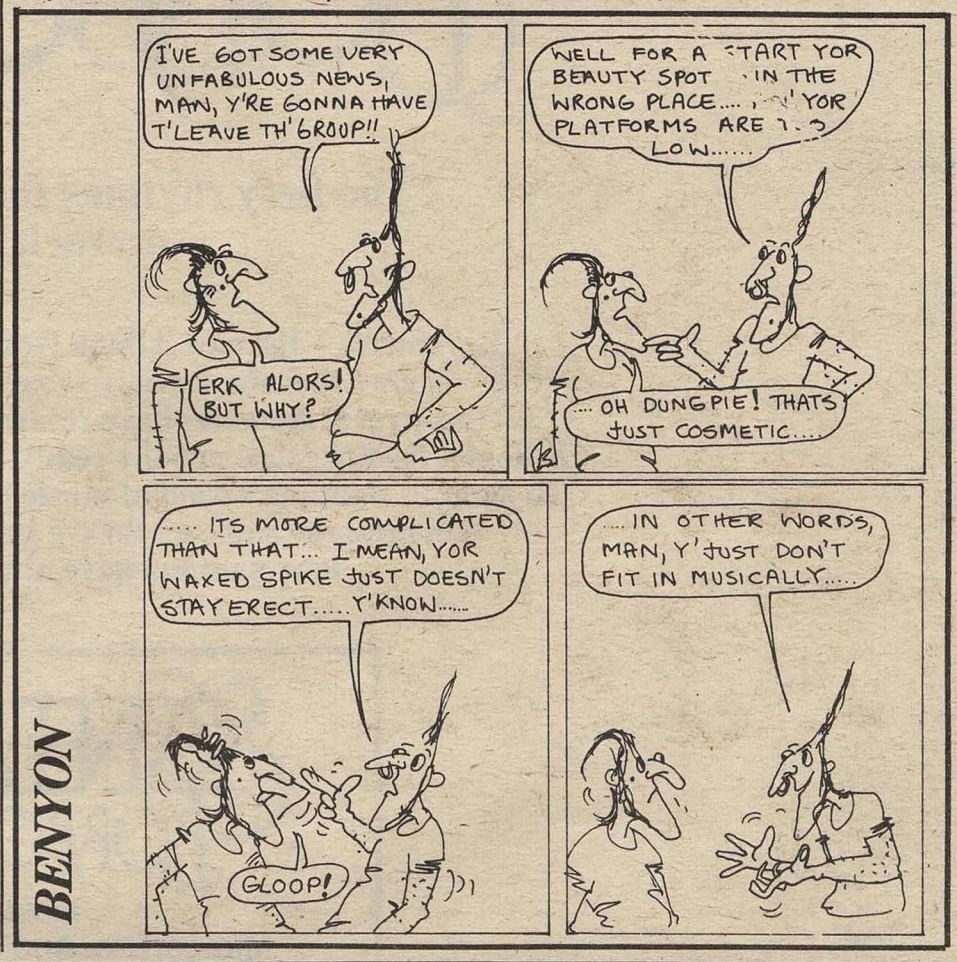
But the very fact that it was done in this fairly small way was what made it charming. The pace was fast, Ray held it together with a bit of patter, an occasional vaudevillian joke. And then of course, the songs.

The music was fabulous, and the audience responded to all of his great songs, only slightly less when Ray himself wasn't singing them. Ray most definitely has a tremendously charismatic stage presence that has been taken one step further through the presentation of "Preservation".

Dave Davies, by the way, was terrific as Mr. Twitch, one of Mr. Flash's "cabinet members".

"Preservation", as Ray Davies is performing it in America on this tour, is the first step in what I can envision ten years from now as a major theatrical presentation.

It really can be taken so much further . . . huge Busby Berkely dance numbers, lots of choreography and sets . . . a large orchestra, huge chorus, all supporting Ray Davies' songs and that "little" concept he had about eight to ten years ago. Meanwhile, he has exhibited great style and taste in doing it exactly this way this time around, and even after three hours of the Kinks — and that included over one-and-a-half hours of "Preservation" — the audience still wanted more.


I'VE GOT SOME VERY UNFABULOUS NEWS, MAN, Y'RE GONNA HAVE T'LEAVE TH' GROUP!!
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WELL FOR A START YOR BEAUTY SPOT IN THE WRONG PLACE.... YOR PLATFORMS ARE TOO LOW.....
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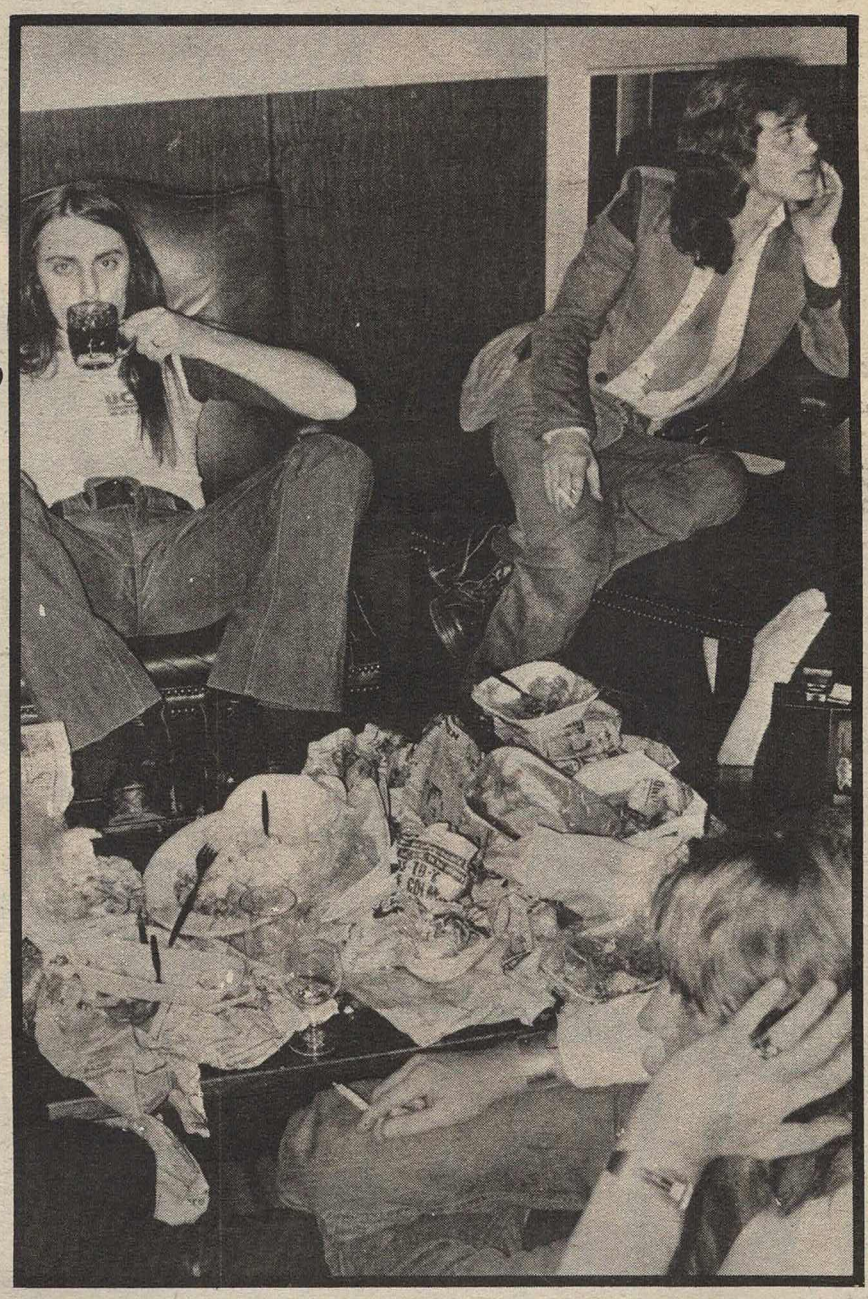
27 chairs broken, front row demolished, manager speechless

Ho Ho Ho. Good fun innit? All the kids are here with their booze and their toilet rolls and it looks like being another major triumph for rockanroll music. It's STATUS QUO on the road, and JULIE WEBB was there to see the devastation.



"IT GIVES you a sense of power when you see chairs all busted up after a gig. It sounds corny . . . but as long as nobody's been hurt all those busted chairs signify a good time."

That's Status Quo guitarist Rick Parfitt talking after their Liverpool Empire gig (27 chairs broken, front row demolished, manager of venue speechless.)

At Quo gigs you can see the pathetic sight of managers *beseeching* audiences to "sit down," and adding hopelessly that "No-one is allowed in the aisles at any time", while the crowd stand on their chairs even before the band have even taken the stage.

At Sunderland — the opening date of their British tour — the manager wanted to stop the show after the first number. But was unsuccessful.

Depending on which side of the coin you look at, Status Quo are either down to earth or common as muck. Certainly they must be the bawdiest band on the road.

(They get toilet rolls thrown at them on stage — as opposed to hats or bracelets.) And they have also, for their sins been described as lame brains.

Parfitt thinks the lame brains bit is quite funny.

"We've had a whole lot said about us . . . dandruff in our hair, lame brains, Status-Quo-are-this, Status Quo are-that — but the houses are always full.

"We've never tried to promote an image of being an intelligent band. We just enjoy a loon."

He thinks for a moment, then adds:

"We're not so much lame brains — but we've always had this kind of humour . . . basically we're a lot of scruffy rock 'n' rollers."

Before this present tour, Quo were gigging in Australia — place they alternately slag off or praise. And one thing that does apparently get up the band's collective nose is the Aussie press.

"Funny people out there, as it happens," says Parfitt. "The press will build up anything into a big story. Anything seems to make the front page. There was one incident when I was supposed to have had two groupies in a lift. Well, in fact it wasn't me — it was one of the road crew — and the manager of the hotel caught him, got abused, and came at the roadie with a tin opener.

"So now there's this big story on the front of *Truth* magazine and it's all a load of bullshit because it's supposed to be about me and it wasn't because I wouldn't do anything like that."

Parfitt doesn't consider sueing. "I just write it off as a laugh. And we had a laugh in Australia — even when we arrived after 26 hours flying. About eight in the morning it was, and we were hustled into a press room — all TV cameras and half a dozen press men out in front with microphones asking stupid questions."

Questions like?

"Well, one bloke asked if we played better because we'd got long hair. And there were things like, 'Do you take drugs'. So you just look them straight in the eye and say, 'Of course we do'. They can't really react back because you grin at them when you say it, and they don't know if you mean it or not."

They look back with pleasure on a TV show.

"There was this big backdrop with Status Quo written all over it, and we were doing a very silly interview. Spud (John Coghlan) pulled the backdrop down. The interviewer lost his cool a bit, and France (Rossi) started undressing me."

If you are getting the impression that Status Quo can be destructive, you could be getting warm.

"Yeah it's both silly and destructive sometimes. Some nights after gigs it just gets outrageous . . . lot of fun. When you start getting silly you want to do something to keep yourself on that level. Like, there's a cup on the table and it's fun to try and do a trick with it that you know isn't going to work.

"The cup gets smashed and tea goes everywhere, and then it starts with soda syphons . . ."

After the Sunderland gig, at least four people got drenched by either beer or a soda syphon. Why bother?

"It's just the feeling of the band after a gig. It was the first night as well. There's normally a bit of a piss up on the first night. A few drinks, chat flowing, and then it gets a bit out of hand.

"If everybody's in the same spirit and everybody's copped a bit . . . like, you might have a plate of sandwiches on your head and this bloke has been squirted with soda, then it's fun."

After the damages are paid for, is there any money left, one wonders?

"We make a profit in Britain. The gross of a British tour is normally fairly high, but then when everything is paid out — publicity, the hire of halls, damages, whatever — it really does cut it down in a big way. More or less by half. But we make enough out of a British tour to give ourselves a Christmas bonus.

"Financially it's hard to say exactly where we stand because we're putting a lot of the money into assets. Companies we've set up. We're not immensely rich but we're working for the future.

"I'd like to come out of it with a few bob. We've all got our houses and cars and basically that's all we need.

"But it's a lot of hard work — the next year is going to be ridiculous. Three American tours, hopefully Japan, Europe and a couple of albums."

The first of those albums is nearly complete and set for release early in the new year.

"There's ten tracks as opposed to the usual eight, and all of them should be under five minutes."

Try to analyse Quo's music and you run into trouble. Suffice to say wherever they play in Britain, they go down ecstatically before audiences predominently dressed in jeans, often with bottle in left hand and bog roll (ready for throwing) in the other.

Parfitt attempts to explain why the audience go wild. "I think the kids are up on their chairs because they're a rock and roll crowd, and they know what to expect from us on stage. It's difficult to watch us sitting down.

"We like it when they're raring to go. It's great to walk out on stage and see a bank of people. You can feel the electricity in the audience. We're going on to bash out hard rock music at them, and work hard to them, and if there's not a vibe from the audience it's more difficult."

On stage, Quo's dashing and wheeling around has in the past presented problems. Rossi and Parfitt have 20-foot leads, but they still get caught up with each other.

"We've never had any electric shocks but we've often whacked one another. Once I had to follow France around the stage for five minutes because my pegs were knotted up in his hair. The roadies had to untangle us halfway through a number. I pulled half his barnet out.

"Yeah, we've whacked one another . . . but it's great when it gets like that."

Any real disasters?

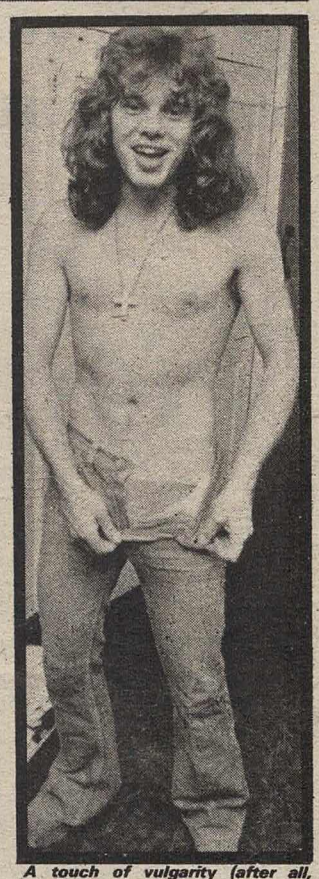
"Well, we've fallen over a lot. We call that getting our wings. I remember three years ago doing a small youth club — we'd just gone on and the kids were going mad. France went dashing across the stage, turned round, fell off the stage and knocked himself out. Quite funny, as it happens."

Everything, fortunately for Quo, has a funny side.

"It's a kind of warm sarcasm", says Parfitt. "We don't think we're rude but say there's a bird with big tits we'll say, nice jumper you're wearing there'."

Like I said, depending on which side of the coin you look

Follow this one and you get to Frank Rossi . . .



A touch of vulgarity (after all, there were ladies present). Pix: ROBERT ELLIS

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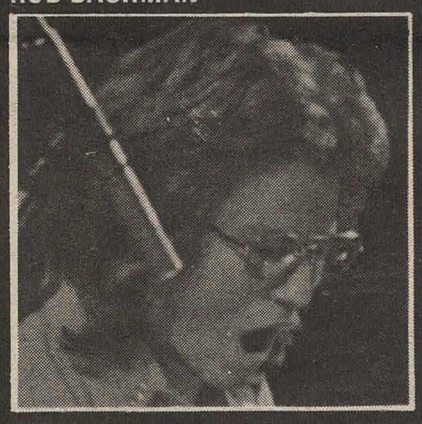
B-B-B-BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE..

ROB BACHMAN

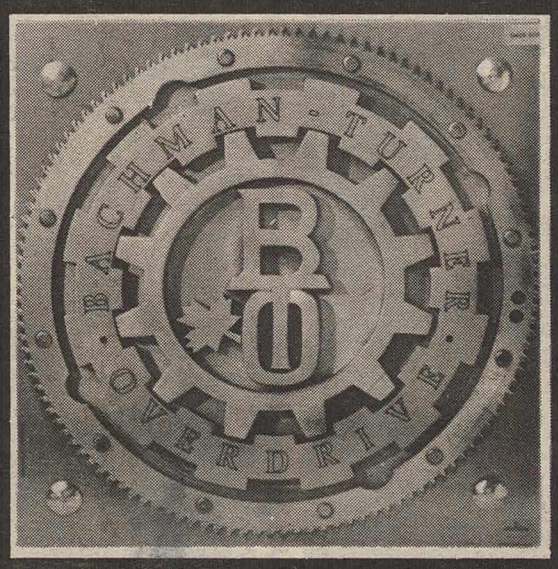


FRED TURNER

RANDY BACHMAN

BLAIR THORNTON

...THE ALBUMS



BACHMAN-TURNER OVERDRIVE
Album 6499 509

BACHMAN-TURNER OVERDRIVE 2
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Cassette 7142 221
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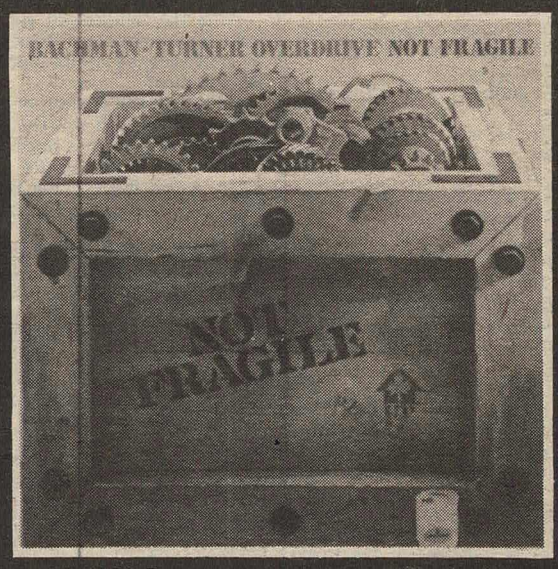
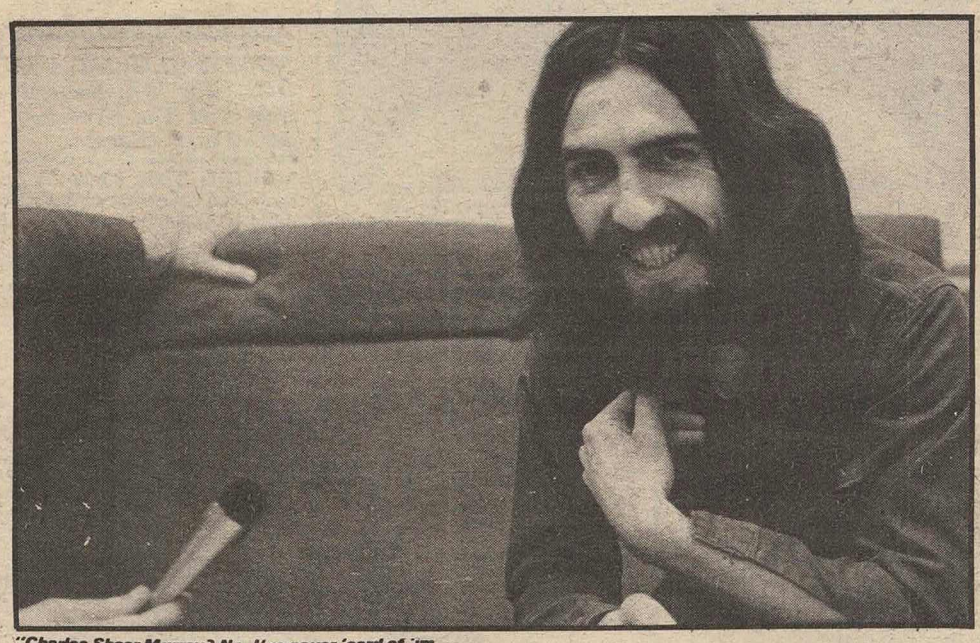


NOT FRAGILE
9100 007

Including The Hit
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET
6167 025

PLATTERS

Night of the Drearoid Spheroids



"Charles Shaar Murray? No, I've never 'eard of 'im .

VITAL CRISIS ANNOUNCEMENT: There is no — repeat NO — single of the week this week. The reasons for this should be readily apparent to the more sophisticated amongst you. It is recommended that you purchase none of this week's singles without consulting your dealer. Or your doctor, whoever you trust more. These are trying times, and we must stand together, firmly, bravely and without fear. For we are, after all, a great nation. Our spirit cannot be broken so easily. What kind of people do they think we are? We have survived the Blitz, the bread strike, the toilet paper strike, the power cuts, the Osmonds and host of myriad other plagues, agues and assort. nightmares. What makes them think we can be subdued by even such a gruesome collection of ugly nonsense as this week confronts your indomitable friendly neighbourhood singles reviewer?

THE ULTIMATE DREAROIDSPHEROID: GEORGE HARRISON: "Ding Dong" (Apple). Some people are born dull. Some achieve dullness, and others have dullness thrust upon them. I should imagine that some of you have already perused the lyrics of this trite little ballad, as presented in Harrison's ad. last week. Repetitive, you may have thought. Blindingly uninspired, you may have murmured to yourself. Well lemme tellya — until you've actually sat in the presence of this horrific object, you ain't heard n-n-n-nuthin' yet. I have rarely heard a drabber melody, a more vacuous set of lyrics, a cornier production, a more lacklustre vocal or a less inspired song concept. No matter how twee McCartney became, how dumb Ringo seemed or what a Kozmic Klutz Lennon made of himself, no other ex-Moptop has ever sunk to these depths. It is quite possible that many people will find "Ding Dong" spiritually uplifting. It is possible — nay, probable — that this hideous piece of garf will become a big hit.

MINOR CALAMITIES AND THE ODD SAVING GRACE ADAM FAITH: "Star Song" (Warner And His Entire Horrid Family). This is another public service announcement. In 1975, absolutely no songs about stardom will be accepted. This applies particularly to anybody who had anything to do with "Stardust" and even Ian Hunter will not be allowed to get away with it. It was also proposed to outlaw all songs which include the words "rock and roll" in the title, but as this would deprive many worthy musicians from the opportunity to earn a decent living and further mean that hardly any records would be issued at all, it has been decided to postpone the latter legislation until 1976, thereby providing the musicians with ample time to plan a new schtick *(The word "schtick" has also been outlawed — Ed.).* Oh, c'mon! Are you trying to deprive harmless and worthy musicians of the opportunity to earn a decent living?

WIZZARD: "Are You Ready To Rock" (Warner And His Other Brothers). This record contains one exceedingly good musical joke i.e. the totally brilliant absurdity of juxtaposing Yerractual Orfennic (sniffola) Gaelic Bagpeeps with a Swinging Big Band Sound and one of Roy Wood's patented heavy-handedly greasy '50s routines (or alternatively, "heavily greasy-handed '50s routines" or even "routinely heavy-greased '50s Hans", whoever he was). Trouble is, the latter are getting very dull, and after having raised the art of '50s pastiche to a new plateau of scumminess on "Eddy And The Falcons", it is time that Mr. Wood applied his redoubtable skills to sump'n else.

TONY AND KEITH WEST: "Bridge Over Trouble Waters" (EMI). Leesen, gringo. You wan' marahoochie, hah? Cheap as hell, bubeleh, will get you off like krra-zeeeee, Mama Mia! You wan' meet my seester, she 12 years old and a virgin senor. Cheap, too! You wan' absurd version of "Bridge Over Troubled Water" by Tony and Keith West (donno if same Keith West who had the Teenage Opera and was last heard of forming promising band with John Weider) but muy cheap, senor. Hah? Come back, gringo! Youwan' buy fleek-knife? Very cheap, very cheap . . .

BACK DOOR: "The Dashing White Sergeant" (Warner And His Endless Bro's). Oh-oh. This one's silly. I know it's silly 'cuz it says so right there in the ads. What else could it be? Well, it could be a hit, even though it's not exactly a musical triumph, or really any kind of triumph, e'en tho' the B-side is a fair hunk of patented B. Door rumbling chaos with plenty Hodgkinson. "The Dashing White Sergeant" is basically as silly as the ads claim it is — an' I ain't sayin' nuttin' else until I can — uh — visit with my dentist and consult with him, ya know, I don't got to tell ya nuthin', ya gawddam lousy Feds . . .

MICKEY BAKER: "Diggin' My Potatoes" (Big Bear). Not as good as the semi-legendary Washboard Sam version, but nevertheless a spritely enough performance from Mr. Baker, who used to be the Mickey of Mickey and Sylvia, but is now the Mickey of Mickey Baker.

YOUNG TRADITION: "The Boar's Head Carol" (Argo). Not to be confused with the Young Generation, the Young Tradition hereby bring unto us a breezy slice of folderol which could well (or not, as the case may be) become this year's "Gaudete". Unless, that is, "Gaudete" resurfaces in the charts to become this year's "Gaudete". It's a competitive business this folk lark, innit? Actually it's quite a groove and I wish Bellamy and Co. lots of fame, luck and money with it.

Get your heads down, chaps — there's a whole gang of Christmas records heading this way!

PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA: "White Christmas" (Transatlantic); DRIFTERS: "White Christmas" (Atlantic). Theoretically, there are thousands of people who went into hibernation when the Temperance Seven did their splitteroo. With the advent of the PRO all these mutated purvurts can come out of the closet and once again commence to perform their loathsome and unhygenic rituals in public — until some farseeing MP can whip through a Private members Bill to get this stuff outlawed again. Until then, though, clamber into your smoking jacket, beat it with wet towels until it stops smoking and takes up some healthier pursuits, take your partner and throw her out of the nearest window. As for the Drifters, m'Lud, all I can say is that if you ever wanted to hear them singing "White Christmas", then here's your chance. This offer is unrepeatable until next Christmas, and it comes to you in Sensurround the new recording process that makes you feel that you're trapped in a real submarine. The way they do it is to flood your living room and drown you until you are either dead or in Bradford, whichever is recommended by your probation officer.

VAN MORRISON: "Bulbs" (Yet More Warner Brothers). Bulbs? Flash bulbs? Tulip bulbs? Turnips? Constructive criticism— Liberte, egalite, fraternite? No, Pablo, a new Van Morrison single. It's brisk, it's fresh, it's invigorating, it's Charm City. It's from an album. You'll like it. I don't know why, but you'll like it. Good horn sound. Good evening. (S'easy if you don't slow down).

JOHN & YOKO/PLASTIC ONO BAND: "Merry Christmas (War Is Over)" (Apple). The only Christmas single apart from Slade's that I've ever liked. After all the appalling blancmange that most people choin out in a frantic attempt to deprive the Season Of Good Cheer of any last vestige of pleasure, this record actually Sez Sumfink and sez it well. If I wasn't in such an appallingly bad mood, this might have been the single of the week. However, there is no single of the week, a fact of which you'll already be aware unless you're one of those demented clowns who reads singles columns from the bottom up. If you are, then "Hello!"

THE ANCHORMEN: "Oh Alice" (Anchor). Hidden somewhere in this week's singles column is a deliberate mistake i.e. a lapse of critical judgement so stunningly repellent that nobody with any taste or integrity (let alone credibility) could possibly have done it on poipose. This is it. It goes as follows: "I like this record. It has a sweet tune. The guitarist sounds like James Burton. The lead vocals are genuinely charming. It makes me want to sing and dance and bound around knocking things over. I hope that it will be a hit so that I can listen to it over and over again on the radio and groove my mind on the banjo solo. I hope that the Anchormen all get very rich and that they are all good looking so that I can watch them on television while sitting curled up and hugging my knees and crooning happily to myself at the prospect that one day I could meet these gods in human form and maybe actually speak to one of them." There. Did you spot it?

JACKSON FIVE: "The Life Of The Party" (Tamla Motown). Heyyyyyyyyy — nice. Mm-Hm! God, these kids have rhythm. What's more, so have their arrangers, producers, songwriters, engineers and back-up men. This toon really jumps, friends, and even though it ain't no way a masterpiece it sounds doubly good by comparison with all the tedious hokum that's currently passing for soul music. I have spoken! Actually, I haven't. I have written, which isn't quite the same thing but is, in its own way, a means of transferring ideas from me to you. Me in my little office and you out there in the big wide world reading these words. Salud!

BETTYE SWAN: "Make Me Yours" (Contempo-raries). To end on a reasonably optimistic note, this here's a simple, stylish revived soul 45. Ms Swan sings impeccably, writes a fair old tune, and the whole deal is refreshingly traditional without racking up an offensively high cliche count. If it can fight its way past the massed forces of disco nonsense and black MOR, it would be nice to see it do well for itself. Y'see how my basically sunny and friendly disposition managed to surface at last? Merry Krsna.

SINGLES REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Kevin Johnson

Rock and Roll

(I gave you the best years of my life)

UK-R84

The Original hit version

UK RECORDS

UK Records Decca House Albert Embankment London SE1 7SW DECCA

PLATTERS

Hard travellin', uneasy listenin'

DON McLEAN: "Homeless Brother" (United Artists)

UNEASY PREAMBLE: I don't really know what to make of this album. Bits of it seem to me very good, other bits leave me unconvinced, as a whole I don't think it hangs together too well.

But I do like it more each time I play it, so I'm coming round. What follows therefore is a progress report, not to be confused with The Final Word.

But to begin with a few observations.

This is McLean's first album of new material for two years, and theoretically it should have complemented his album of non-originals of last year, "Playin' Favourites", which was just fine.

One primary object of "Homeless Brother" is to exorcise the ghost of "American Pie" in the States, since everybody there still feels that "Pie" is the be-all and end-all of McLean.

"Homeless Brother" is the title, the cover has a painting of a hobo in a boxcar (c.f. J. J. Cale's "Okie" cover) and the two most weighty tracks, "The Legend Of Andrew McCrew" and the title-track are devoted to the hard travellin' hobo theme. In other words, this is half of a concept work — similar, possibly, to Simon & Garfunkel's "Bookends", which also had an album theme that extended only as far as the end of the first side.

Featuring simply McLean himself on vocals and guitar, "Homeless Brother" has a '50's folksy feel, which is enhanced by the presence of Uncle Pete Seeger himself on backing vocals. (Seeger can lay claim to being one of the discoverers of McLean, though this is the first time he's been featured on record with his protege).

The lyrics are in the Guthrie/Seeger tradition — simple, direct and committed to 'real' people. The hobo and his life of freedom are inevitably romanticised. Which may or may not be O.K., but McLean's on really shaky territory when he attempts to semi-sanctify the calling, "Jesus on the highway was a lost hobo". Some of his observations on the life style are neat — "You'll find the broken hearted when you're travellin' jungle style", and "Where wealth has no beginning and poverty no end", but such moments of lucidity are not regular.

For where there are some beautiful lyrical lines, evocative of Dylan, like "the night stick cracks with crazy rage", there are on the other hand lines like "The Whitman wanderer walking towards a glowing inner light" which has a superficial richness, until you realise wha he's singing about.

The impression is that, despite the hardships, it's a sunshine life for hobos everywhere, at least compared to everyday life which McLean seems to envisage as a kind of purgatory. "It's hard to be a pack-rat, it's hard to be a 'bo/But livin's so much harder where the heartless people go."

The problem is that while lines themselves show evidence of having been painstakingly refined until perfect, the sentiments behind them seem to have slipped out carelessly. "Homeless Brother", while magnificent as a song, I find jumbled and unconvincing as an examination of the tramp's lifestyle.

"The Legend Of Andrew McCrew" doesn't have quite the forceful melody, but is altogether a better song. It has an excellent narrative, and the beautifully tongue-in-cheek approach is successful because it is consistent. Don's vocals, here, as everywhere, achieve great clarity of diction, something which renders the lyric sheet rather superfluous.

Because he does have one of the best voices in the game (and that's probably one reason I could never dislike one of his albums) he often works best with sparse instrumentation. That's exemplified best on those two tracks and the one between them, "Sunshine Life For Me" — a good song well sung, with lovely banjo. (But, hold on, where did those maraccas come from?)

The best of the other tracks is "Wonderful Baby", a lullaby that almost matches Paul Simon's "St. Judy's Comet". Here McLean is assisted by his producer Joel Dorn, who instinctively creates the right sound, a sort of cleverly understated '40s something.

The production throughout is very polished, in fact, but there's too much of it. That's the trouble with hiring these big-name producers, they keep leaving their visiting cards all over the place. Dorn — like Richard Perry and a host of others — usually insists on one embellishment too many. McLean doesn't need a producer, just someone to turn the tape on. Anyway, Ed Freeman had seemed to be working well as producer of "Playin' Favourites" and "Don McLean".

"You Have Lived" opens dreamily and stringily, like an advertisement for Summer County margerine, and is probably written for the same audience as "And I Love You So"; as such it's very successful, expect Perry Como to pick up on it without delay.

The only other non-original is "Crying In The Chapel" which is done a cappella with The Persuasions, and is not at all bad.

Few of the other tracks are memorable. "Great Big Man" is boisterous, up-tempo stuff, while "Tangled" and "Did You Know" are both sleepy romantic tunes, that leads me to believe he's fallen in love. "La La Love You" has some gently ambiguous lyrics that are quite attractive.

Unfortunately the album itself opens with a couplet that threatens to dump it at the bottom of the Yukon straightaway — "Winter has me in its grip/ Think I'll take a summer trip."

Altogether, then, I'll reserve my judgment, but I definitely think it's an album on which McLean has worked *too* hard; the whole is not as great as the sum of the parts.

Bob Woffinden

(All lyrics copyright United Artists Music Ltd. 1974).

THE JACKSON FIVE: "Dancing Machine" (Tamla Motown)

OH HELL, can't Tamla do any better than this?

Jes cos the Jackson Five flog a breezy million or three everytime they get within heavy breathing distance of a microphone, doesn't mean they deserve to get fobbed off with patently mediocre material topped off with fancy production icing.

No, what these brothers richly deserve and dearly need is a *Creative Musical Intelligence;* one that writes and produces elegant smasheroo singles with built-in harmonies and fully barbed hook lines, all custom-cut to fit the talent that the fab five have dripping off them.

Someone who can do the job that Smokey or Norm Whitfield did for the Tempts., and ye olde Holland-Dozier-Holland did for the Supes. and the Tops. Someone who will usher them in from the threshold of credibility where they've been flirting for long enough.

In the main, what the lads get on "Dancing Machine" is admittedly pleasant, admittedly competent, but ultimately unmemorable disco choogle that sounds like a dressed-up toned-down version of what Sly and his Stone were bashing out five years ago.

The ten minute opener, "I Am Love", even re-runs the haggard old "Sing A Simple Song" riff — to lesser effect.

Throughout, there's plenty of growling synthesiser, lashings of fiercesome guitar, lotsa horns, and a tight rhythm section slugging it out underneath, but the net effect of this Motown Heavy Metal is to hammer the fab five's warm choral nifties into oblivion, and deny them the sort of identity it looked like they might acquire a year or two back. Irksome.

Even the best of it — the U.S. single "Whatever You Got I Want" and the B-side "The Life Of The Party" (which for some reason has been made the A-side here) — conspicuously fails to chisel the cheesecake when compared to "Skywriter" in the same vein, or "Dancing Machine" itself, which hasn't any business to be on this album in any case since it was the best track on the *last* Jackson Five album.

The two and a half tracks which won't be shining up the dance floors are smoochy shapeless ballads that sound like black Bread, and which are the sort of thing that pad out Michael and Jermaine's "solo" albums.

Bland, easily forgotten, but at least you can hear the group *sing,* instead of just acting a a second rhythm section while Mike and Jermaine take turns at singing lead.

Oh well, good stuff for the girlies, I suppose. The rest of us can sit back and wait for Michael (or the miniscule young Randi) to grow up and do a Stevie Wonder.

Neil Spencer

ROGER GLOVER AND GUESTS: "The Butterfly Ball And The Grasshopper's Feast" (Purple).

MAKING THIS album can't have been the easiest of musical projects Roger Glover (ex-Deep Purple bass player) has undertaken. He has had to condense 29 poems, the contents of the book of the same name, byAlan Aldridge and William Plomer, into the running time of an album.

In part he has succeeded quite well; his lyrics, based on Plomer's verse, retain the basic themes and do manage to depict *most* of the characters who come so vividly to life in the book.

Like the book, this album doesn't seem to have a strong story line, other than preparing for the Feast and Ball, although the sinister elements of the Bat's predatory habits and the unsavoury aspects of "Sir Maximus Mouse"'s money-making are suggested in song well.

Of course the philosophy of the book is contained in the poem, "The Butterfly Ball" with the all important sentence, "Love's All You Need", and this Glover adapts well in his song, "Love Is All."

It is perhaps deliberate the track should be a pastiche of the Beatles' production sound and style, as All You Need Is Love is the central philosophy.

Glover has gathered together an impressively talented array of musicians and vocalists, which includes himself on bass and keyboards, as well as Eddie Hardin, Ray Fenwick, Liza Strike, Ann Odell, Mike Giles, Eddie Jobson, David Coverdale and Glen Hughes — to name but a few.

In the main the instrumentation (including some quite lavish orchestrations) works well, although the totally instrumental tracks, such as "Magician Moth", "Dreams Of Sir Bedivere" and "The Feast", do very little to create an mental image of the characters they supposedly depict.

Similarly the first side of the album races through the numbers in an ungainly way. Too much is attempted in too short a time and there is insufficient depth lyrically, musically and production-wise.

But then, that is also my major criticism of the Aldridge-Plomer book, Too often themes — like will Lilly Lizard be gobbled up on the train by the Fox or not? — are not brought to their natural conclusions.

As a result the album is rather disjointed (even more so than the book, because of the natural restrictions of the characters imposed by the exigencies of playing time), but at times it is extremely enjoyable.

Tony Stewart

Wood's family

MOVE: "California Man"; ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA: "Showdown"; WIZZARD: "See My Baby Jive" (Harvest)

IN WHICH it begins to look disturbingly like influences are dangerous toys indeed.

It requires little or no reiteration that The Move were one of the very best of Britain's '60s rock bands, and most of that is directly attributable to the awesome talents of Mr. Roy Wood, who was once a shy, retiring guitarist and composer frequently upstaged by his band's front line.

Apart from adopting a Hitler moustache on "Top Of The Pops" while Ron Mael was still squeezing his pimples onto rest-room mirrors, he made the Invisible Man look like Wayne County.

However, once Carl Wayne fled the coop, Wood psyched himself into total extroversion, began a near monopoly of the Move's lead vocal duties and generally came Right Up Front.

"California Man" is a collection of singles, beefed up with a selection of tracks from the band's last Harvest album, "Message From The Country."

It is nothing short of magnificent, you'll be glad to know. A curious blend of pastoral whimsy and controlled heavy metal plus a vocal sound reminiscent of an English Beach Boys crammed into a 'phone booth and transmitting the vocal tracks from Norway, in fact.

There's a complete absence of stifferoos, plus the absolutely classic "Do Ya," which is justifiably legendary.

The title track, of course, was recorded while the Electric Light Orchestra was already well underway and Move and ELO material was emerging almost concurrently.

It was the first wave of the '50s trip which is currently almost engulfing Wood's talents, and in terms of sheer unadulterated teenage fun, undoubtedly the most likeable.

A quick leap through a convenient sideways time phase, and we're into the ELO's album, which, again, is comprised of singles plus a medley of album tracks.

Wood and his co-conspirator Jeff Lynne, had apparently planned the band to take up where the Beatles had left off with "I Am The Walrus" and "Strawberry Fields Forever", not really taking into consideration the fact that maybe the Fab Four had left off where they did for perfectly good artistic reasons.

"10538 Overture" was indeed kinda nice, but the whole thing kinda O.D.'ed on massed cellos by the time Roy Wood left to form Wizzard. (We'll catch up with him a little later, trouser buffs).

Lynne soldiered on alone (or comparatively so), and came up with a single of Chuckleberry's "Roll Over Beethoven" that was by far the best musical joke of its year, plus a thing called "Showdown" which proved conclusively from where Marvin Gaye had ripped off "I Heard It Through The Grapevine".

Meanwhile, Wood was indulging his nostalgia with Wizzard and producing admirable pastiches of the likes of Phil Spector and Elvis Presley, a path that he has relentlessly pursued right through to Wizzard's latest album on their new label (Warner Bros.) "Eddy And The Falcons."

He's doing it about as well as it can be done (though Dave Edmunds' essays in the genre are a little bit more up my personal alley), but it seems to be kind of a waste. I mean, do we have to wait until some bright spark in the early '80s decided to start pastiching The Move?

Me, I'll stick with "California Man" to be going on with, though I'd recommend (albeit hesitantly) the Wizzard and ELO albums to anybody who is interested in their work but as yet hasn't sampled any of it on the home system.

It's kind of interesting if you like that kind of thing, and I can appreciate its merits in an abstract sort of way, but I'm not offbegetten.

The Move, on de other udder, is sump'n else again.

Oh well . . . . I can dream, can't I?

Charles Shaar Murray

Chapman's Family

FAMILY: "Best of Family" (Reprise)

On October 13, 1973 Family disbanded on completion of their most successful British tour.

Personally speaking, I found the day after was bloody awful, when I fully appreciated they'd probably never play again, and the memory of a truly excellent farewell concert was beginning to fade.

Family were original, and it's extremely regrettable the mechanics of the business dictated their demise. During their seven year existence they had created an almost unequalled standard of music and musicianship (with at least six of their eight albums) through five significant personnel changes.

Quite rightly they were acclaimed by critics, and a large proportion of the public, as one of Britain's greatest bands.

Now, to celebrate the first anniversary of their death, we're offered "Best Of Family".

How, though, can one select an album's worth of tracks from such a prolific repertoire and please everybody?

Quite simply, you can't.

However, this album does undoubtedly represent *some* of the band's best moments.

" 'Cor, strike a light!"

It goes right back to "Music In A Doll's House" with "The Chase" (listen carefully and you'll hear at the end part of the opening bar to "Mellowing Grey") and "Old Songs New Songs" and then through the years with such musical landmarks as "No Mules Fool", "The Weaver's Answer", "Part Of The Load", "In My Own Time", "Burlesque" and the classic "My Friend The Sun", to their last recordings together, "It's Only A Movie" and "Sweet Desiree".

Not everything they did was magnificent, of course, and evidence of this can be heard on the two other tracks included in the set, "Sat'd'y Barfly" and "Children" from the "Fearless" album.

Even though many of the cuts on this compendium are obvious choices (so why didn't they include "Top Of The Hill" as well?) all but the two I've mentioned stand up to what is commonly known as the test of time.

But even more important each number clearly represents the progression of the band, from the psychedelically inclined production of "Dolls House", through the ragged edges of "Part Of The Load" to the track which reflects their improvisationary senses, "Burlesque".

There are some informative sleeve notes (by Al Clark), a Family tree on the inner sleeve, and lyrics to all of the cuts.

A good buy for those of you who haven't previously been introduced to the band, and any Family devotees who're too lazy to seek out the individual tracks from the original albums.

Tony Stewart

PLATTERS

K-Tel and Arcade both achieved formidable initial success as record companies by putting together albums compiled from recent hit singles which, usually backed by a huge nationwide advertising campaign, sold in vast quantities. Recently, they have each diversified by putting together more specialised collections — three of which are examined here.

The pelvis goes on for ever

ELVIS PRESLEY: "Elvis's 40 Greatest Hits" (Arcade)

THERE'D BEEN Bill Haley, an ageing Country 'n' Western singer hiding his bald pate with a kiss curl, and there was Johnny Ray, the Nabob of Sob, crying a last tear of sentimental gush.

There were a dozen or so other good ol' boys — like Frankie Laine, Dean Martin, and Perry Como — flailing about and floundering in a rush of musical wind that was not exactly taking them with it.

And then straight out of Hicksville, USA, came a living cliche — a truckdriving son of an ex-sharecropper who liked to comb his hair a lot and who, in 1953, walked into Sam Phillips' Sun Records studios in Memphis to pay four dollars and record the Ink Spots' "My Happiness" for his mother's birthday present.

For a while now Phillips had been telling his assistant, Marion Keisker, that: "If I could find a man who had the Negro sound and the Negro feel, I could make a billion dollars."

Presumably Sam Phillips hadn't been thinking of that kid in Memphis with the lopsided grin and the sideburns. He'd have been hard to miss though — there weren't many kids who peacocked themselves up like Elvis Presley in the mid-fifties in Memphis, Tennessee.

There were also not too many gentlemen — even down in the deep South of the United States where bible-bashing, tub-thumping eccentrics were taken as read — who had the slick con merchant sass to take sparrows, paint them yellow and sell them as canaries.

A catalyst called "Colonel" Tom Parker came into the life of the musical catalyst when in 1955 the super carnival barker met the potential superstar and Elvis Presley quit Sun Records to sign with RCA for the then unprecedented sum of forty thousand dollars.

And the legend gestated and started to be born. Beautiful, outrageous, totally apocryphal tales of "The King" started to spread through the media: Elvis went out and bought a pink Cadillac with his first record advance; his favourite meal was double cheeseburgers ("Sometimes as many as seven at a time, suh!") and Coke; and did he love his Ma.

Jesus, this boy was so American he could even make it up to the White House.

Except he was *bad*, too. Elvis Presley'd do bad things like shake his hips a lot on stage and get himself banned from a lot of theatres.

And his favourite clothes were all coloured pink and black — and this in the wake of McCarthyite austerity.

Yeah, Colonel Tom sure did himself a nice job on the Pelvis, letting him ride the mystique and macho slipstream left behind by James Dean.

And the more that Elvis Presley got himself banned from theatres and television — when he went on the Ed Sullivan show the first time singing "Hound Dog" he was screened only from the waist up — the more he was identified with, and the more records he sold.

Now the popular contention would appear to be that Elvis Presley's voice was that of a White Man who sang the Blacks; that his origins had created some ultimate hybrid of southern rockabilly and black gospel which emerged as a razor-edged electric shock; and that his spell in the army — from 1958 to 1960 — or the Macchiavellian machinations of the Colonel, or simply Too Much, Too Soon gave Elvis a musical lobotomy which has resulted in his post-1960 recorded output amounting to little more than aural bilge.

Indeed, from 1964 onwards Presley has been virtually ignored by the music press. Details of his record releases are relegated to the very minor columns of the news pages.

There was, of course, more than a modicum of excitement generated over the Elvis Presley TV Special put on in the States on December 3, 1968, and over his return to live work the following year.

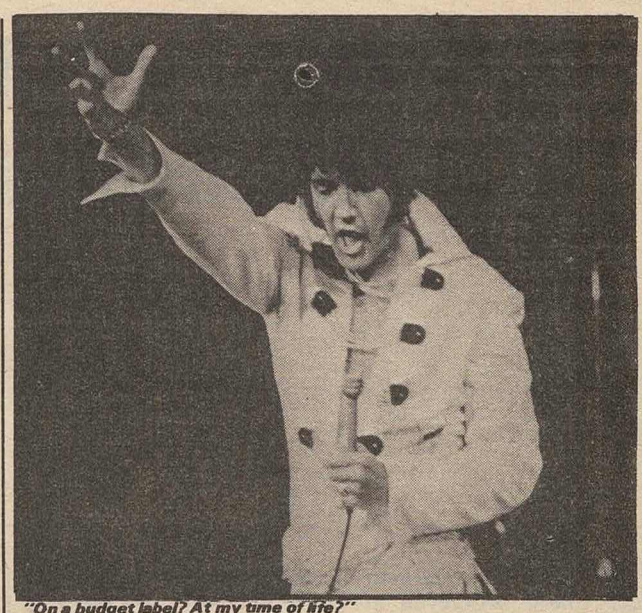
But by then, of course, it was so totally *outre* to admit having got off on Elvis in the first place that the immediate critical analysis was that Presley had only re-emerged to public life because Tom Jones had got him on the run.

A tidy, compact — and totally nationalistic — theory: Britain had sent Presley into hiding with the Beatles; now the bulldog spirit of Tom Jones had forced The King back into gear to put the overmighty baron back in his place.

Except that by then Elvis Presley had already slammed out a series of 45s that went some considerable way to exorcising the dreck — which for the most part this album has been cleansed of — that had been put out from the nineteen movies he'd starred in between 1962 and 1968.

Jerry Reed's composition, "Guitar Man" as the Presley Artist Confessional was just a little *too* spurious; it was well into the tradition of Presley's pre-1960 material.

Oddly, though, "Elvis 40 Greatest Hits" lacks both the black leather sinuosity of "US Male", yet another Jerry Reed country rocker and the follow up to "Guitar Man", and "If I Can Dream", the million selling single that coincided with the US screening of the TV special.



"On a budget label? At my time of life?"

And, of course, after "Guitar Man" and the TV Special and the Las Vegas shows there's been something of a grudging consent about Presley's importance, even though most of his subsequent material has returned to the substandard. (Consider, though, his current single hit, "My Boy", a masterpiece of bizarre Wagnerian *kitsch*). I mean, the sentiments of "In The Ghetto" are, I suppose, quite admirable though those lyrics, dripping with social *angst*, emerge from the throat a lot more easily when the cafe circuit is soothing it to the tune of one hundred thousand dollars a week.

However, although there is the curious omission of "Don't Be Cruel" and "I Want You, I Need You, I Love You" — the forty tracks actually begin with the latter's American B side, the rather flimsy workout of Crudup's "My Baby Left Me" — it's still record one that has the quintessential Presley with cuts that have titles and lyrics that are a sociologist's dream description of Cold War youth: "Heartbreak Hotel", "Blue Suede Shoes", "Hound Dog", "A Big Hunk Of Love", "Jailhouse Rock".

As with all anthologies, though, a cut by cut dissection of "Elvis's 40 Greatest Hits" is close to worthless, especially when the double album spans fifteen years of the artist's career.

Okay, so we do get to appreciate the change in sound brought about by the shift from Scotty Moore's guitar and Bill Black's bass to the Nashville session men used mainly on the second record (and during the second Presley era), and we can hear the gradual phasing out of the Jordanaires, Presley's barbershop backing quartet.

Mainly, though, "Elvis's 40 Greatest Hits" is a testimony, a tribute, even a glorification if you need to be truly masturbatory, of an artist who — quite simply — totally changed the course of popular music.

Oh, and just in case you get neurotic about that kind of thing, the mono still is in mono.

Chris Salewicz

'U' Certificate reggae

VARIOUS ARTISTS: "24 Reggae Greats" (K-Tel)

THERE's no doubt, K-Tel have really got it together. This album is virtually a complete anthology of reggae British chart entries. If that makes it a history of commercialised reggae, rather than of thereal stuff, then that's inevitable, and anyway none of us can understand what they're singing about on the real stuff.

Reggae's never had a broad-based acceptance, but has always been a minority interest, but I imagine this album will find greater popularity than any previous one of its ilk — and the breakthrough of reggae to a mass audience is long overdue.

"24 Reggae Greats" is a fairly representative selection, including a few things I can't stand, and a few mighty numbers that could still be around at the end of the century. In this respect, I'd mention the one that's the quintessene of the genre, "Israelites" by Desmond Dekker, and the irresistible "Young, Gifted and Black" by Bob & Marcia and "Let Your Yeah Be Yeah" by The Pioneers. We reach the schluck with the appalling "Snoopy Versus The Red Baron" by Hotshots and Bruce Ruffin's "Rain", which isn't really reggae at all.

But if it's all reggae made palatable for the English climate, such as "Suzanne, Beware Of The Devil" by Dandy Livingstone, at least they had the good taste not to include anything by Judge Dread.

The best of the more Angicised tracks are Horace Faith's "Black Pearl" and Nicky Thomas' "Love Of The Common People", and, remembering that many early successes were achieved through the reggaefication of ordinary chart hits, Bob & Marcia's "Pied Piper" and Greyhound's "Moon Rover" are included.

The production's certainly not bad, though by squeezing in twelve tracks per side, some sound strength has been lost — Bruce Ruffin's "Mad About You" comes over particularly faintly, though, of course, the more judicious of you can overcome such problems by turning up the volume control. Tracks like "The Liquidator" by Harry J. & the All-Stars (which has an introduction which The Staple Singers borrowed for "I'll Take You There") seem to have been taken from a rusty master tape; otherwise, there are no complaints.

The Wailers and Johnny Nash excepted, all the heavies are represented. Toots and the Maytals, Dekker, etc., Jimmy Cliff weighs in with "Wonderful World, Beautiful People", and he also gets two other composing credits. Greyhound who have now disbanded and become his backing group, have the wonderful "Black And White", and there are others I haven't mentioned such as Dave and Ansel Collins' "Double Barrel".

This is a first-class selection of reggae music. 'Nuff said.

Bob Woffinden

Greyhound, once one of Britain's more popular reggae acts — they have three tracks included on '24 Reggae Greats' — have now disbanded, the majority having reformed as a backing band for the great Jimmy Cliff.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: "Sounds Spectacular: 20 Worldwide Hits Produced By Phil Spector" (K-Tel)

NO-ONE EVER accused K-Tel's sleeve designers of being over-endowed with taste or imagination, and the guys who pick their titles are similarly safe from such pusillanimous accusations.

However, they seem to have their priorities right; for inside that ludicrous cover lurks a thoroughly delightful album. More Spector per square inch of vinyl than ever before on a gramophone recording, no less.

All kinds of learned stuff has been written on the *opera* of Mr. Spector (and before any of you write in to tell me that he ain't never made no operas, *opera* is Latin for "works") and so I'm not going to burden you with any ball-breaking theses on the subject, except to say that one reason that Spector's best work effortlessly twanged so many teenage heartstrings was that his stable of singers sang pure chunks of coy, twee teenage traumas in musical settings reminiscent of the London Symphony Orchestra trying to drown out the L.A. Philharmonic, thereby elevating the subject matter (and, by extension, the corresponding events in the lives of the listener) into the realms of momentously epic grandeur.

Listen to a Phil Spector record — "little symphonies for the kids", he called them — and your current romance was transformed into the ecstatic realms of operatic melodrama, three-minute tenement oratories (or "Oratoria", if you wanna get picky about it).

This is my theory which is my own and which belongs to me, but we needn't get too far into that. The range of this record stretches from Curtis Lee's gorgeously sloppy doo-wop (if "Pretty Little Angel Eyes" wasn't at least 50% of the inspiration for Zappa's "Electric Aunt Jemima" I promise to do something extremely painful with my copy of "Uncle Meat") to the Righteous Brothers' rather bile-jerking attempts at amped-up MOR, plus enough back-to-back classics to make Roy Carr choke into his library of original Philles singles.

Spector, right: "Listen, baby — you're a Ronette, of course we pay you as much as the tambourine players".

Tenement Oratoria

Listen to this: The Crystals are represented by "He's A Rebel", "Then He Kissed Me", the splendid but underrated "Uptown" and the epiphanic "Da Doo Don Ron", while the Ronettes have "Baby I Love You", "Walking In The Rain", and "Be My Baby". The Righteous Brothers atone for "Ebb Tide" and "Unchained Melody" with "Just Once In My Life" and "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' ", and Gene Pitney and Ben E. King make cameo appearances with "Every Breath I Take" and "Spanish Harlem" respectively.

My fave surprise of the package were the two tracks by Bobb B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans (NOT "Bobby Sox" as the sleeve spells it). "Zip A Dee Doo Dah" sounds like a bunch of people trapped at the bottom of a 500-foot well singing to cheer themselves up, while their superb "Not Too Young To Get Married" succeeds in almost toppling the whole teenage-trauma genre of pop over the edge of the abyss of self-parody.

Oi 'as me doots about young Squoire Spector, mainly since he was always more concerned with manipulating his singers into fitting into his cosmic world-view rather than attempting to work with independent artists with their own creative ideas, but he sure did get some lovely sounds out of them there studios.

If this album had ditched the two wimpy Righteous Brothers tracks and the appalling Paris Sisters effort and found its way to including "River Deep Mountain High" then this album would have encroached on the borders of Definitive City.

As it is, it's still plenty nice and an indispensable addition to your archives.

Charles Shaar Murray

There's more money in it than in the entire Fort prophecy involved than in a hundredweight of Merchandising Biz, that's wot ... and ROY CARR's

BOPPER

THE FACT that 12-year-old Claire Wooleych attends a North London Comprehensive is irrelevant. What *is* important is that, quite unknowingly, Claire appears to reflect the current majority tastes of her particular age group throughout the entire British Isles. She is Your Average Bopper.

Every two years, Claire's father redecorates his only daughter's bedroom. Before setting about the task a month ago, he first asked Claire which, of the three hundred or so pop pinups that covered almost every available inch of space on her four walls, she wished to keep. A large poster of the entire Osmond brood was the only one she chose to salvage.

And the remainder? Within the hour, the once-idolised images of David Cassidy, T.Rex, the Jackson Five, Sweet, Chicory Tip, the Partridge Family, David Bowie, Alice Cooper and the New Seekers had been reduced to a soggy pulp on her bedroom floor. And by the following weekend, these deposed heroes had been quickly replaced by brand-new colour posters of David Essex, the Bay City Rollers and a couple of mug-shots of George McCrea and Barry White.

The purge was not yet over.

Without so much as a tinge of remorse, Claire frantically sold off her entire collection of T.Rex, Sweet, Bowie and Cassidy records in order to purchase the very latest offerings from David Essex, Barry White and the Rollers.

As far as this Miss was concerned, those artists that she had so loyally supported when she was nine and ten had long lost their initial appeal. Like most of her friends, Claire had outgrown them. They may have served her well but now was time to switch her undivided attention elsewhere.

HINDSIGHT AND a spot of thorough gumshoe work subsequently reveals that the so-called weenybopper craze that was nurtured — and then systematically distorted out of all proportion — by the mass media, peaked almost as soon as it had ignited in the summers of 1972 and 1973. In no way did it possess either the same high-intensity or longevity as Beatlemania, to which it was continually compared. It was, primarily, a pre-teen phenomenon, exclusive to the British Isles with a minimum of overseas overspill.

Let's check out the facts.

On the first floor of Coffer Sports' massive warehouse in Islington, North London, there is a section aptly referred to by the staff as "The Graveyard" — rows of steel frame shelves sagging under the weight of unsold merchandise emblazoned with the likenesses of many of those very same stars torn down from Claire Wooleych's bedroom walls. While, just a mile away, in the City, plans have been finalised (at Fleetway House, home of IPC Magazines), to merge the once enormously-popular weenybop bible *Music Star* with *Pink* Magazine; a most reluctant move motivated by the hard fact that, having reached 634,000 copies in September 1973 after just seven editions, *Music Star's* circulation later plummeted to around 160,000, thereby making it an uneconomical venture to subsidise.

These are just two of many omens indicative that we are now coming to the tail end of the regular three-year cycle within the popular music industry — during which certain commercial trends and stars emerge, peak and then rapidly nosedive in popularity.

Now whether the escalating interest in the Bay City Rollers and David Essex is the final fling of one generation of boppers before moving on — or the inauguration of yet another three years of pubescent hysteria — is open to conjecture. Weenyboppers are, whether you like it or not, an integral part of this industry and, as they blossom into teenagers, they are supposed to be replaced by a whole new generation of impressionable sub-adolescents.

However, certain evidence just cannot be ignored. Questions like: where have almost half-a-million readers of *Music Star* suddenly disappeared to? And why haven't their ranks been replenished? For no rival music publication has suddenly experienced a correspondingly rapid rise in circulation during this same period.

If the truth must be known, those periodicals that once pandered to the changeable whims of the weenies are now drastically cutting back on their pop coverage in a concerted effort to stem declining circulation figures.

"I suppose this must be one of the great mysteries of 1974," muses Collin Shepherd who is the publisher of *Music Star*. "As far as the publishing world is concerned, there really doesn't appear to be a counter-attraction. However, the fact remains that nowadays, unless they've got something unique to offer, fads don't appear to sustain a youngster's interest for more than a few months — or a year at the most". Shepherd also compares the "bopper boom" to such transient distractions as the yo-yo and the hula-hoop, both of which only momentarily arrested the public's imagination.

"Contrary to belief," he concludes, "I honestly don't think that the lack of interest in such publications as, say, *Music Star* can altogether be directly attributed to the lack of spending power." As an experienced publisher he readily concedes that those housewives with a fixed budget have been cutting down on the number of women's magazines and children's comics that they buy each week.

"Seeing that youngsters don't have to spend their money on the basic essentials of life, they are therefore quite free to dispose of their money on those things that they like."

RECORDS, TAPES, concerts *and* magazine may well be one predominant aspect of popular music-as-a-consumer-industry into which fans continually plough their money, but paraphernalia is yet another extremely popular and lucrative by-product by which one can easily measure the degree of fan fervour.

Now Coffer Sports Limited are, without doubt, one of the largest manufacturers of pop-orientated merchandise in the world, and are therefore always acutely aware of what novelties will make the very young fans part with their money. Even more importantly, they are in a position to ascertain to which stars the fans still show allegiance — and by the very same token, which artists they are about to discard.

Unlike a record company, Coffer Sports are rarely caught offguard by any sudden switch of fan affection. Once an artist hits the skids, they just concentrate their work-force on whoever has been chosen as The Replacement.

As he strolls between massive consignments of freshly manufactured T-shirts, scarves, mugs, badges and rosettes about to be dispatched to retailers throughout the country, Ronald Coffer and his assistant Ian Post attempt to put into perspective precisely what the young fans are demanding — and whether or not the weenybopper bubble has burst.

"In this trade," Coffer begins, "not only can you measure an artist's popularity — or decline — from tour to tour but, in many cases, from month to month.

"At the moment, there is a swift move away from the weenybopper who went over the moon for people like Marc Bolan and David Cassidy. Sure, a lot of kids still love Donny (Osmond) but not in such a big way. Where before there were literally hundreds of thousands of these youngsters going crazy to see, touch and buy anything with the big name stars printed on it, we have recently noticed a marked change in trends."

Coffer has observed that his wares are now being snapped up by a much higher age group than two years ago. In terms of mass saleability the Bay City Rollers — especially the Bay City Rollers — Status Quo and Mud are proving to be as "interesting" as such established sellers as Slade and Rod Stewart. But, even though it would appear that everyone and his dog Teddy are touring Britain at the moment, fan fever isn't as intense as when Donny the O and David the C were at their peak.

This is an observation that Ian Post substantiates. "At one time, the image was sufficient to sell anything and everything, but now they actually want to hear the music — which can be seen in the popularity of such commercial hard rock acts as Slade, Status Quo and the Faces."

In the mad scramble to grab the biggest piece of the action many record companies tend to overlook many important factors. The average weenybopper — most of whom are girls — is only psychologically equipped to idolise just one image at a time; and, getting more down to earth, she only possesses sufficient funds to support that one star alone. Should her puppy-love and weekly allowance be dedicated to Donny, she may care to choose a British alternative (like good ol' Gary Glitter) to keep herself entertained until her First Love returns for a regular promotional visit.

However, throw too many similar images at her in quick succession and it only confuses the issue and accounts for the dismal failure on the part of many record companies to promote what, in the racing fraternity, are termed False Favourites.

Can anyone else explain why such as Darren Burns, Ricky Wilde, the Williams Twins, Simon Turner, Rick Springfield, the James Boys, Glyn Poole and the Handley Family were all non-starters in the Bandwagon Jumping Stakes? While the Bay City Rollers became the only ones capable of infiltrating the Osmonds' domain?

It would appear that weeny-mania is at its most active during long summer school holidays, when the kids are at home and need to keep themselves occupied. Any major promoter will tell you that it's during these periods that he encounters very little difficulty in doing capacity box office business. It's just a matter of astute timing.

So, too, is getting the most attractive merchandise to all point-of-sales locations. And, of all the pop paraphernalia manufactured, The Scarf remains the all-time best seller. Retailing at just a few pence more than the price of a single, the staunch fan is prepared to purchase any number just so long as each item bears a different design. At the apex of the Cassidy-Osmond assault, Coffer Sports distributed quantities of between 25,000 and 40,000 of each design. Times have changed. Today, Donny will account for a re-order of 5,000 the week he's in the country. Other than that, repeats of 500 to maybe 1,000 are the norm.

So what of Cassidy, Bolan and Bowie?

"Bolan died overnight," states Post, "and we were badly

***THE BOPPER MAGS:* Business ain't what it was, but there's still a crust or two to be made.** *Music Star* **plans to merge with** *Pink*. *Osmond World:* **still around 100,000 and paying for the hot dinners**

Knox stash. There's more genuine clairvoyant memoirs by Nostradamus. What is it? It's the Bopper discovered that it's still All Systems Go for...

POWER!

hit when Bowie said he was quitting. As far as this business is concerned he went very quickly."

And Cassidy?

"Oh, he's about finished."

So who has come along to replace these tarnished images? "Well," confides Coffer, "we've just signed a deal with 20th Century to manufacture 'Planet Of The Apes' product and we expect a really big demand'."

AS WITH all pop phenomena, very few idols manage to sustain their initial following. Having recently enrolled their 100,000th fan club member it would indicate that the Osmonds have a certain degree of staying power. This statistic is supported by an average monthly sale of 160,000 copies of the *Osmond World* fanzeen and consistently healthy record sales. So why should the Osmonds Still Rule with the majority of homegrown boppers while most of their contemporaries have been given the elbow?

"Exploitation" is the key word — spelled out by Roger Holt, Polydor Records Artist Relation Manager, and one of the men responsible for seeing that the Salt Lake City Slickers remain a hot commodity when they are away from these shores.

"Exploitation," insists Holt, "is imperative. But I can tell you that it's not easy to sustain and project the Osmonds image — because I've discovered that the general attitude within the music industry has been that this entire bopper thing is finished. Well, for most acts it is — we all know that it's subsidised — but the Osmonds appear to be surviving simply because their fans are growing up with them.

"You have to have a certain charisma to begin with and let's face it, Donny had it. In the very beginning, it doesn't really matter if the records aren't marvellous . . . sure, they've got to be reasonably decent but, if the image is the right one, the young boppers don't really care. They may not be one of my acts," Holt continues, "but the Bay City Rollers have got that charisma and that's why there're going to be so big."

It's Holt's opinion that the *accessibility* of an act is of prime importance to the very young fan. "The kids love to think that their favourite artist is popular enough to appear regularly on TV and the radio and also sell out concert tours. That justifies them being a fan. This is why the Rollers have clicked.

"When acts spend too much time abroad or hibernating away from the public the fans feel most hurt and unwanted — and it doesn't take them long to switch their affections. If that happens, just watch how the records fare on the charts.

"If an act like the Osmonds want to maintain their large British following then they're obliged to come over here at least once a year. If their fans thought they weren't coming back . . . then it would be all over. It would kill them."

WHEN YOU GET right down to it, the weekly best-selling record chart is still the only gauge by which the general public — and many other people within the record industry — continue to measure an artist's success.

We conducted an intensive survey amongst many of the major record stores in key locations throughout the country . . . with interesting results as to where the boppers were investing their funds.

Never mind what shipping-out figures a record company might claim, it's what's sold over the counter that really matters.

Sure, the retailers virtually all agreed that, though the bulk quantity was well down, the Osmonds and Gary Glitter were still steady as they go; that the Bay City Rollers and David Essex were starting to go great guns and that they couldn't easily shift anything by T-Rex, Sweet and Cassidy. But when asked who was the most consistent seller they all gave the same reply . . . Barry White. **(See feature, page 25).**

Barry White?

As it transpires, Barry White is *the* prime mover over at HMV's massive record store on Oxford Street. Though deputy supervisors Steve Wright and Nick Turnbull both claim that, because of the store's position in London's West End they have a large tourist trade they also pointed out that Osmond imports outsell their British releases; and that last Christmas they only sold 88 copies out of a consignment of 500 T-Rex Greatest Hit albums over three months. And whereas they'd only moved 100 of the new Bay City Rollers' chart-topping album (as opposed to 1,300 of the Stones' latest) over the very same period, they just couldn't get enough new Barry White material to meet the demand.

Indeed, when asked what specific type of music sold best of all, Wright and Turnbull echoed the reply given to me by almost every shop throughout the country — "soul". And most of it is being bought by the under-sixteens.

Actually, you can quite easily break down young record buyers' tastes into both average age groups and relative interests. Between seven and ten, they are too young to go anywhere and so their only exposure to music is through TV, radio and record-player. Being highly impressionable, they are drawn towards artists of their own age group and the initial need to identify.

By the time they've moved into the 11-13 bracket they are just about old enough to go the occasional concert and to the local youth club where they usually have a disco. And it's there that they really learn to dance.

Around 13, they become aware of themselves and aware of the opposite sex. So naturally they become clothes-conscious and to fit their new image they look for a more sophisticated type of music — one that will also appeal to boys (though of course when she's with her girl friends she'll still go bananas over any singer with slim hips and a pretty face).

Now, by the time our budding bopper is 15-16 she'll be able to bluff her way into discotheques, plus a few clubs and ballrooms. In this new environment, if she wishes to make some kind of an impression she must latch onto what the local trendsetters are into and become one of the crowd. At the moment it's soul music and it's so strong as to dominate the charts with the big star being none other than Mis'tah Barry White — which probably accounts for him selling well over 300,000 albums and close on a million singles in this country alone in the last 12 months.

It's been other people who have spoken on behalf of the young boppers but, when you get down to basics, they're still the ones that call the shots. Susan Andrews and Susan Gander of Bell Records Press and Promotion Dept both remarked that they felt that the success of the Bay City Rollers can be attributed to the fact that they were like Marks & Spencer — they gave the customer what they wanted.

They weren't wrong.

Neville Colton (13) is a Rollers fan and it shows. "I don't go for their music so much but I like the way they dress. You can get away with wearing it at school without getting sent home."

His mate, Keith Marshall (12) agrees. "Own up, not many blokes go around looking like Bolan or Bowie. If you do someone will only put the boot in. It ain't worth it. Anyway, the clothes they wear are too expensive. I got most of my togs from the Army and Navy Surplus."

Julia Ann Tennett (11) likes the Osmonds, the Rollers, David Essex and she *thinks* she likes Barry White. "They all make nice records and they're always on TV." Tracey Moorhead (11) admits she used to like Bolan, "but his records began to sound the same and I couldn't understand the words — they were too childish. Though a boy at school told me they were rude. But I really don't know."

Susanne Averill (14), likes Kool & the Gang, George McCrea and Barry White. The reason: "They're the best ones to dance to. Anyway, with soul records you need only buy singles."

Barry White was also given the thumbs up by Alan Blunsden (14), Georgina Daines (12), Terri Petersen (13), Rechetta Michaels (12), Mark Hyman (14) — and by Neal McNally (14) who admitted: "I only like soul music . . . the rest is crap. Anyway, it's much easier to pull birds dancing."

Margrit Olefsson (13), thinks David Essex is sweet but only buys Barry White records. "Not only are they romantic but you can dance to them. All my friends buy his records."

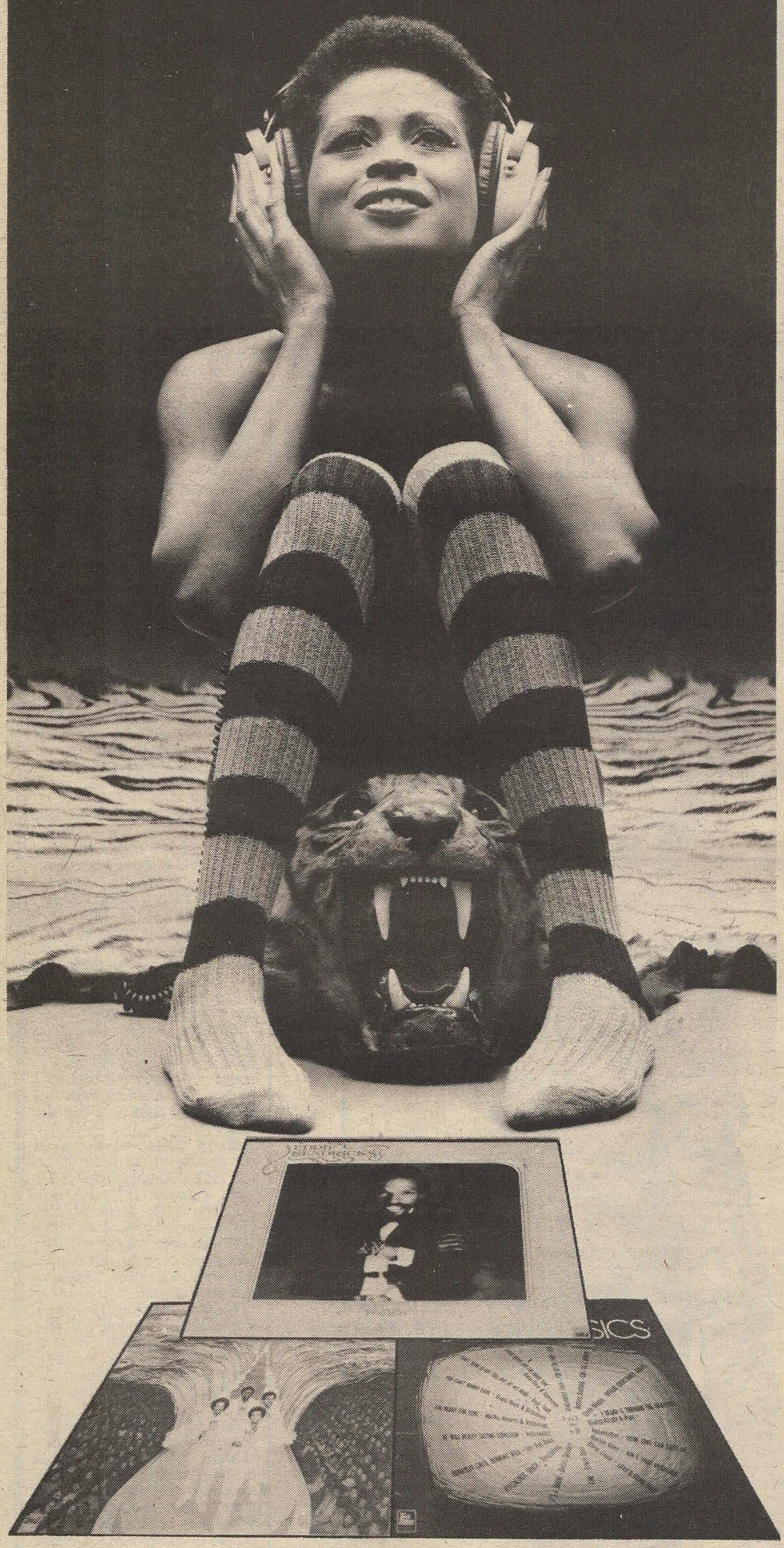
IT'S EASY to understand the popularity of both David Essex and the Bay City Rollers but the fact that the majority of preteens and over are getting it on quite effectively with Barry White may be difficult for some people to comprehend. I mean, he's about as sexy and attractive as an elephant seal with halitosis. But then, there's no accounting for taste — and it's because of this that I can't forget Ronald Coffer's optimism over "Planet Of The Apes" product and the popularity of both the TV series and the double-bill playing to capacity at your local flea-pit, not to mention Marvel's weekly comic-book version.

Does this mean that a whole new generation of weenyboppers are about to go bananas over Galen the Chimp?

I mean, would you let your daughter marry him?

THE MERCHANDISE: Measure your meat's freshness by the sales index. Going Up: Essex, White, Rollers. Holding Steady: Osmonds, Gary Glitter. Sinking Fast: T.Rex, Bowie, Cassidy. Never Made It At All: Darren Burns, Ricky Wilde, Springfields, etc. Quaint innit?

Black Magic



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PETE ERSKINE has a quick one round the toilets with KILBURN AND THE HIGHROADS

"WHEN NICKEL-ASS came down last year," Ian Dury recalls, staring morosely at a padded, mirrored drinks cabinet imprinted with sparkling champagne glasses, "and started comin' on strong abaht us, I fink it was a bit premature. We couldn't really 'andle it. We weren't all that good really . . ."

"A'course," he continues, flicking an errant spot of scurf off his shoulder, "we might've been good t'look at . . ."

The Kilburns? Good To Look At? Well yes . . . but aesthetically??? Mothers . . . would *you* let this man attend to your daughter's *hamster?*

"Since then," reports guitarist Keith, looking as if he's just cat-burgled his way in through a ventilation duct, "we've been learning how to play really."

Even so, I think I preferred the pre-Pye Kilburns.

You may recall the dying embers of Mr. Kent's orgasmic appraisal of the above-mentioned, despite the fact that he omitted the claim that they're about to become the next Bruce Springsteen. At the time, Kilburn And The High Roads were vending their vittals for £15 a night around the Metropolis. They'd just signed to a new label, Raft. They were rougher than a gobful of Old Shag and possibly the first indigenous English rock group of any real substance since The Move.

"Billy Bentley" in particular of their jagged rickety repertoire, stood out as a leery testimony to a bygone age of swaggering steel-combed spivdom. A nonsense song, the lyrics were composed entirely of cockney cliches and scummy London place names. Frequently — and with a flourish Frank Sinatra might envy — Dury would dedicate the piece to "all the gurls rann' the toilets."

"Well, it was goin' alright weren' it?" Dury continues, "then Raft folded."

Raft, it might be remembered, was a small personalised offshoot of W.E.A. Other artists on the roster included Family, Linda Lewis, and Beckett. Through such inter-relationships, Roger Chapman ended up producing Beckett's first album and Tony Ashton wound up producing initial Kilburn cuts.

"You know what 'appened? They 'ad a big team of execs come down t'see us at Dingwalls. Bleedin' 'undreds of 'em. It was like 'weeohh let's 'ave a party!' So a bit later on one of 'em takes me aside and starts sayin' fings like 'Are you going to be A Superstar?' So I'm sayin' 'whooh . . . well . . . *I dunno!* What you mean askin' questions like that?'

"They were checkin' out t'see if we was worf 'angin' onto . . . and then a coupla days later, bang it all folded.

"Then it was all excitement from Warner Bruvvers. Joe Smith came over to see us at the 'Undred Club and didn't like us."

And hence the band was *sans* record co. for over six months — partly because most of the people to whom their then manager (the good Charlie Gillet) took the tapes didn't like them, and partly because the ones who did weren't prepared to take the risk and come across with a contract as generous as their previous one. Eventually, they landed up with their first single, "Rough Kids," on Pye. (The elpee tapes they'd cut with Tony Ashton were "appalling" and have never been released).

IAN DURY: Is he going to be A Superstar? "Well . . . I dunno . . . "Pic: HARRY DIAMOND.

"Meanwhile," Dury notes, "we were on the road 'avin' a shockin' time. We'd be in places like Durham for the day . . ." (The Kilburns are big Up North.) ". . . I don't think we're built for going on the road like Penzance one night and Manchester the next. It's alright if you're 18."

They're now managed by the former Mr. Freedom, a robust bouncer of a man named Tommy Roberts (who also handles Arthur Brown and an unknown quantity described by Dury as "The Countess"). The original piano player, the redoubtable Russell Hardy, came over a little sultry and left, to be replaced by one Roddy, formerly of a bizarre and, according to most reports very talented, mixed-media bunch called The Moodies (they were featured in a colour section spread last summer). They also got a new drummer, some new material and a slight dose of theatrical overkill.

For a start nowadays they're slipping in odd neo-jazz-rock sections onstage.

For seconds Dury's appearing in a blue satin boxer's gown with "Billy Bentley" spread across the back. And for thirds he's beginning to overdo the inter-course raps so that — all of a sudden (like) you become painfully aware that what is being witnessed is Yet Another Stage Act.

The basic essence of the music remains unchanged. The embellishments and little twists, however, are being eroded. The act is losing its character a little.

Dury's justification — with particular reference to the more modernistic treatment from the original of "Rough Kids/ Billy Bentley" — is that it's a "a bit of a status, innit?"

He stands by the changes.

Meanwhile, David, the sax player, claims people are still baffled by the Kilburn persona. "We played the HMS Victory club in Portsmouth the other week . . ."

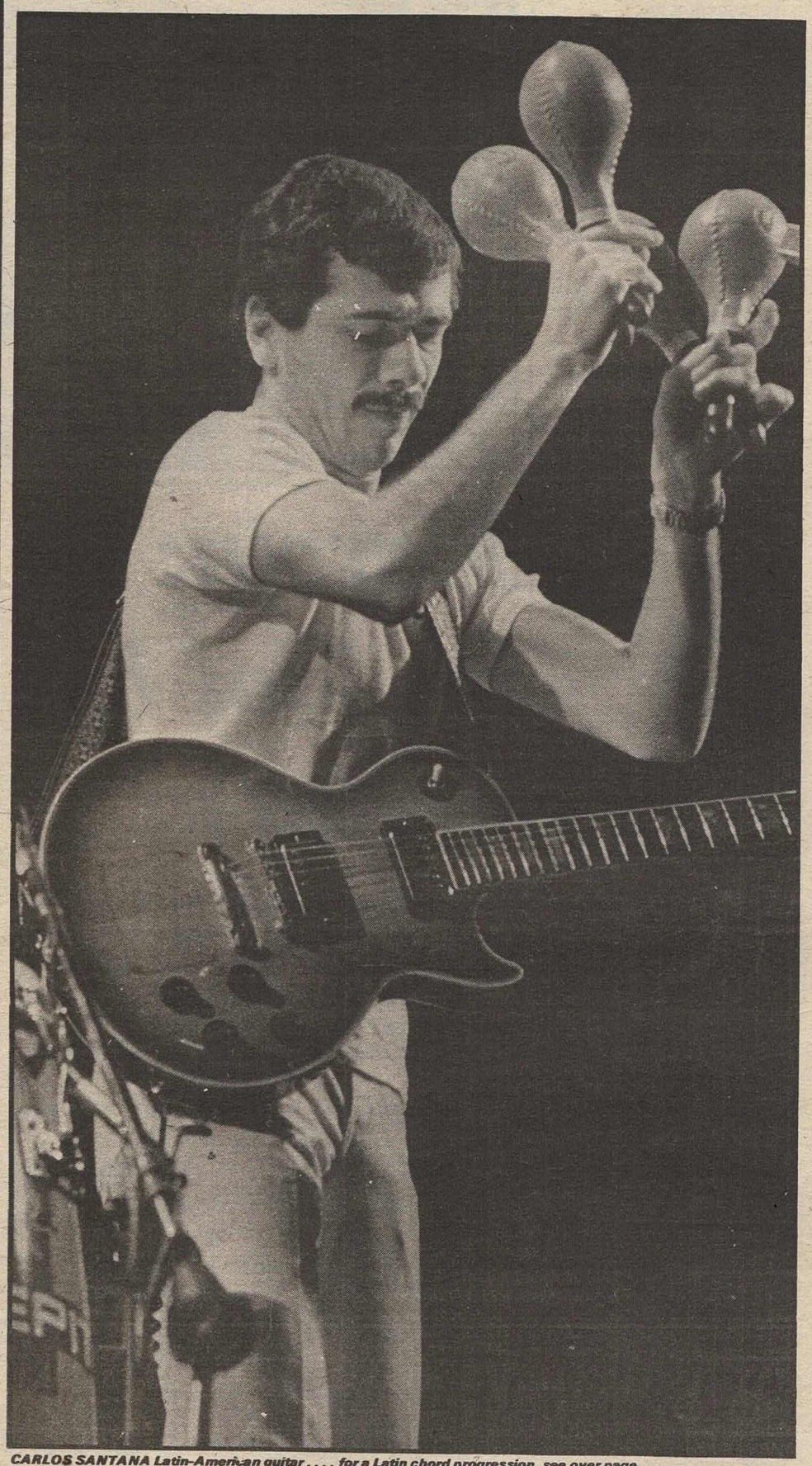
"They thought we weren't a proper group," Drury adds, "because we didn't 'ave long 'air."

'We go down very well in the Norf, though," he notes. "Newcastle, Manchester, Sheffield yuh get a lotta people comin' up afterwards sayin' 'ya got the best reaction there that this club 'as 'ad fuh monfs.'

"Most of the time we're inclined t'believe we went down like a load a'wet kippers."

Useless chords: special survey

By REX ANDERSON



CARLOS SANTANA Latin-American guitar . . . . for a Latin chord progression, see over page.

I'VE BEEN worrying about what to put in this final lesson for some time. There's still a lot to learn you know. I've still got a lot to learn so I'm bally sure you have. There are all manner of different scales you could practice. . . . runs, riffs, jazz chord shapes, tremelo studies, position exercises . . .

Trouble is they're all so deadly boring. I'm convinced you'll do better by using what little knowledge this series has given you to listen to and imitate other players.

Don't go after the difficult solos at first. Aim for the simple ones, like Clapton's "Motherless Children" or Santana's "Samba Pa Ti" (the tribal song of long extinct race of redneck cannibals, which, approximately translated means "Sambo for tea") which should give you an understanding of playing with feeling.

What you might need, though, is the formula for working out the last few remaining obscure chords. Actually, two of them are not so obscure nowadays — and these are the ninth and the major seventh.

To form a ninth-type chord whatya do is take a seventh-type configuration and add a ninth — which is the second note in the scale but an octave up.

So you want C9: you play C7 (last mentioned in Lesson Eight's rib tickling discussion) and you add a D an octave above the bass C. This means jiggering your fingers round a bit and the net result is a funny sort of bar with a hole in it.

It's bloody impossible to play like this, largely because your first finger hasn't got a kink in it just there (well mine ain't) so you use the formula in Fig. A. This is hard too, but it does sound reasonably OK even if the D string is hampered a bit by some other finger.

You'll find out what to do with it over the page.

Now for the major 7th, which has become one of my fave chords of late on account of listening to Maria Muldaur's "Midnight At The Oasis" which starts on D Maj 7.

To get a Maj 7 what you need is the normal 1st, 3rd and fifth triad thing, but instead of adding the flattened or minor seventh, you add the normal common or garden seventh. In D then you need a C sharp.

There are three sensible ways to play this and they are shown in Fig. B.

There are quite a few other chords to be learned — silly ones that hardly ever crop up, and when they do you wonder about the mentality of whoever transcribed the music. But rock musicians, folk musicians, and even soul musicians do not use much more than the chords you have learned to date.

Generally the rule is that if it says maj, +, augmented, suspended you sharpen it and if it says min, —, or diminished you flatten it. The rest is straight forward. Let's take some examples at random.

C 9/6: This is CEG with the sixth and ninth added making C E G A D. You can hardly tell it from the ninth anyway and although it sounds quite pleasant it's fairly difficult to change into (Fig. C).

Cm 9/6: Obviously C minor with a sixth and a ninth. Nearly all the forms of this are impossible to play so I won't bother with a diagram.

Cm 7-5: C minor seventh diminished fifth. Take an ordinary minor seventh and flatten the fifth. Piece of cake to play but sounds so awful it's never ever been used by anybody.

C7 +5: C seventh with a sharpened fifth. Good jazz chord this. See Fig D.

C7 —5: Same thing but with a flattened fifth. Very popular among esoteric players. Fig. E shows two ways to play it.

Cm sharp 7: Straight forward enough. Absolutely useless.

C7 —9: C seven with a minor ninth which means C E G Bflat Dflat. Pretty chord this, which I occasionally trot out at guitarist gatherings so they can say "What's that?". I've never found any other use for it though. You have a go (Fig F, over page).

C7 +9: C seventh augmented ninth. Another popular one, mainly with pianists who transpose for the guitar. Pleasant though if you like that sort of thing (Fig G, over page).

C7 —9 +5: Silly.

Cm 9: Fairly useless. Use an E flat maj 7 instead.

C9 +5: C ninth augmented fifth. Rather too jazzy.

C9 —5: ditto.

C maj. 9: Gotta lotta soul. Consists of C E G B and D (Fig H, over page).

C9 sharp 11: C ninth augmented 11th. What an augmented 11th boils down to is a diminished fifth an octave up, making this a really soppy chord.

Cm9 sharp 7: C minor ninth major seventh. If you ever come across it, use a G— instead, you're only one note short.

C 11: The guitar is actually tuned to A11. A bar at the third fret will play this. The chord came to fame when it was used at the beginning of "A Hard Day's Night". There are other ways of playing it. Last week's Johnny Winter chord was an 11th.

Cm 11: Believe it or not the guitar is also tuned to Em 11, another instance of two chords with the same name. The Cm 11 can be found at the eighth fret therefore and it is also F11.

C 13: Another Stevie Wonder kind of chord. It's a ninth with sixth added on top of that, i.e.: C E G Bflat D A. (Fig I, over page).

C13 —9: C thirteenth minor ninth. Not very playable. Use an A7 instead.

C13 —9 —5: This is it, a C thirteenth minor ninth diminished fifth. There is in fact no known way of playing this chord on guitar. You can get pretty close but you'll have to leave the C out. Learn it and then boast about it to other guitarists. Tell you what, move it up a fret and tell 'em it's Dflat thirteenth or ninth diminished fifth (Fig J, over page).

FIG A

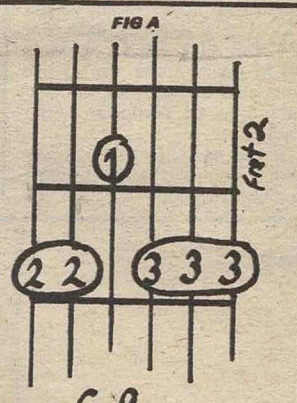


FIG D

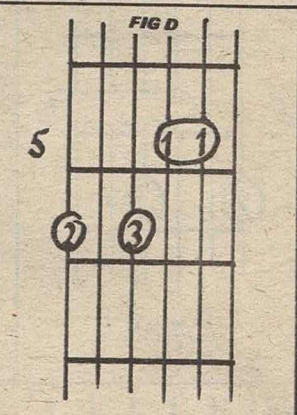


FIG B

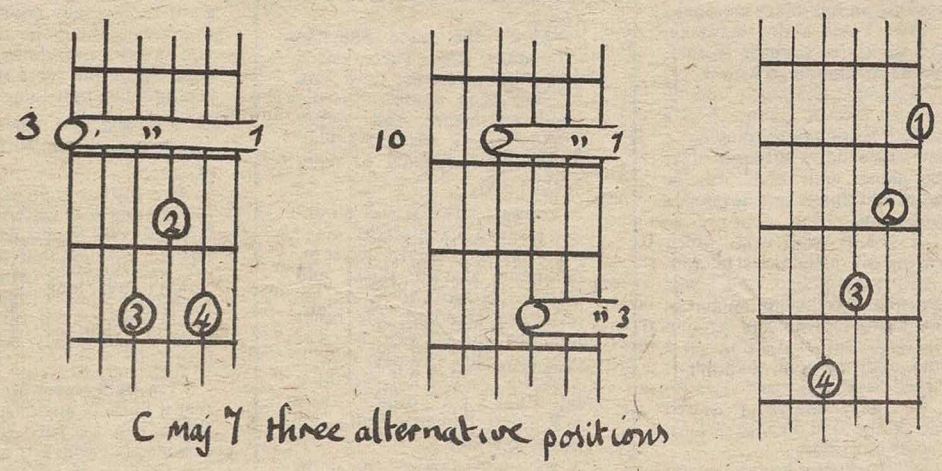


FIG C

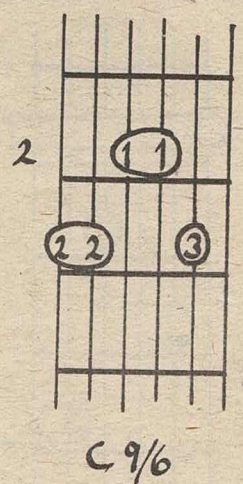
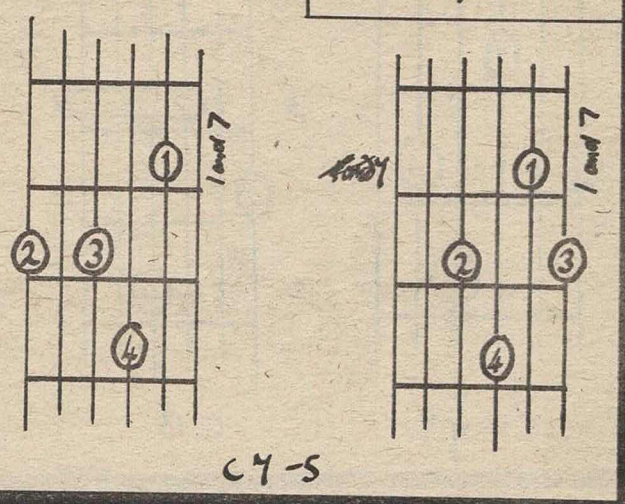


FIG E



FOUR PAGE PULLOUT EXTRA

So you've religiously learned all the rules? Well, forget it

THE ESSENCE of this final lesson, in case you already hadn't gathered it, is that music is fun. Playing it is fun, technique is fun and when you start coming across chords called A flat seventh minor ninth augmented fifth it's actually laughable.

The other thing I want to get across in this lesson is that you should forget virtually everything I've taught you.

Really you can become far too involved in musical theory and technique. All you need is the basic tools and some idea of how to use them. If you're going to enjoy playing and be at all creative then a certain amount of rule breaking is inevitable.

This is not an invitation to break rules willy-nilly. It's just to say that if I've told you you *must* play something in a certain way, and you've found it can be done far more satisfactorily another way, don't worry too much about it.

After all, if every guitarist had followed the basic rule that the fingers of the left hand are there to hold the strings down with, we would never have had bottleneck!

I haven't made a great thing out of scales, for example. There are hundreds of scales and quite a few positions that you can play each one in. I would much prefer you to use your ears and to pick out melody lines on favourite album tracks.

If the melodies are in funny scales you will soon become familiar with them.

I've made a bit more of a fuss about chords because I think that harmony is the most important thing a guitarist can learn. Even if you are playing an improvised lead passage on single notes, the notes you require are those that harmonise most interestingly with the original melody.

The mathematics of harmony is highly complicated, and anyway, the most successful original musical composition is done with the earholes. This week's batch of frightening chords, for example, you may find no use for whatsoever.

However, if you learn them and occasionally play through them then you will come to recognise their different harmonic capabilities when listening to someone else or when composing . . . or even jamming.

Try this for example: two bars of Dmaj7 using the first shape in diagram B and a funky sort of strum, followed by a bar of G at the third fret then Cmaj7 at the same fret and slide back a couple of beats at a time into the Dmaj 7.

Then try substituting a C9 for the G.

Or you could try a G11 at the tenth fret.

You have here the basis of a Latin American / soul / rock backing. The steady part of it is the Dmaj7 and the slide into it every four bars. For the bar of G you can substitute virtually any chord with a G in it or even slip a little riff in.

After a while you will begin to hear in your head a guitar solo, or a melody line perhaps with a touch of Santana about it. You can put the rhythm down on tape and then pick the melody over it. Or better still you can jam with another guitarist.

(The secret of this type of rhythm, incidentally, is that the basic beat is very slow — so that the bars are in fact quite long time-wise. You get in several strums for every beat perhaps missing the beat out altogether or coming in late. The result is an extra accent on the beats that you do come in on — usually the first and third in 4/4 time).

If I were to give adequate examples of all the ways in which the other chords can be used we would need a Guitar Book part II. Suffice it to say that if you want to tackle some sheet music then these chords are likely to crop up and you will know how to play them.

I should point out that with many of these complex chord forms there are about a dozen different ways to play them and I have only given you the most common. I should also point that many of these have vast quantities of notes missing. I don't know a way of playing a C13 m9dim5 which includes a C and there is no C in the versions I have given of C7 m9 and C7 +9 or for that matter C13.

The fact that the root note is missing doesn't seem to matter that much.

I suggest that if you want to study further you buy some song books. You will find they act only as an aid to good guitar work which is something each guitarist has to work out for himself. Keep copying what you see on stage or hear on record, and don't hesitate to write in if there are any points that require clarifying.

Rock on . . .

ADDENDA

SO THAT'S it. Ten weeks and more of hard work and I'm quite sure neither I nor you have accomplished everything we intended when we started out. The things I have left undone will have to remain undone within the context of the guitar book.

All I can do now is correct a few errors that crept into the lessons

LESSON 1 lists the chromatic scale as C Csharp D Dsharp E F Esharp G.etc. This was a typographical error and obviously E sharp should be F SHARP.

LESSON 2: In this I promised rather rashly to give the chords to George Harrison's "Something". I never got round to this and I'm sorry. The reason is that there are several alternative sequences and whenever I print a chord sequence I get letters telling me it's wrong.

LESSON 4 refers to A Maj and A min and then says "see how the two minor scales compare." Confusion dissipates when the word "minor" is deleted.

LESSON 5 gives G minor as G A B C etc. I think this is my error, and it should be G A Bflat C etc.

LESSON 6 has a momentous cock-up. If you play the chord sequence in Fig A it won't sound like anything. The chords are all right but they should be in the sequence: A Csharp 7 Fsharp Fsharp 7 B7 E7 A.

LESSON 8. Cdim is not sometimes written C. It is sometimes written C° "Michelle" played in F goes to Ddim on "These are words" into C on "well" then back to Ddim and resolves on C7. It doesn't have to incidentally;there are other variations on this sequence too. In Fig G there is an asterisk and there should be a footnote pointing out that the (3) refers to the third beat which isn't in fact played.

During the course of the book there were odd bits of songs used to illustrate points but four songs were given in almost entirety. "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" can be found in "This Is Showbiz Vol. IV" and "Band On The Run" can be found in "New Songs Of Paul McCartney" both obtainable from Chappells. The Bitch Is Back" is in "Caribou" and "Ain't She Sweet" is in "They Don't Write Songs Like These Anymore Vol. I" both obtainable from Music Sales.

I should like to thank Ann Munday of Big Big Music for her help in sorting out copyright problems. Thanks also to Emile Bibobi and Tone Blake without whom none of this would have been possible.

FIG F

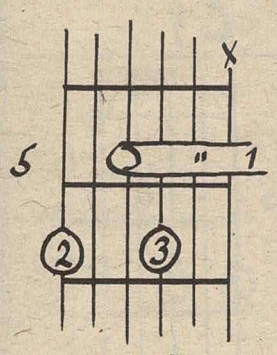


FIG G

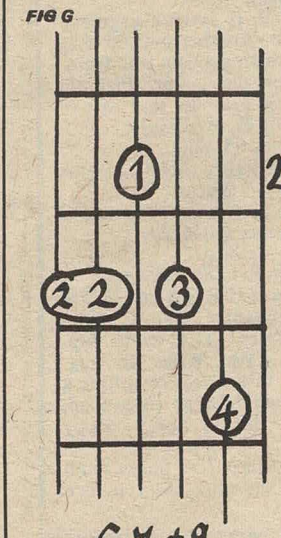


FIG H

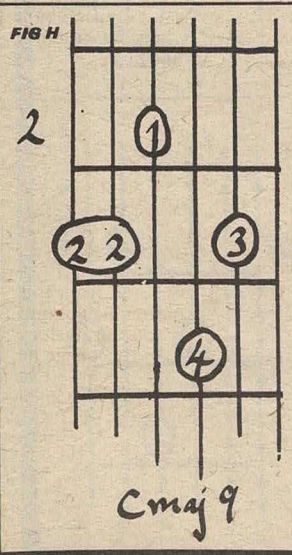


FIG I

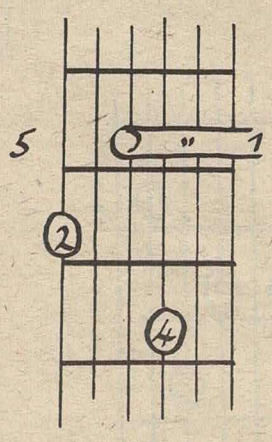
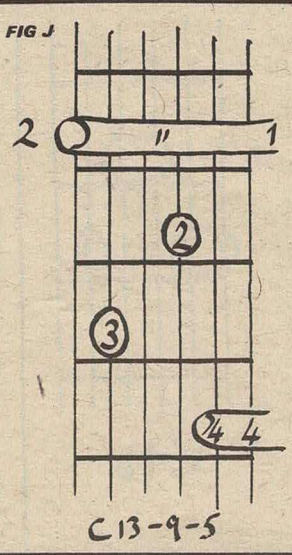


FIG J



THE AIM of aspiring guitarists nowadays is to play dazzling solos in the style of virtuosi like Clapton, Beck, Zappa or McLaughlin. Not surprisingly, some of them sometimes become rather discouraged. But back in 1960, things were much easier. The musician to copy at that time was Hank Marvin, bespectacled lead guitarist with Cliff Richards' backing group, The Shadows, and the tune to learn was "Apache", the year's big instrumental hit.

"Apache" could have come straight out of the ideal Guitar For Beginners tutor. It starts with a simple four-note melody over two chords that obligingly repeats itself the statutory interval of a fourth higher, then goes into a rapid jiggling phrase perfect for developing plectrum technique, before embarking on a stately "round the houses" of the classic C Am F G7 chord progression mandatory for pop songs of the period.

Thousands of guitarists up and down the country were practising it, and thousands were actually learning it.

The Shadows went on to make no less than 26 hit singles in similar vein before they were finally overwhelmed by the rougher sound of the Liverpool boom.

Throughout, they went for striking, beautiful melodies and clear simple arrangements, with each instrument in its place. You could actually hear the rhythm guitar playing rhythm.

In retrospect they appear very much as an early version of Pink Floyd, producing abstract and richly evocative sounds for the unstoned fans of the time. Their melodies, particularly those written by Jerry Lordan, were in the nicest way pretentious. They had grandiose titles like "Atlantis" or "Wonderful Land", and in the soaring notes there were intimations of an epic landscape.

At the same time, the overall sound was clear, melodious and sufficiently easy on the ear to ensure, as with the Floyd, a wide-ranging Mums-to-bums appeal.

Marvin ascribes that successful style as much to accident as to design.

"Technically, we were not very good at all really. We were just teenagers, if you like, who happened to strike it lucky in being able to produce a sound that people liked and wanted to buy. If I'd had more technique, then probably I'd have been more inclined to try and dazzle people with my brilliance and we would never have had that particular style.

"I've always believed anyway, that the melody should be played as a melody, and if it is possible to express that melody well on a guitar, then you have done it right.

"It's the same way that a singer would express it — you know, when you listen to a singer you appreciate the sound of his voice and the way he's interpreted the song. You don't necessarily expect him to do gymnastics with his voice. The same applies, to a degree, to the guitar."

As a guitarist, Marvin was something of a late starter, switching from an abortive attempt on the five-string banjo at the age of 16, when he bought a Hofner Congress and started working on folk-blues material.

Then came a tiny screw-on pick-up for the acoustic Hofner, and a tiny amp to go with it.

"I thought this was incredible . . . an electric guitar. And I started getting into playing a few single notes through playing along with stuff on the radio, and things just developed from there.

"I got a Vega next, which was an old F-hole electric with a very good sound, and I was into what I call clanging guitar, you know that kind of rhythm 'n' blues stuff, two strings at a time, until someone suggested I should develop the solo style."

In 1959, Marvin acquired one of the first Fender Stratocasters in Britain.

"Cliff actually bought it, and it had a maple neck and all the hardware was gold-plated. There was some kind of import ban at the time, and until that was lifted and Vox became the agents for Fender it was the only one in the country.

"At one point we went on to Burns guitars for a while, but I've come back to Strats now. For the kind of stuff I do I prefer them to Gibsons; I like the sound and also I like to use the tremolo arm for some effects.

"Of course, guitars go in and out of fashion. When we were the group to copy, everyone used Strats, then The Beatles came along and Gretsch and Rickenbacker guitars became fashionable. Then you had people like Cream using Les Pauls, which for a time were really the 'in' guitar with a big, meaty sound.

"And now, after Hendrix and so on, Strats are back in fashion again.

"Much the same happens with amps, even. There was a time when everyone used Vox AC30s, then there was the trend to bigger and bigger sound systems, and now I think people are beginning to react against that."

Today Marvin is still an active professional guitarist, playing with The Shadows' latest incarnation, Marvin, Welch and Farrar. He has two Stratocasters, one standard, the other modified with his own choice of pick-ups, plus a Martin D28, a Yamaha — "it's not expensive but it has a good tone" — and a Ramirez flamenco guitar for acoustic work.

As a musician he is far more sophisticated than the callow guitarist of 1959 who, never having heard of light-gauge strings, used to wonder how on earth other players managed to bend notes.

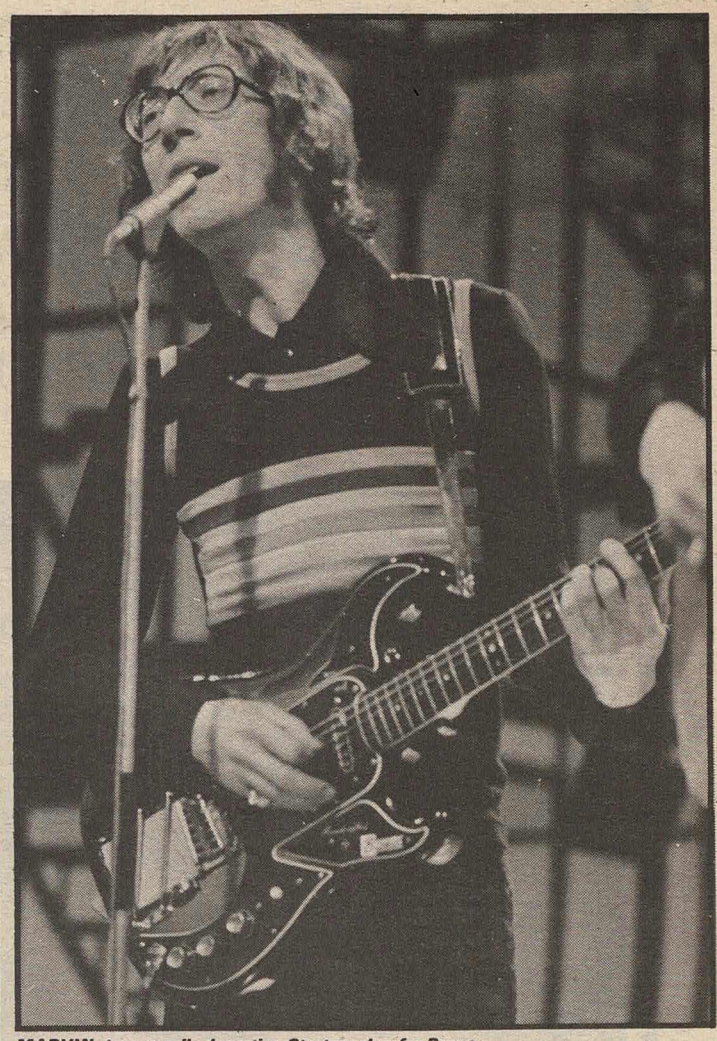
But now, though he's familiar with modern multi-track recording techniques and the huge range of devices available for live effects, he still adheres very much to the natural school of guitarists, using the properties of tone variation that are common to all guitars, acoustic or electic. He believes in knowledge of the fingerboard as the only basis for good playing, but describes himself as a "Spasmodic practiser."

"I occasionally suffer from feelings of inadequacy and guilt and start working on scales. There is no doubt that it improves your facility on the fingerboard, and I think a lot of what people say about having a good ear actually comes down to knowing the guitar, because, you know, everybody has a good ear in the sense that they can hum two particular notes.

"It's just the question of translating that on to the guitar."

As a further grain of comfort for anyone else suffering from feelings of inadequacy, he repeats his view that the mark of a good guitarist is the ability to provide what is right for the music being played, rather than what is technically most brilliant.

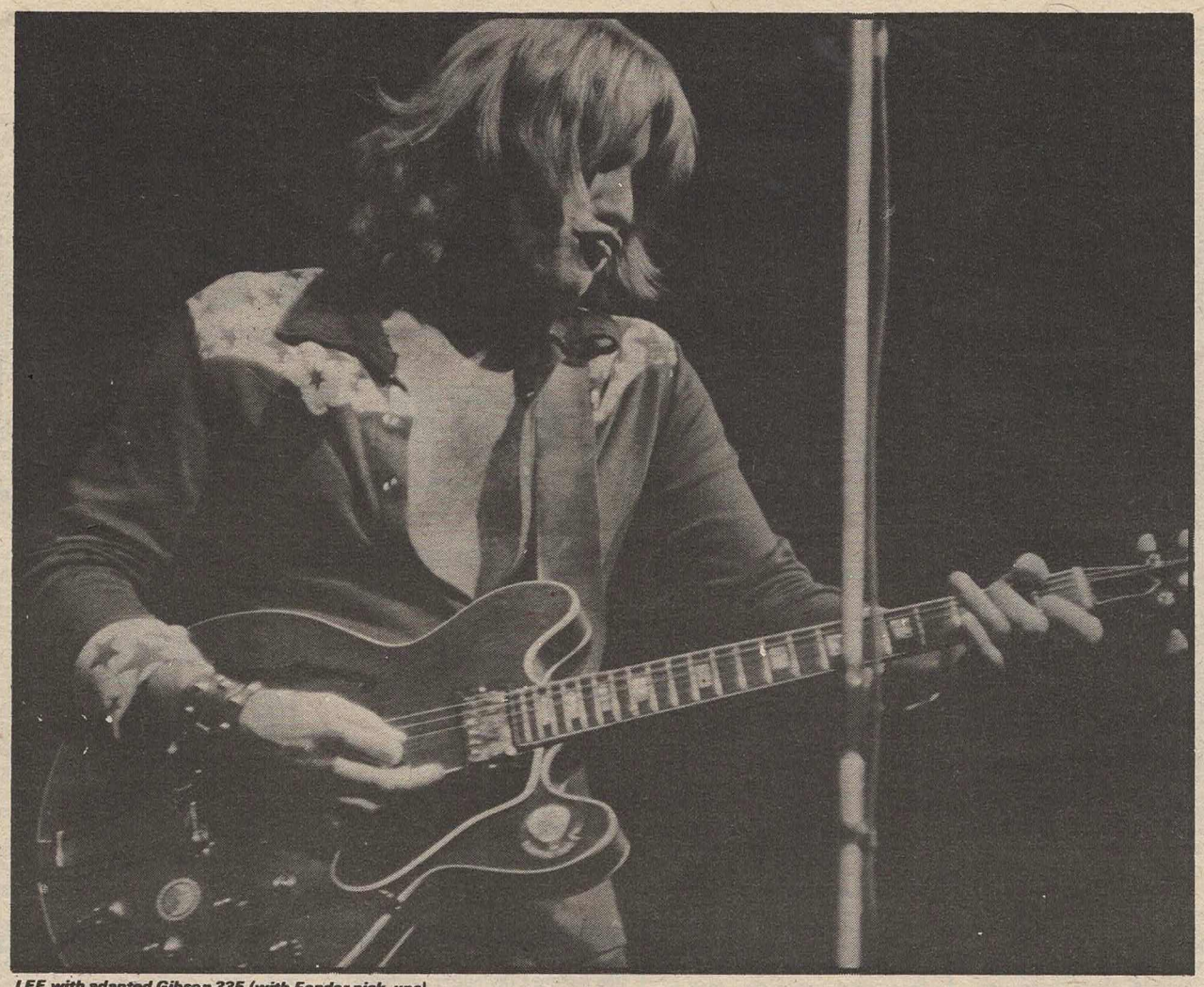
"The public goes for a sound that it likes, in any case, a style which can be very simple to execute, but which is attractive or effective. If you develop a good, characteristic sound then you don't need to be a great virtuoso."



MARVIN: temporarily deserting Stratocasber for Burns

Marvin: an idol by accident ...

That's how ole' Hank modestly puts it, but that was in the early days. BOB SHAW hears of the Shadow's latest thoughts and preferences.



LEE with adapted Gibson 335 (with Fender pick-ups).

Well, it was either rock or the Royal Marines

ALVIN LEE . . . the story of a dedicated boy who wouldn't go looning with his pals. He just kept on pickin' axe and . . . here's JONH INGHAM to tell the story.

OKAY ALVIN, be a good guitar hero and tell the folks how at the age of three Muddy Waters done your head in and ya hadda be a blues star and scraped all the polish off the dining room table with a pen knife until yer Mum bought you a trainer-guitar. (You know, the type with two wheels on the back.).

Whaddya mean, you started with a clarinet?

"My parents were musical and they said, 'What do you want to play?' I had just seen a clarinet and thought they were rather amazing, so I said that. Played it for a year and didn't get anywhere. . .

"I used to listen to Benny Goodman, and through that heard Charlie Christian, who played guitar with him, and I got more into the guitar.

"So I swapped the clarinet for a guitar and started again.

"The first thing I had was just basic lessons with chords . . . all the major chords and sevenths, and strumming. I played strum charts. I progressed to jazzy standards like 'A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square'. This was all in the first year or so, I was very quick, very keen. I used to practise about four hours a day, and sometimes I'd practise all day. I was very keen to play. If anything, I was too keen, because I skimped a lot of basic knowledge and started to play by ear. And that's my style, to play by ear.

"When I got my rhythm and all my chords I used to pick bits out of chords, and there were all sorts of different influences I went through, from Charlie Christian and Barney Kessel and George Benson and all those jazz guys. Django, of course."

All this, mind you, when Alvin was a nipper of twelve.

"The guitar was my thing. I didn't take any notice of lessons at school. I had a six-inch fret board and I used to practise my fingering in class. The last few years were just wasting time for me. I went to see the careers officer and said, 'I want to be a musician'."

To which came the reply, 'Oh, all we have is the Royal Marines.'

Ah yes, the fantasies of what might have been: the fastest fingers to ever touch a liquorice stick, or the R.M.'s first electric guitarist, with a wallah to carry the amp, no doubt.

"You know, those young years, the learning years between 12 and 16. If you can use that energy then and put it into learning . . . I couldn't do it now, I wouldn't have the energy to really push myself.

"You have to really feel you're going there to do it. You have to know where you're going. I had no other option but to be a musician; I didn't have anything else going for me."

Before you conclude that Alvin is really a jazzer who picked up his blues licks from Blue Horizon records when he saw that it could keep him in cigarette money, it should be noted that Alvin's father was collecting 78s of Big Bill Broonzy and chain gang songs, as well as trad jazz, which led to skiffle.

This latter trend coincided with Alvin's first walks along the fretboard, but even then he thought its simplicity a bit "corny".

"What turned me around a lot was Chuck Berry. I got off on the rhythm, and I got into a Chuck Berry-ish style. That's what got me off chords and jazz."

Alvin was at this time in Nottingham, so obviously he wasn't getting his rock and roll from freighters docked in the Mersey. An aunt in Canada was the source, Alvin writing to her for the records he wanted.

His first group happened by the time he was 13; he answered an ad in the paper for a lead guitarist and therein met Leo Lyons. The fare was basic Shadows, Hank Marvin providing further influence, but Alvin was still enough of a purist to discount most contemporary rock music, especially the re-workings of R 'n' B and blues originals.

One wonders if a kid of 15, weaned on the records of his older brothers and sisters, reacts the same way on hearing the Elvis re-workings on "In Flight".

"I was into Scotty Moore more than Elvis. I joined Elvis' fan club to get a picture of Scotty Moore's guitar. I always wanted one like it."

And what was this axe that so beautifully understated all of Elvis' Sun releases? Why, nought but a "really thick old Gibson." Aha! Could this be an influence in the Lee choice of axe?

"Partly," he admits with a grin. Say, Alvin, this looks like a good point for some info on that cherry red buss bomb you tote onstage.

"It's a Gibson 335; about 15 years old. Bought it for 45 quid. I've adapted it a lot: put Fender pick-ups on it and changed this and that. It's my Number One guitar because I can get any sound on it.

"I use a 15 watt WEM Dominator amp, and take a feed from that to a bigger one so that I can hear it. It's a very basic little amp, but I like that. I like that tight valve sound of little valves distorting. I used to have a 50 watt Marshall, but I —ummm— lost it. You don't ever seem to get the same sound with the new stuff as you do with the old."

Moving on from that golden phrase that must make Messrs. Gibson, Fender, Marshall et al cringe every time a rock star says it (in just about every interview of this type), what about other guitars in the Lee collection?

"Oh, I've got lots, but mostly for recording. Every guitar that you play changes you. I've got a Fender Telecaster — that's got a clean, nippy sound and it makes you play in a clean, nippy style."

So each guitar changes your style?

"Well, it changes your approach. If you have lots of sustain, like on a Gibson, you play long, drawn out notes, whereas if it has a twangy, nippy sound, it's all short notes; a different attitude to playing."

Okay, the 64,000 dollar question: What about all that *speed?*

"Yeah (sigh). I never consciously tried to play all that fast. The music being loud and raucous, I go over enthusiastic myself. The more I played,the more . . . practised I became. When the band have played 400 times it doesn't take much effort to just play automatically. Like all this stuff about my playing to see how fast I could play . . . I was just playing it the way it came out. With the audience and the excitement it used to speed things up."

Questioned on his contemporary tastes, Alvin immediately mentions the Mahavishnu Orchestra, but confesses to being somewhat reactionary.

"McLaughlin suits my tastes at certain times, but it's something a bit neurotic. I like a bit of everything . . . I still listen to the original Little Richard's and Jerry Lee's early Sun Elvis. Now I'm getting turned on to black artists I missed out on. Cronell Dupree, who I have a videotape of . . . amazing I do try and keep up with what's happening, but just to listen to.

"John McLaughlin with Billy Cobham and Jerry Goodman made me realise that there was a new movement here which was much further out than I was capable of, which gave me the incentive to become better. I have a videotape of Mahavishnu from the BBC, and every time I watch it I have to go and practise because it makes me feel that I'm not getting very far."

So you don't see yourself as ever peaking?

"Perhaps in one style, but I'll go on to something else. I happen to be quite an ardent country picker, which hasn't come out much yet. There's always different pickings and tunings. I've never said to myself, 'I can play now', because there's always so much more to learn.

"The more you know the more there is to find out, and so it goes on. If anybody says, 'I'm good at this, so I don't have to do anything' — that's the wrong attitude. you can be the best rock guitarist in the world and then listen to George Benson and realise you don't really know very much.

"Like that guitarist in The Crusaders (Larry Carlton). I went to see him and he blew my mind. All these really good jazz musicians play twice as fast as I could ever play, but it's so fluid."

And tips for the budding guitarist?

"Practise is essential. Time, patience, and practise. Perserverance. Following one's head rather than fashion. You have to really learn the instrument for two or three years before you can expect to play in a style. Just copy other people until you have a lot of different styles at your fingertips, and *then* your own style starts to come through, using the techniques you picked up from other people. I used to copy The Shadows, and Buddy Holly solos I could get off note for note.

"When the other kids used to go out looning around. I would stay in and practise the guitar. It took some doing and there was a lot of temptation to leave it, but I pressed on.

"It gives me satisfaction to do that, and when I've got a new chord worked in or whatever, it gives me a sense of achievement.

"My own style came out of Chuck Berry, really . . . and rhythm 'n' blues. Some of those simple players were the best.

"It's not a question of what's good and bad. Just because I don't like most classical music isn't to say it's bad . . . It's all involved with your mind. If your mind is involved with music then your mind develops.

"Really, all you have to do is keep your mind involved, and practise, and it all takes care of itself. But I don't hold much hope for the person who sits down and becomes a guitarist to be a rock star — because you can take those short cuts, but it's the wrong motivation. You have to be interested in music, really, to get anything out of it.

"Being a rock star is okay for a year or two, and you can have a loon, but it's hardly a satisfying experience."

Michael Chapman, on playin' it loud

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

"TELL ME, Master . . . why in this wonderful Shaolin NME Guitar Book have we had next to nothing on the noble art of the acoustic guitar?"

"It is written, grasshopper, that only insensitive little twerps such as yourself ask embarrassing questions. Anyway, we've just interviewed Michael Chapman, so there."

Right on, Master Po. Y'see, this guy Chapman has come up with a new wrinkle on the electric/acoustic thing. He's got a custom-built axe which is the first acoustic guitar constructed entirely for amplification.

Confused? Let me explain.

If you pick up his axe and plunk on it, you'll find that it has a really nasty tone. Acoustically, it's dead as a bleedin' doornail. All clangy it is and sadly lacking in top. However, when the Half Lager King totes it out on stage and plugs it into a Fender stack, you get the best and most powerful amplified acoustic sound I've ever heard.

Normally amplified acoustics sound much too bottomy and all kinds of unpleasant resonances and harmonics get in there and start to dominate. Not with Chappo's axe, though.

Because the Barcus-Berry pickup is buried under the bridge (rendering it invisible to the naked eye), the sound is all clean'n crisp'n lovely.

So better late than never, here's our acoustic mini-special. Are you there, Michael? Good. First off, why've you stuck by the acoustic guitar for most most of your career?

"Mainly dynamics, and probably because I've never really been able to play the electric guitar to my own satisfaction, which isn't to say that I haven't attempted it often enough.

"I haven't found a way to get the same range of dynamics out of an electric as I can from an acoustic. I heard a lot of things that I wanted to play, but I never really considered playing an electric guitar.

"I'd hear something like an incredible sustained note, and I'd think 'why can't I get that on an acoustic guitar?' And I would try. The only way you can get it out of an acoustic guitar is by hitting it hard. So I started hitting it hard. I mean, if I've had a guitar three years I'm halfway through the front.

"I've just worn a great hole through the front because I hit it too hard. It's only by hitting it far too hard that I can get some of the sounds that I want."

Chapman started on a guitar his mum bought him for six quid. He started charging money for his performances right away, and was quite peeved when he discovered that you were supposed to put your left hand on the fretboard while you played.

Once he recovered from this traumatic revelation, he got into skiffle, playing during history lessons at school. At college he string, but it's only because I've hit it so hard that you get all the overtones that are in the guitar, and once you start getting into good guitars those overtones are really worth having. but on

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FOUR PAGE PULLOUT EXTRA

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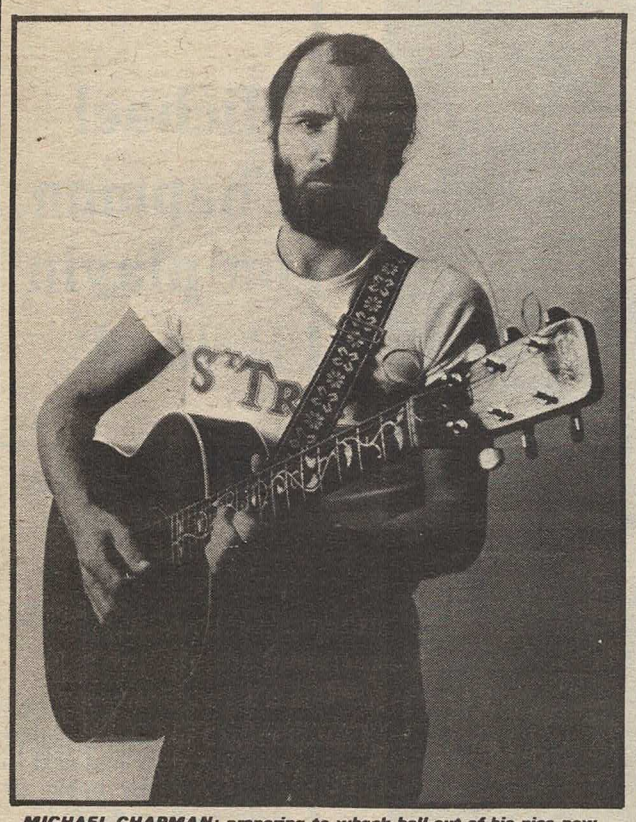
Michael Chapman



MICHAEL CHAPMAN: preparing to whack hell out of his nice new custom-built guitar . . .

■ From previous page

got diverted into Dixieland banjo, and only got back into guitar when he heard Django Rheinhardt.

"I determined to be the English Django Rheinhardt, because nobody'd told me about Diz Dizley." From thence it was discovering Big Bill Broonzy and finger-picking.

"I thought, 'That's a nice band' and it was only one guy. I couldn't figure out what he was doing. I was trying to do it with a flatpick, and because of practising all the Rheinhardt stuff I had the speed, but I thought there had to be an easier way than that. Then suddenly I came across this guy who'd sussed it all out, and he was playing with his thumb and a couple of fingers."

"I started playing everything with a 4/4 bass, and it was years after — when I listened to people like Ralph McTell and Wizz Jones — that I got a variation in the bass line. I always wanted to play the guitar like Jimmy Smith played the organ, so that I had complete control. I had bass and lead and didn't have to worry about whether a bass player played the wrong note, because I was the bass player as well."

Even people used to listening to deft picking occasionally think that Chapman is two guitarists. That's partially due to the way he hits the thing.

"You think you've got a double note, say on a bass string, but it's only because I've hit it so hard that you get all the overtones that are in the guitar, and once you start getting into good guitars, those overtones are really worth having. But on a fairly naff guitar, the overtones just get in the way."

Moral: if you've got a good axe, belt it one and it'll sound even better.

Advice to the Axelorn Department: "Just sit at home and play. And as soon as you've got *anything* go out and try it on people. The thing is to try and produce the best sound that you can.

"If you play a chord of E, just try and get the best sound that you can get out of that guitar at that time, and then try and get a really good sound out of chord of A. Try and produce the sound that you're looking for. That's in your left hand. If you've got it there, the right hand can come afterwards.

"The left hand is much more important, because you have to get those notes in the right places, get those notes perfectly. When you're buying a guitar, take someone along with you who you think knows a bit more than you do, 'cause it's so easy to get robbed. I spend half my time looking for idiots with good guitars who don't know what thev've got.

"I mean, Ralph McTell bought a 1937 Martin on Bournemouth Beach for £14. And I know a bloke who got a Martin D18 in Southampton for £7. Someone had sprayed it bright red and written 'Elvis Presley' up the neck."

GREAT ROCK SOLOS OF OUR TIME

Guitar developments outside the material world . . . FRED FRITH of HENRY COW looks beyond the bounds of commerciality

IT'S AN interesting fact the the *sound,* the 'electricness' of the electric guitar was exploited from the first in pop and rock music — initially owing to the obsession of the medium with novelty and one-off uniqueness. In jazz, on the other hand, where other kinds of technical virtuosity have always abounded, the sound of the instrument didn't alter significantly for 25 years.

While you can trace the evolution of other instruments in jazz through great figures who are part of the tradition and yet help to transform it — Charlie Parker, Coltrane, Ornette Coleman and Archie Shepp for the saxophone, say — the history of the guitar reads very differently.

However distinct their stylistic characteristics, players like Barney Kessel, Tal Farlow, Wes Montgomery or Jim Hall share an attitude to sound and tone which takes no account of the special nature of the electric instrument, and doesn't significantly depart from the ideas of Charlie Christian.

It was in fact the realisation of what was happening in rock that brought about the change in approach of Larry Coryell and John McLaughlin; and for me the first instances of that realisation were much more important and enjoyable than those of the pulp jazz-rock industry of today.

Take, for example, the brilliant Tony Williams' Lifetime, and an album like "Emergency". There's so much strength and energy in this music, and it is also compelling and demanding listening, not the kind of TV-theme-music wallpaper that we're more accustomed to now.

"Sangria For Three" is stunning, not least in the underrated organ playing of Larry Young; and McLaughlin's lurch-and-feedback wah-wah commentaries, his controlled and organic use of rock elements, are especially hard-hitting.

Then there's "Communications 9" on the Jazz Composers Orchestra record of 1968 (recently released here). On this track, Larry Coryell plays more or less continuous feed back to full orchestral accompaniment; and although it's tempting to wonder what Hendrix might have made of such an opportunity, the result still demonstrates perfectly the shifting accent in jazz towards a more complete assimilaton of the guitar's power.

Now, of course, the mainstream of jazz has come completely to terms with electric sounds, to the extent that by virtue of superior technical ability, jazz players are strongly influencing rock again, if indeed such name-barriers still exist. What's disturbing is the increasing vacuity of the form used in this kind of music. It is pointless to consider the development of an instrument, in this instance the guitar, without placing it in the context of music as a whole; and the total situation at the moment appears to be one of conservatism, a sear of taking risks or of committing one self to any other than known paths.

It is inevitable that most of the players who are consciously involved in advancing the language, and who have a radical attitude to music, are working outside the rock medium. Inevitable, because the very essence of rock is against the experimental, dealing as it does almost exclusively with products — created and packaged by the record companies and disseminated through magazines like NME.

This constitutes what amounts to a conspiracy of taste, of people trying to dictate what tther people should hear, in order to maximise their profits.

Not that wonderful music doesn't get made, and not that I want to get involved in a 'my taste is better than yours' type of argument. I'm more concerned with the terms, the machinery by which the music is presented to the public.

It is perfectly clear that record companies exist to make money, and that most of them have strong ideas about what sells and what doesn't. Equally clear is the fact that journalists, whatever their intentions, are subject to all kinds of pressures, most of them subtly or unsubtly exerted by the said companies, or managers or whoever.

Sure, the papers are happy to laugh at the amazing games that go on, to give bad reviews or frank interviews, but its all just a part of the much bigger game of mutual support and glamorisation that exists between them.

A few quick calculations about the prices of full-page ads, the proportional amount of advertising and who places it, who owns which papers and companies, and so forth, should be enough to set the scene in perspective.

One of the main side effects of the fact that everything is based on records (or 'product') is the insidious tendency to class certain types of music not merely as uncommercial, but as difficult, abstruse or 'coldly conceived' whatever that means.

Even the word 'intellectual' has the status of a put-down — as if people who are prepared to exercise their minds must be essentially lacking in some other quality like emotion or warmth — a ludicrous assertion not even worthy of argument.

Such blanket and meaningless judgements interfere badly with people's preconceptions, with the way they come to the music.

It would be silly to pretend that many people are going to immediately identify with radical music; but just as rigged IQ results have shown that teachers are strongly influenced by how intelligent they've been *told* a child is, so an audience is likely to react to any thoughtless jargon a critic might impose, good or bad.

Label the music 'difficult' and it'll no doubt be easy enough to find difficulties in it.

All of which is a lengthy way of demonstrating why experimentalists tend to work away from rock; and if we're talking about the guitar, the single most important figure in this context is Derek Bailey, an English schoolteacher who has played with various contempory jazz groups, who has liberated the instrument to a degree unknown before.

Bailey is a genius; the kind of player who constantly challenges the boundaries of possibility and invention, and as such is an immense encouragement to other aspiring musicians, myself included.

The most interesting aspect of his playing for me lies not so much in the specific techniques employed — the acoustic/electric ambiguity, the extreme range of note lengths and dynamics from the lightest touch to seemingly endless sustain, the phenomenal grasp of harmonics, bending notes behind the bridge etc. — but in the speed with which he employs them and the way they are knitted together into intricate, beautiful and logical sequences.

The results, particularly when playing with someone of equal stature like Evan Parker, can be spellbinding.

Naturally, the fact of his unique abilities tends to overshadow other guitarists working in similar areas. I can only encourage people to discover for themselves the work of say David Toop or Ian Brighton; to listen to the AMM record of 1967 which features much weirdness from Keith Rowe; or to check out the excellent album of guitar solos by Hans Reichel — "Wichlinghauser Blues."

My reservations about this whole area of music are that it represents in some ways an opposite extreme to the critical prejudices mentioned earlier. Playing radical music is one thing, but it's very easy to fall into a kind of rarefied atmosphere of non-acceptance, playing to one's own converted, and letting everyone else get on with playing to theirs.

There is the minimum chance of confrontation, of challenging peoples' perceptions. This situation can only be unhealthy, although it obviously constitutes a problem for musicians wishing to be free of commercial pressures.

The scene could be substantially changed by you the listener. If that music is to become stronger which has something more positive to offer than escapism or background music, then the first move is to destroy the wall of 'taste', the prejudices about possibility and quality that the industry sets up.

If people were a bit more inclined to take risks, to be adventurous and not to put up with any crap that's offered to them, then the situation could become altogether healthier for everybody.

Further aids to learning

REX ANDERSON

A NUMBER of fascinating items — books, pamphlets and so forth — have been dropping onto my desk (I must do something about that hole in the roof) and they turn out to be various aids of learning the guitar.

So let's take a look at some of the tutors that are available.

The vast majority have been around for years, and if you're academically - minded and would like to play "Shine On Harvest Moon" in a dance band or rival John Williams then they're great.

The modern ones fall into two categories. The first category have you playing "Skip To The Loo" within the first week, and if you stick at it you'll be able to play the entire Burl Ives repertoire.

The second and smaller category are bloody good tutors. Much better than mine — and that's saying something. . .

Let's have a look at them.

One book that's been constantly to hand while I've been preparing my lessons is *Mel Bay's Rock-Blues Guitar Groove,* by Tony Menke.

This is so excellent that if he'd just gone that little bit further he could have taught me something. . .

Tony actually treats the guitar as an instrument for playing rock/blues and nothing else. And does it very thoroughly.

Next, two books on blues guitar. *Masters Of Instrumental Blues Guitar* by Donald Garwood (published by Oak, price £1.25) investigates a variety of blues styles in considerable depth, with both tablature and musical explanation.

It is easy to follow and reveals that some of the most complex-sounding licks are quite simple once they're explained.

Blues Guitar by B.B. King is the real stuff from the horse's mouth. B.B. is probably the top electric blues man, and this book just about reveals everything about his technique; runs, riffs, different scales, the lot.

It has bags of illustrations and diagrams, and in addition it has a flexi-disk on which you can hear what the diagrams are supposed to sound like — a great advantage.

Obviously the next best thing to having your own personal tutor is to have a book and a recording which converts the diagrams and writing into sound. There are now a number of these tutors available and they come in several different forms.

By far the best is Stefan Grossman's guitar tutor which is a book and record combined and is another excellent way to learn blues. I can also recommend his most recent album, "Fingerpicking Guitar Techniques" which also includes a booklet.

For more basic learning there are two courses using cassette — which has the advantage that you can easily stop the tape and run back over bits. *Starting To Play Guitar* with Roger Evans is published by EMI (£3.50). It's rather elementary and slow-moving but adopts the right approach — and has the added advantage of giving you a band to play along with.

But it's a shame that with the EMI catalogue at his disposal Roger has chosen songs like "On Top Of Old Smokey" and "Michael Row The Boat Ashore" instead of something with a bit more life in it.

Better perhaps, although even more laboured and aimed largely at schools, is the Selmer series of cassette learning courses. The complete course is in fact three cassettes and books and would spread over some time. It does give you some Carpenters songs and a bit more rock and roll though.

If you are into really progressive chord shapes and sequences I can recommend Arnie Berle's *Modern Chords And Progressions For The Guitar,* published by Amsco Music through Boosey & Hawkes over here. There's very little music to worry about but the chords do get very complex, though not difficult to play. It teaches you some great progressions, but having done so neglects to tell you what to do with them.

Not really a tutor is the *Chordfinder* (£2), by Lowndes, Shaw Productions — an ingenious plastic disc which enables you to literally dial the chord you want in a particular key and it will then show up in a window.

It also works well for transposing and has general hints on progressions on the reverse.

More elaborate, and an invaluable friend of mine, is *7,488 Guitar Chords* by Jay Arnold (Chappell, £1.50). This has two uses, first as a reference work in case you should ever be stuck for a fingering and second as a book from which to extract titbits of tittilating musical knowledge.

At the back is a fairly straight forward explanation of chord formation.

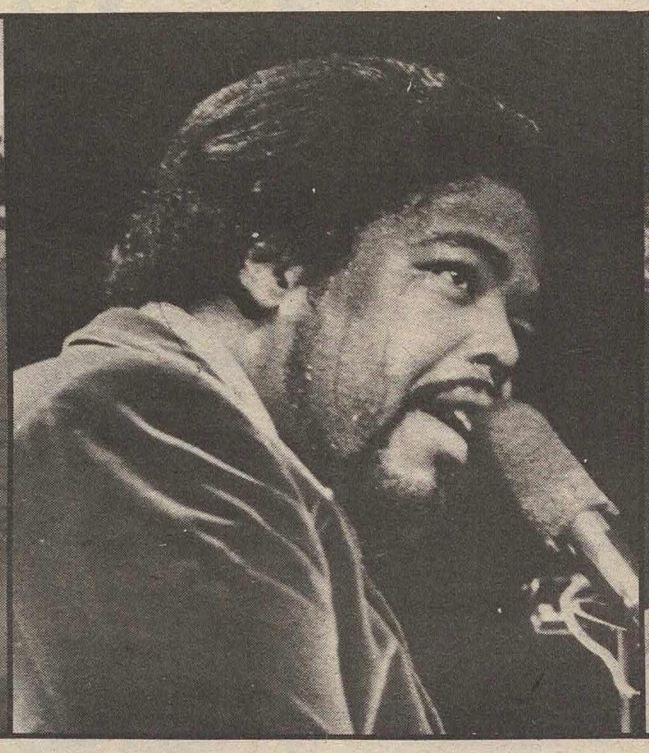
If music fascinates you as a subject and you'd like to know more about harmony, progressions, how to read it, other instruments — in fact virtually everything — then I thoroughly recommend *Introducing Music* by Otto Karolyi, a quite slim Pelican paperback. It has nothing about rock . . . doesn't even mention the guitar . . . but it is factually very helpful.

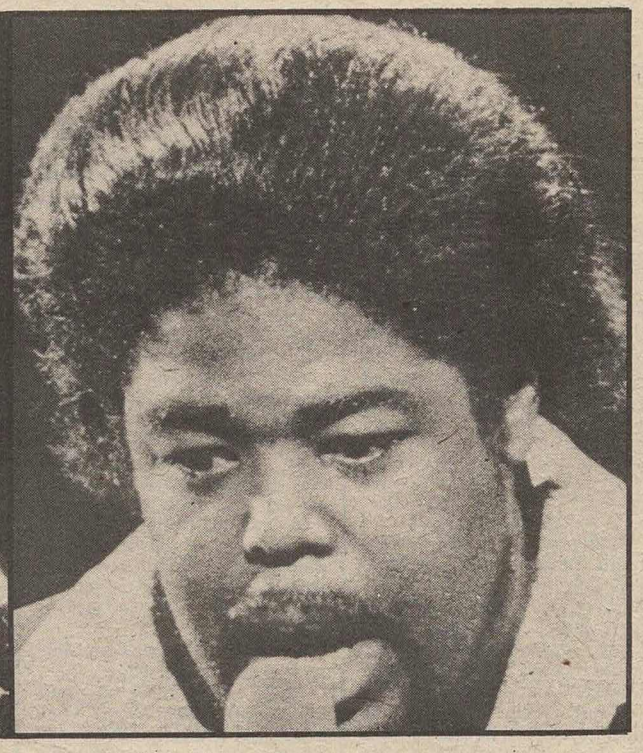
Finally, if you've found the whole thing too much of a strain, there's the Corista (£4), invented by Amos Clarke a computer consultant. It's an unbelievable little plastic thing that clamps over the top four frets of the guitar like a capo.

Using it you can play the three chord trick, and one or two additional chords, simply by pressing a few buttons and bars (see last week's Guitar Book).

In fact, if he could develop one that slid up and down the guitar neck I think this idea idea could revolutionise guitar fingering in the same way that Theoband Boehm revolutionised that of the flute.

He's large... *He sweats...* *He's no oil painting ...*





...And yet he sends millions of females into paroxyms of unholy delight. He is BARRY WHITE, and he just HAS to be...

The unlikeliest Sex symbol of all...

"Some things turn me on . . . like the way you might say a word or the way you wear your hair and have a certain smile on your face or just the way you're standing there right now . . . and you really, really look good to me baby in your baby blue panties . . . ugh huh! Mmmm . . ."

"Baby Blues" — "Rhapsody In White" (Pye) NSPL 28191.

THUS SPEAKS Barry White, the record industry's self-appointed, one-man Marriage Guidance Council. Barry's new aim in life is to save women (probably for himself) from wrong-doing men.

In a recent interview with a leading Soul magazine he stated his philosophies. Gems like: "I've known women since the **age of thirteen"; "You know** what really being a man is, knowing what a woman is," **and "Behind every sad man is a** woman." As if to make sure he doesn't take the role of total female defence, he adds: "There's not two sides to every story, there's three: my side, your side — and the facts."

Just gimme the facts Barry. The facts are that Barry White is now one of the most successful recording artists of the decade, picking up gold discs like other people pick up groceries. He began modestly with a couple of exciting albums but as his fame grew — not only solo but with Love Unlimited and The Love Unlimited Ork. — so he has become prolific to the point of saturation.

When you get that big, the music never seems enough and our Barry has started to take his intro raps well and truly to heart.

It's fairly sad to see a potentially great artist dragged into a self-induced mire of pretension. White now uses a quote purported to come from a fan who wrote to say "Since you came out in records my man has found it much easier to talk to me . . ." (wonder how she'd have reacted if he'd come out in measles), and tales of numerous phone calls telling him how much he's done to save their marriages.

This great concern for the Dignity of Woman unfortunately doesn't extend to many of his songs. Take what is probably his best all-round set (mainly 'cos he doesn't *do* that much vocally) "Rhapsody In White," and the cut "I Feel Love Coming On." He introduces it in his best obscene phone call style with *"You know what I feel like doing to you right now? I feel like squeezing you and teasing you and holding you and baby, pleasin' you uhhaha. Baby you know what? Ah feel love comin' arrn."*

That's one way of appealing to your female audience. His other is a well-worn instrument of "pop" emotion. The lowly weak man pitted against the high-on-a-pedestal-too-good-for-me-woman. The introductory spiel to "Don't Take It Away From Me" illustrates this best:

"Don't deny me of the things that I want, the things that I need from you and the things about you that I love! Darling puleeze Angul puleeze don't don't take it away from me . . ."

By BOB FISHER

Laurence Olivier he ain't, but he gets by. And those kind of fake emotions are not totally conducive to his new-found involvement in audio sexual therapy. Advice for the lovelorn . . . guaranteed results . . . let Mr. Barry solve YOUR private hangups!

He doesn't need this. He's proved that he can turn out perfectly tight discotheque groovers, composite examples of the very best combinations of modern musical techniques and the basic framework of R&B.

Once it was enough for him.

BARRY WHITE was born in Galveston, Texas, in 1944. In 1961 he joined a group The Upfronts, the basis of which is still his touring rhythm section of today. Through his involvement with the group he learned about producing and arranging the hard way, watching and helping. His first real chance came when he helped on the production of that perennial hit "Harlem Shuffle" by Bob & Earl. And when, in 1965, Earl (as Jackie Lee) had a huge American top ten hit with "The Duck," Barry became his road manager.

His fame spread, like his girth, and he soon landed a job as head of A&R at a newly-formed West Coast outfit Bronco/Mustang. There he produced Felice Taylor's "I Feel Love Coming On" — which, although not a big US success, was the record chosen by the infant Radio One to flex its muscles on; and with unrelenting plugging it sailed into the UK Top Twenty, resting at 11 during November 1967.

Despite recording a few solo items himself, White still remained in the background. His productions for Mustang also included Viola Wills (recently the subject of much publicity with her UK-produced "Soft Centres" album).

When White severed his connection with the ailing Bronco set-up he chanced upon a trio of femme singers, Love Unlimited. White saw himself as a musical Svengali and began to groom the girls for instant stardom. Signed eventually in 1971 to the new UNI label, they hit gold immediately with the classic disc "Walking In The Rain With The One I Love" which reached No. 14 in the UK during July, 1972. It was the telephone sequence at the record's ending that finally got Barry White's name into the public eye.

When the UNI label disbanded White kept the girls together without a contract and recorded a duet with Jackie Lee (under the name Smoke): "Oh Love, We Finally Made It." Not a hit.

In 1973 he signed himself and the girls to the new 20th Century label and, despite (in later interviews) implying that his sole aim in life was to turn Love Unlimited into superstars, and having no ideas about recording himself — the label's first release was "I've Got So Much To Give" (Pye Int. NSPL 28175). The album sleeve featured Barry with his hands cupped and four girls standing on his outstretched palms.

Puppets.

The cuts varied between The Brilliant — a startling rearrangement of "Standing In The Shadows of Love" with a neo-classical intro resplendent with pizzicato strings — and The Throbbing: "I'm Gonna Love You Just A Little Bit More Baby" — the first example of White's takeover of Isaac Hayes country, with its tight bass and percussion track incorporating a lush string section entwining around the unrelenting beat. The perfect discotheque production. Also it illustrated the maudlin aspects of White's genre. Plodding, droning, half-spoken, half-intoned ballads like "Bring Back My Yesterdays" (which would have suited Al Martino to a tee) or "I've Found Someone."

Next came Love Unlimited's "Under The Influence Of . . ." which was a huge album success. Sadly, the girls didn't get their hit 45 but the DJ's went spare for the instrumental link track "Love's Theme." Finally, it was a huge 45 success, topping the US soul charts. Not being one to pass up a good thing, The Love Unlimited Ork. brought out "Rhapsody In White" — eight hastily-thrown-together backing tracks including a reworking of "I feel Love." Amazingly, the album stands as White's best all-round release. All the cuts feature that tight bass line, and even the strings sound funky. Once again through the manipulation of the girls, White scored a major innovation.

He's the first MOR easy-listening soul artist. Despite the critical brickbats hurled at him, *all* his music does contain the basic machinations of soul music. The fact that he also takes the camp arrangements of Bert Kaempfert and James Last and boils up the mixture can be seen in several lights: one, as an obvious step towards the wider acceptance of Black music, or, too, as a major effort to make MOR music hip enough for the rock audience.

Either way, Barry has used Love Unlimited to further these aspirations — and up to and including "Ston Gon" (Pye Int. NSPL 28186) he was original and exciting, a new and promising horizon rising from the battlefield of cliches wasted by Isaac Hayes' overblown ego — but the promise has not yet been fulfilled. Not satisfied with the success so far gained, White has been content merely to rehash his winning formula, notably with the sub-standard album "Can't Get Enough." That album includes his Smoke item already included on Love Unlimited's first album "Oh Love We Finally Made It. Almost simultaneously released with his own set was the crassly titled "In Heat" by Love Unlimited, which includes a vocal version of "Love Theme." Out this week is the second set from his Love Unlimited Ork., "White Gold," again including old numbers from his various phases. Two weeks ago Warner Bros. released an elpee by Jaydee (in fact Jackie Lee) produced and arranged by White. In America his co-arranger Gene Page has his own first album released on Atlantic, including a version of "Barry's Theme" (originally part of the "Rhapsody In White" collection).

Keeping your name upfront is one thing but this is ridiculous.

His artistic credibility is not what it was, to say the least. And the whole syndrome of sophisticated orchestral soul just can't stand that amount of exposure. The music has now reached a point where its standing as soul or Black music amounts to no more than one of those Joe-Loss-plays-the-Hits-of-Motown things.

Despite this suicidal course in market saturation all White's product — the nicest description for most of it — is Selling Like Crazy. This huge character with his wavy process still tugs at a million heart strings all around the world as he growls and incants his tomes of love and lust like a refugee from Broadmoor. There has never been a more unlikely sex symbol in any of the media. Yet as a sex symbol he certainly gains most of his enormous popularity.

Which is just about where we came in.

The future of this genre of sophisticated soul may now lie with Johnny Bristol, whose "Hang On In There Baby" used all the tricks of the Barry White teach-yourself-arranging manual, without ever going over the top.

With Bristol on the horizon Ursa Major may start to fade from the skyline. If he does there may well be a job for him at Forum.

Rockpile '74 -

IAN MacDONALD

A FAIR QUANTITY of glittering objects amongst the general grunge this year: six or seven very fine albums, a dozen not quite there but with redeeming features spread surprisingly liberally, and a small clutch of reasonably impressive singles.

In the last class I'd lump Syreeta's "Spinnin' And Spinnin'" and Aretha Franklin's "Until You Come Back To Me" (both Stevie Wonder numbers and both better than anything he's released recently under his own name), plus Ace's "How Long," Johnnie Allan's "Promised Land," and Thunderthigh's "Central Park Arrest."

Even Genesis managed to come up with a listenable 45 in "I Know What I Like" — the first flash-rock mob to make an attempt at this discipline and bring it off. If their colleagues in that pestilential idiom followed suit, we might even be out of it in a year or so. (Fat chance).

Robert Wyatt gave the 18-month-old Virgin Records their first single success with "I'm A Believer" and the company also scored well with album issues, including Slapp Happy's "Slapp Happy," Ivor Cutler's "Dandruff," Fred Frith's "Guitar Solos," and — of course — the ubiquitous Wyatt's "Rock Bottom" (of which more later).

Music of the American Mid-West provided several flawed, but nonetheless profitable, long-playing investments — among these being Ry Cooder's idyllic "Paradise And Lunch" and Little Feat's "Feats Don't Fail Me Now" — although it's a drag that Beefheart's last two efforts proved thoroughly unrecommendable. Best single track of the year was, of course, Dylan's radical reinterpretation of "It's Alright, Ma" from the otherwise crazily uneven "Before The Flood."

Us limeys got it half-together on a number of occasions.

10CC scored more hits than misses with "Sheet Music," but I still find it unconvincing as a whole; Kevin Ayers missed nearly every shot on "The Confessions Of Dr Dream," but made up for it impressively with the few tracks that come off; much the same might be said for both Roxy's "Country Life" and the Stones' "It's Only Rock 'n' Roll," although the best parts of both are very good indeed; and Mr Bowie, persistently sailing very close to the edge, nevertheless *didn't* totally blow it with "Diamond Dogs," despite the album's high dreck count. (Time has told me that Side One, at the very least, is great stuff.)

On the foreign front, Finnish four-piece Wigwam pulled a neat stroke with "Being," whilst Can's "Soon Over Babaluma" lives up to its illustrious predecessors, even if it fails to transcend them.

But the total successes of 1974 run (according to my book) thisaway: the Average White Band's immaculate "Average White Band," Steely Dan's gaunt and wintery "Pretzel Logic," Can's lustrously impressionistic "Future Days," the high-speed fireworks of "Kimono My House" by Sparks, and — finally — my three choices for top albums of the year — all of them as uncompromisingly personal as they come, and all offering a genuine life/art vision of irresistible force and clarity.

These being (in ascending order) **"On The Beach"** by new-phase **Neil Young, "Todd"** by new phase **Todd Rundgren** and — Number One, Top Of The Pops — **"Rock Bottom"** by the same **Robert Wyatt** discerning audiences have been listening to for the last seven years.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

THIS YEAR of our Lord 1974 has produced an extraordinary dearth of albums to gather to your bosom (or anybody else's, for that matter) and stash in the time capsule, (i.e. Great Albums) but a healthy amount of solid, enjoyable ones emerged in compensation (i.e. Good Albums) efficiently backed up by a gang of first reserves with a few saving graces to haul them out of the "sell" pile.

TWO THAT immediately spring to mind in the latter category are Mick Ronson's "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue" and Steeleye Span's "Now We Are Six."

Under intensive playing, most of the chaff was stripped away from "Slaughter", leaving only "Pleasure Man"/"Hey Ma Get Pa" intact. However, the eight and a half minutes taken up by those two pieces just about justify the rest of the record, which hasn't really worn well at all.

The best parts of "Now We Are Six" are quite extraordinary, blending some really kick-ass playing with a dark, mysterious, sinister atmosphere that's dead-on right for scaring the shit out yourself on rainy nights.

For the prosecution, the two asinine nursery rhymes and a couple of first-class duffolas effectively bar the album from the higher reaches.

Dylan's "Before The Flood" album produces a cheap, transient thrill that blows my head off every time I hear it, but the side-and-a-half devoted to the Band operate at such a low intensity level that they automatically dock the album four bonus points.

Mott The Hoople's "The Hoople" meets a similar fate, succeeding so effortlessly in its better portions that it renders the stiff sections all the more glaring.

Ditto Man's "Rhinos, Winos And Lunatics."

Straight-ahead Good Albums that require no real comment at this time include Neil Young's "On The Beach", Deke Leonard's "Kamikaze" and Rod Stewart's "Smiler."

Finally, my own pets of the year (in no apparent order) are **"Pretty Much Your Standard Ranch Stash"** by **Michael Nesmith, "Sold American"** by **Kinky Friedman. "Guitar Solos"** by **Fred Frith, "Deal Gone Down"** by **Michael Chapman,** and wheeling up the back stretch for an effortless zoom past the finishing line, **Robert Wyatt's "Rock Bottom".**

TONY STEWART

A LONG STANDING tradition of the music business is to cordially acknowledge the underdog who makes good; the musician who pursues his goal with relentless determination. Once this person finds widescale recognition then, more often than not, respect will be credited to him quite warmly.

He is an alright musician, because — as the expression goes — he has paid his dues.

On the other extreme the biz is so sensitive that if there's the merest hint of *hype* or *manufacture,* then the artistes concerned are immediately considered upstarts, and more frequently, total non-entities.

Indeed it is a hypocritical attitude, not so unsimilar to a social maxim of the pseudo middle class which decrees that you don't deserve success and respect unless your apprenticeship is full served and you know your place in society.

In a word, it's *snobbery.*

Apparently those minute grains of sand which represent experience must steadily flow onto the scales until the balance is toppled to the advantage of the young hopeful.

Frankly this thinking is the biggest load of crap I've yet had the misfortune to encounter, and is totally at odds to encouraging a healthy state of affairs within the music industry.

Thankfully this frame of mind has not been adopted by the public.

The result has been that while certain acts have enjoyed considerable commercial success and — to my mind — project music of value, they have had to overcome overt critical butchery.

The rather sad consequence of this is that specific groups have come up with several of the best albums released during the year, but have not received their just critical reward.

They are **Queen** with **"Sheer Heart Attack" (EMI)** and **Cockney Rebel** with **"The Psychomodo" (EMI).**

"Sheer Heart Attack" took me completely by surprise, basically because "Queen II" was pretentious, and exuded an aura of Star Status without once proving it musically. What "Heart Attack" did was to package their collective talents neatly into 13 numbers which stated the unique and considerable ability of the band. The album is not a masterpiece, although several tracks, such as "Killer Queen" (released as a single) and "Brighton Rock" indicate the greater potential of their writing and instrumental capabilities.

Actually Queen's and C. Rebel's overall concepts and aspirations are not too far removed from each other. Harley quite obviously made himself a Star. And anyone who can dupe other people into believing that has my admiration. Queen, who worked on the same premise, failed initially.

Of course that was nothing at all to do with the music, but as I've stated several times during the year Harley, in both Rebel bands, has written some quite outstanding songs, most notably the title track, "Ritz", "Cavaliers" and "Tumbling Down" from "The Psychomodo".

Perhaps though both Queen and Rebel are responsible for re-creating the interest in British rock music that Mott the Hoople (with "Mott") had partly achieved the year before.

You could get your rocks off, though, and at the same time satisfy your cerebral appetite.

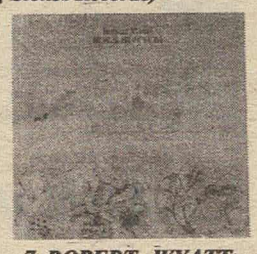
Had not Van Morrison released the excellent "It's Too Late To Stop Now," "The Psychomodo" would have come runner-up, to "Attack", rather than third in my list.

1 *STEELY DAN: "Pretzel Logic" (Probe)*

2 *ROLLING STONES: "It's Only Rock 'n' Roll" (Rolling Stones Records)*

5 *TODD RUNDGREN: "Todd" (Bearsville)*

6 *NEIL YOUNG: "On The Beach" (Reprise)*



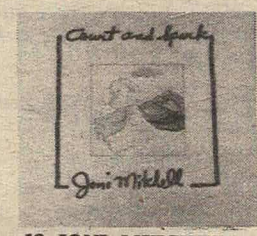
7 *ROBERT WYATT: "Rock Bottom" (Virgin)*

11 *CAN: "Future Days" (United Artists)*

12 *ROD STEWART: "Smiler" (Mercury)*

13 *BLUE OYSTER CULT: "Secret Treaties" (CBS)*

17 *EAGLES: "On The Border" (Asylum)*



18 *JONI MITCHELL: "Court And Spark" (Asylum)*

21. *J. J. CALE: "Okie" (A & M)*
22. *GRAM PARSONS: "Grievous Angel" (Reprise)*
23. *BIG STAR: "Radio City" (Ardent, Import)*
24. *WEATHER REPORT: "Mysterious Traveller" (CBS)*
QUEEN: "Sheer Heart Attack" (EMI)
MILES DAVIS: "Big Fun" (CBS)
27. *LOU REED: "Rock 'n' Roll Animal" (RCA)*
28. *MICHAEL CHAPMAN: "Deal Gone Down" (Deram)*
RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON: "I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight" (Island)
VAN MORRISON: "It's Too Late To Stop Now" (Warner Bros.)
31. *CORNEL DUPREE: "Teasin'" (Atlantic)*
FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS: "Close Up The Honky Tonks" (A & M)
33. *LITTLE FEAT: "Feats Don't Fail Me Now" (Warner Bros.)*
VAN MORRISON: "Veedon Fleece" (Warner Bros.)
35. *RY COODER: "Paradise And Lunch" (Reprise)*
BOBBY BLAND: "Dreamer" (ABC)
37. *BEACH BOYS: "In Concert" (Warner Bros.)*
JOHN CALE: "Fear" (Island)
JACKSON BROWNE: "For Everyman" (Asylum)
BOBBY BLAND: "His California Album" (Probe)

IF, IN THE not too distant future, people choose to get nostalgic about 1974, then I guess it will be best remembered as the year during which everyone finally disgorged any nostalgic tendencies they might have held.

A twelve month period given over to the music industry's prediliction for pseudo-nostalgia and just about anything over five years old, was sadly crystallised by the fact that last avatar David Bowie could only offer a tepid re-run of his former self while Mott The Hoople got dewy-eyed over Mott The Hoople.

The epitome of nostalgia was the successful returns to active public life of Mr. Dylan and Mr. Clapton. I didn't see Dylan in concert, though I thoroughly enjoyed the recorded evidence. However, I was fortunate enough to see Clapton and it turned out to be one of the best gigs of the year.

Indeed, it has been a year when it has been left to rock's elder statesmen to produce sanity and integrity in a lacklustre environment.

ROY CARR

Now, without being at all disrespectful to those artists involved, it's an indictment of the state of the industry when the finest recorded achievements have been produced by the Stones, The Who, the Beach Boys, Dylan, Clapton, Van Morrison, Neil Young and the Isley Brothers.

For there's no doubt about it, the new Stones album contains the most vital performances given by any one group, while a collection of old Who out-takes emerges as being far superior than most established acts' latest endeavours.

So where were all those new up and coming killer bands who should have been giving the above mentioned artists a run for their money?

As far as I am concerned, the only acts that not only consolidated but enhanced their reputation were Roxy Music and Little Feat and, by the same token the only albums by non-established acts that stood repeated listening were from Rick Derringer, Bad Company, the Average White Band and Ace.

From the mass of mediocrity the only new acts that emerged (and I use the term very loosely) were Kevin Ayers, Alex Harvey, the Pretty Things and the Spark Bruvvers Mael who, as you must be aware, are by no means overnight sensations.

Personally, I found it most disappointing that artists like Stevie Wonder, Stealers Wheel, Steely Dan and Marvin Gaye should suddenly choose to confine their talents to treading water and performing an action replay of their previous offering.

Perhaps the only thing to enliven a rather bland year was the public's renewed interest in soul singles — a move yet again initially motivated by nostalgia.

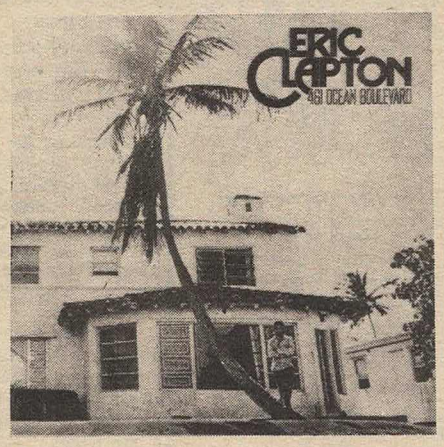
However, once things had levelled out it did manage to expose a whole new roster of black acts.

As it transpires, I've been playing and enjoying more singles than albums. Choosing favourite albums was dead easy. Had I been asked to provide 10 singles then, I'd have been in real trouble.

The NME Hot Sixty

■ *Compiled from lists submitted by Nick Logan, Ian MacDonald, Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray, Roy Carr, Pete Erskine, Nick Kent, Steve Clarke, Tony Stewart, Charlie Gillett, Max Bell, Mick Farren, Fred Dellar and Chris Salewicz.*

3 BOB DYLAN: "Before The Flood" (Island)



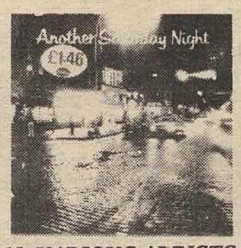
4 ERIC CLAPTON: "461 Ocean Boulevard" (RSO)

8 STEVIE WONDER: "Fulfillingness' First Finale" (Tamla)

9 ROXY MUSIC: "Country Life" (Island)

10 AVERAGE WHITE BAND: (Atlantic)

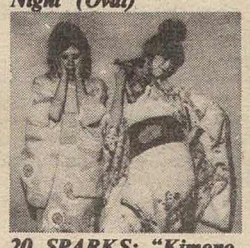
14 MARÍA MULDAUR (Reprise)



15 VARIOUS ARTISTS: "Another Saturday Night" (Oval)

16 KINKY FRIEDMAN: "Sold American" (Vanguard)

19 THE WHO: "Odds And Sods" (Track)



20 SPARKS: "Kimono My House" (Island)

41. CAN: "Limited Edition" (United Artists)
42. COCKNEY REBEL: "The Psychomodo" (EMI)
TONI BROWN: "Good For You Too" (MCA)
MARVIN GAYE: "Live" (Tamla Motown)
45. COMMANDER CODY: "Live From Deep In The Heart Of Texas" (Paramount)
46. RICK DERRINGER: "All American Boy" (Epic)
MIKE NESMITH: "Pretty Much Your Standard Ranch Stash" (RCA)
CHAPMAN-WHITNEY: "Streetwalkers" (Reprise)
WET WILLIE: "Keep On Smilin'" (Capricorn)
BOB DYLAN: "Planet Waves" (Island)
51. MARVIN GAYE: "Anthology" (Tamla Motown)
52. CAN: "Soon Over Babaluma" (United Artists)
GREENSLADE: "Spyglass Guest" (Warner Bros.)
54. ROBERT PALMER: "Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley" (Island)
55. SPARKS: "Propaganda" (Island)
56. BOB PEGG & NICK STRUTT: "The Shipbuilder" (Transatlantic)
JESSE WINCHESTER: "Learn To Love It" (Bearsville, Import)
FRED FRITH: "Guitar Solos" (Caroline)
59. GONG: "Angel's Egg" (Virgin)
RANDY NEWMAN: "Good Old Boys" (Reprise)

BOB WOFFINDEN

THE SINGLES market has been fitfully absorbing.

Reggae promised to break through all year, but when it happened it was not with The Heptones' enchanting "Book Of Rules" (Island), but with Ken Boothe's workmanlike "Everything I Own" (Trojan). Similarly, the release in January of "Until You Came Back To Me" (Atlantic) promised a golden year for Aretha, but instead she concentrated on technical perfection at the expense of — and what other word can you use? — soul.

But the unexpected commercial soul boom has thrown up some fine records, notably George McCrae's "Rock Your Baby" (President) and Don Covay's "It's Better To Have" (Mercury) and the most pleasing example of MOR soul, The Hues Corporation's "Rock The Boat" (RCA). Also, it's been a good year all round for revivals and two long unavailable classic '60's singles have both reappeared — The Crystals' "Da Doo Ron Ron" (Warner/Spector) and Van Morrison's neglected "Brown Eyed Girl" (London).

While most British singles have been exasperatingly formularised, one does stand out like a beacon — Ace's "How Long" (Anchor), which seems to me to offer a perfectly rewarding three minutes and is destined to become regarded as a classic.

I also remember with affection Kevin Ayers' unprepossessing "After The Show", and it would be exciting if Johnnie Allen's "The Promised Land" (Oval) did manage to kick up a bit of dirt.

It's been a fairly uniformly good year for albums though. No stunning new departures, but there've been a few comebacks — Eric C.'s album confirmed the legend partly by not trying to live up to it, and Rod S. made up somewhat for lost time with "Smiler" (Mercury) — and most of those who generally make quality albums have continued to do so.

The biggest disappointments were Steeleye Span's "Now we are Six" (Chrysalis), which, despite "Thomas The Rhymer", one of the outstanding achievements of the '70's (by anyone), was unsatisfactory because various themes were not successfully interwoven, (they should have wholly concerned it with myths and magic); and Ringo's appallingly uneven "Goodnight Vienna" (Apple), where he tried to do what no Beatle had previously stooped to — i.e. load "product" on to an existing market. I didn't know he needed the money.

Tamla more or less put the wraps on their plush and exhaustive "Anthology" series, though it was left, not unusually, to Stevie Wonder to produce the label's finest work.

One unremarked development of '74 has been the number of live albums of quite impeccable quality — naming the ones that come straight to mind, Van Morrison's "It's Too Late To Stop Now", Dylan's "Before The Flood", Marvin Gaye's "Live", Fairport C.'s "Live Convention", Paul Simon's "Live Rhymin'," B.B. King & Bobby Bland's "Together . . . . Live", and now Joni's "Miles Of Aisles".

Morrison, in fact, had two good albums this year, as the live double album was all but eclipsed by the bluesy, pastoral moods he sustained on "Veedon Fleece". Bobby Bland, too, put his name and voice to no less than three remarkable pieces of vinyl.

The three best of the year, then, in ascending order — **Bobby Bland's "His California Album"**, for the consistency and purity of his vocals, **Richard and Linda Thompson's "I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight"**, which unequivocally demonstrated not only that Thompson is one of the unique talents of contemporary English music, but also that he has a wife who's one fine singer; and finally **"Maria Muldaur"**, for having such taste, style and panache and putting it all together so faultlessly, not just once but, with **"Waitress In A Donut Shop"**, twice.

PETE ERSKINE

HOWDEE RUBES! Boy . . . have there been a few svelte discs this yeauh, huh? Well, no. *If only* Quintessence were still together. . .

A'course, it's debatable whether "It's Only Rock n' Roll" was the year's most (fill in adjective of your choice) offering. I think it may've (fill in verb of your choice).

E'en so, for the Stones to be able to come up with such sturdy grits this late in their career suggests two things.

One, that they're good. Two, that by rights, by the law of averages etc. no band should be able to do that having reached what might be termed advanced maturity. This must, in turn, be some kind of reflection on the lacklustre nature of their contemporaries. Which, in turn, may be some indication of the extent to which Pro-gressive Music has failed to fulfill its initial promises. Q.E.D. (well, almost).

A few exceptions, though, the three **Can** elpees — **"Future Days"**, **"Soon Over Babaluma"**, and, especially, **"Limited Edition"** (one track of which, "Gomorrha", an extended and remarkable subtle piece of ethereal doodling, makes dumbells of the Floyd for one, **Steely Dan's "Pretzel Logic"** (which is rapidly becoming a firm favourite down here in Morris Minorland), **Little Feat's "Feats Don't Fail Me Now"** (which isn't as interesting as "Sailin' Shoes" but worth having anyway) and **Various Cajun Artists' "Another Saturday Night"** which should see Belton Richard lauded as the Bruce Springsteen.

The Mangy Critter Award this year goes to Ron Wood for the endearing "I've Got My Own Album To Do". The Pass-That-Suppository Challenger Trophy goes to Todd Rundgren for his heavingly over-luxuriant E.L.P. pastiche "Utopia".

Otherwise, it appears that the main feature of '74 was the establishment of the precept Bland Rules O.K.

CHARLIE GILLETT

MAYBE IT WAS a coincidence, but when a strike put *Top of the Pops* off the air for a few weeks, it seemed like radio got better.

Thousands of people who didn't care who George McCrae was bought "Rock Your Baby" because it made them dance and they liked the way he whooped at the end.

That was my record-of-the-year, and I liked the follow-up "I Can't Leave You Alone" too, but not one after the other, so I never played the album. (Maybe next year the NME will get wise and ask its writers to name the records of the year, regardless of whether they are albums or singles.)

It was a good year for R&B vocal groups, but I preferred the solo voices of Don Covay's "It's Better to Have (and Don't Need)", the most exciting dance record of the year, and Johnnie Taylor's "I've Been Born Again" for its funny lyric. But they were only (only?) 45's, and don't get counted.

The Professionals seemed to have things pretty well sewn up most of the year, the old school of song-writers and session singers coming back to take over the British charts, and Los Angeles session men pushing Barry White and Johnny Bristol and Stevie Wonder into fashion.

Few singers and writers had the determination and strength of character to hold onto a really individual identity in front of these polished backing tracks, but Steely **Dan's** clever lyrics and catchy harmonies held attention on "Pretzel Logic" (7 in my LP list), and Joni Mitchell at last sounded like a woman on "Court and Spark" (8) instead of a spoiled girl.

But for grown-up songs I find **Toni Brown** more convincng, and although her first album after leaving the Joy of Cooking was not quite as commercial as I had hoped, it presents the most interesting and attractive female character on record: **"Good For You, Too"** (3).

Jesse Winchester, in "Learn to Love It" (6) and Robert Palmer in "Sneakin' Sally Thru The Alley" (5), present opposite approaches to women, Jesse always looking for a shoulder to rest his lonesome head on, Robert daring anybody to jump into his bed. Two uneven albums by miraculously improved singers.

The most gratifying trend of 1974 for me was the belated recognition of music from America's Southern States, in particular the breakthrough of Capricorn Records of Macon, Georgia.

Although it nowhere near matched its American success, Wet Willie's "Keep On Smilin'" single got enough play on British radio to lead me to the album "Keep On Smilin'" (4) which has at least two other tracks as good. Lead singer Jimmy Hall has a better voice than anybody in the Allman Brothers, who compensate with dazzling instrumental work.

Cornel Dupree's all-instrumental **"Teasin'"** (2) and **J. J. Cale's "Okie"** (1) are medium-paced laid-back stoned-groove records that probably betray my impending senility.

Disappointment of the year has been the failure of Jimmy Cliff or Toots and the Maytals to consolidate the potential **revealed in** their albums of **1973, which had seemed** more **promising routes** for reggae **than anything** I've heard by **The Wailers.**

Reggae is still best found on 45's by people unknown to Radio One listeners; discovery-of-the-year was Tinga Stewart's "Play De Music", a 45 on Trojan.

Hope for 1975: Billy Swan's "I Can Help" to make number one.

STEVE CLARKE

IT'S MY contention that, as far as albums are concerned, 1974 hasn't been such a bad year after-all (measureably better than '73), and while it hasn't succeeded in coming up with any new major talent, five albums stand out as True Gems.

Eric Clapton's "461 Ocean Boulevard" (RSO) illustrated Clapton once again getting into new things, yet still playing the blues. Comparisons with Dylan's "John Wesley Harding" are valid, in that both artists were making their first albums after recovering from one thing or another, and the similarity extends to the record's complexions and religious overtones. Clapton's first bona fide solo album.

Joni Mitchell's "Court And Spark" (Asylum) Though less intense than her previous "For The Roses", was another of the year's albums which stimulated the brain-cells rather than the feet. Once again her songs thoughtfully pin-point our emotions, and the arrangements/production are something to marvel at.

This year's other singer-songwriter master work is **Jackson Browne's "For Everyman" (Asylum).** Browne, like Ms Mitchell, has the gift of combining an intelligent lyric with a usually memorable melody which immediately reaches the listener.

Group-wise there are two albums that really stand out, one by an American band, the other a recording by a Scottish group.

Steely Dan's "Pretzel Logic" (Probe) confirmed the belief that they are indeed the best band of the '70's. Everything about the group is so imaginative. A very satisfying record.

The Average White Band's album at long last demonstrated that white British guys can play, and write soul music as good as anybody else. Even though the loss of Robbie McIntosh will take some of the group's style away, they mustn't split up.

There were other good soul albums, like Stevie Wonder's "Fulfillingness' First Finale" (Tamla Motown), worth its price for "Heaven Is A Zillion Light Year's Away", The Isley Brother's "Live It Up" (Epic), and Al Green's "Living For You" (London), (okay so it sounds like all his others, but the closing "Beware" is dynamite), but none had the consistency of the AWB.

Two other British albums, Robin Trower's "Bridge Of Sighs" (Chrysalis). (Trower will make it BIG over here next year) and The Sharks' "Jab It In Your Eye" (Island) are also worthy of attention even if they're not True Gems.

And while we're on the subject of British groups, The Who's fascinating "Odds And Sods", featuring the remarkable group version of "Pure And Easy" in the spirit of "Who's Next", was a valuable release. If only all the cuts had been that good.

Single-wise, Ace's "How Long," Brian Protheroe's "Pinball," Aretha's "Until You Come Back To Me" and Syreeta's "Spinning And Spinning" are the ones I remember as being the best.

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Studios

THE AREA'S busy nowadays. Covent Garden's moved in just across the road. Just around the corner the Canine Hilton continues to flourish, while in the background the Battersea power station steams steadily along.

And at the console of The Who's Ramport Studios sits Russ Ballard, guitarist, pianist, singer, songwriter and ex-Argenteer, currently cast in the role of producer. I do my Russell Harty bit and ask how come he's in Townshend country.

"Well, I played on Roger Daltrey's album and when I saw him a few weeks ago, he asked me if I'd produce a new album for him and contribute a few songs.

"So far we've done six songs, including two of my own, but we've got to do one again. But the five are so strong that we're going to have to look around and find five more equally as good.

"Paul Corter, a discovery of Roger's, has written some of the songs and they're really nice. There's also one by Philip Goodhand-Tait. Musicians? . . . Stewart Francis (ex-Glencoe) has been on drums, then we've had Dave Wintour on bass and Clem Clempson on guitar.

"I've done some guitar and piano overdubs, and Kokomo did the backing vocals.

"John Barham's providing some arrangements and Roger's asked some other musicians to come in and do overdubs — but I can't mention their names in case they don't make it."

Ballard, dressed in black and decked out in dark shades, looks pure Mafia. In fact, he's quite a nice guy, and goes on to talk about his own solo album on CBS.

"I recorded that at the CBS Whitfield Street Studios — with Mike Ross as engineer. I did the backing tracks myself. Actually there's a few musicians I'd liked to have used — but the trouble is they start dropping out because they've got a gig or something, and it all becomes very worrying.

"So I thought, 'If I can't get the people I want, I'll do it all myself.' But the problem is you've got to lay the drums down first and it's difficult not to drop or pick up speed.

"If you want to lengthen an arrangement halfway through it gets difficult and I found it was best to go in with a rigid arrangement all worked out — I usually kept my solos down to eight or 12 bars.

"On a couple of things I laid down piano first because I wasn't too certain how I was going to end. But recording things this way can be quite satisfying, watching everything grow.

"On 'Danger Zone', for instance, I started off by laying down the drums, then bass, then clavinet and, eventually, electric piano. At the end I took off the drums and did them again, put on another bass, another clavinet — I think I did everything twice."

One track is "I Don't Believe In Miracles", a Ballard composition that did pretty well for Colin Blunstone and also appears on Argent's recent "Encore" album.

But the new studio cut is, arguably, the best of all.

"The original demo I gave to Colin was slightly slower than his final version. I played piano on his backing track at Abbey Road and thought it was a bit fast then — but everyone else said it was okay and Colin's voice was great so that was it.

"We always did a slower version with Argent and that's the way I did it on the album. I put on 29 backing vocals broken down into a four-part harmony thing.

"On 'Flyaway' I did 20 vocals.

"Flyaway" is CBS's choice for a single. Ballard feels they should have issued "She's A Hurricane" — which is more direct and the kind of thing he prefers to do onstage.

But supposing the single does take off, how then does a one-man band go on the road?

"I've actually played two dates already — at a CBS convention and at a CBS promotional gig. I used Curly as a back-up group, because they're good instrumentally and vocally.

"I really look forward to doing gigs now. If you haven't got to work every night of the week it's really great to do live shows."

FRED DELLAR.

IMPORTS

I DON'T KNOW what to make of Nashville since they tore the ol'Opry House down and sold the drapes to RCA. Unlikely people have been moseying in puttin' down tracks while established residents took to the hills and began recording in strange places.

If you look at your local import racks you'll find evidence of the trend — f'rinstance, it's odds on that you'll discover **Donovan's** "7 Tease" (Epic) there — produced by Norbert Putnam and featuring most of the people you'd expect to find on a Nashville date.

Meanwhile, Opry Queen **Kitty Wells** seems to have cut out in protest and headed Macon way to put together an album called "Forever Young" (Capricorn), the title number being the Dylan song from "Planet Waves". Back Kitty's voice with the sounds of Richard Betts, Johnny Sandlin, Toy Caldwell and other Capricorn caperers and you'll have a pretty fair idea of how things work out.

Mind you, if you prefer earlier Wells tracks, there are some to be found on "The Golden Era Of Country And Western Hits 1950-66" (Coral double-album), an EMI import on which she sings "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels", "Amigo's Guitar" and "Finally", a duet with **Webb Pierce. Bill Anderson, Johnny Wright, Del Reeves, Jimmy C. Newman, Justin Tubb, Dolly Parton** and **Loretta Lynn** are some of the others figuring on this particular compilation.

Two other more recent Nashville albums are also worth mentioning, these being **Dennis Linde's** "Trapped In The Suburbs" (Elektra) and **Charlie Rich's** "Silver Fox" (Epic). Linde, you may remember, was over here a short while ago to produce Decameron's album. Rich needs no such sort of introduction — though I feel I ought to point out that his new album contains "Behind Closed Doors" yet again. No good winning a Grammy if you don't remind people of the fact, eh, kids?

Interesting EMI import is "Soul Power", which you can order by quoting the number SHZ815. Tracks on this mainly black music affair comprise the **Four Tops'** "One Chain Don't Make No Prison", **B. B. King's** "To Know You Is To Love You; **Carl Carlton's** "You Can't Stop A Man In Love"; **Pacific Gas And Electric's** "I Hear The Trumpets Calling"; **Lamont Dozier's** "Interlude" plus items by **Apple And Appleberry, Dave Crawford, Bobby Bland, Charles Mann, Chuck Jackson, Rufus, Nolan Porter** and **Tribe.**

Billy Swan, who recently topped the Stateside charts with his "I Can Help" single, now has an album of the same name out on Monument. Opening track is the self-penned "Lover Please", which is also the opener on **Kris Kristofferson** and **Rita Coolidge's** "Breakaway" (Monument) set. Swan has appeared as back-up vocalist on previous Kristofferson albums.

Also around ..... "Gil Evans Plays The Music of Jimi Hendrix" (RCA) with guitarist John Abercrombie in the hot seat. Only two of the tracks frature Evans arrangements however ... "From The Inside" (Polydor) by **Power Of Attorney.** latest album by a black prison group

Fred Dellar

Soul

ROGER ST. PIERRE

TEMPTATIONS: return to the old style . . .

The battle of the giants....

ONCE THE KINGPIN soul vocal group, the Temptations were overtaken by the Chi-Lites. Who were in turn somewhat pushed into the background by the Philly Sound. And now both are intent on regaining past glories.

The Chi-Lites have already done it to some extent with recent chart singles culled from the prodigious "Chi-Lites" album.

Last week I spoke to both groups on the Transatlantic phone to find out just where they're heading.

David English, once known as Melvin Franklin, was the Temps' spokesman, and commented on suggestions that their slide was due to the overwhelming stamp of Norman Whitfield's authority on recent recordings.

"Yeah, that's true to a degree. He's fantastically creative and we respect him a lot — but we were being pushed into the role of background singers on massive orchestral outings."

The group recently finished recording an LP, with different producers — a whole range of them — and it'll be in the old style, with 2½-3-minute songs.

"There are 20 in the can, and it's down to final selections. There's lots of variety and it's all new material to the group — no re-hashes, all progression.

"Stevie Wonder produces some of it and Steve Cropper cut a couple of things on us down in Muscle Shoals. Even Berry Gordy Jnr. cut one track, it was all like we used to record eight or nine years ago."

The material comes from a variety of writers, and includes "I'm A Bachelor" and "What You Need Most, I Do Best Of All", penned within the group.

"The recording was spread over quite a few months. To me it's the most pleasing thing we've done since "The Sky's The Limit."

The Chi-Lites — like the Temps — are scheduled to tour the UK in the New Year.

"We've only been once before," said lead-singer, main writer Eugene Record. "Several tours were set up, but something always went wrong."

I first heard the Chi-Lites on a couple of discs on the tiny Darren label in Chicago. One was subsequently released here and became an in-demand Northern Sound. Eugene explained further:

"The group was actually founded when two other groups, the Chanteurs and the Desideros, broke up. We were good friends so Squirrel Lester, Marshall Thompson, myself, and Credel, who's now left, got together and formed the Hi-Lites.

"Another group had that name but we didn't want to lose it as we'd built up a reputation locally, so someone suggested that since we came from Chicago we should call ourselves the Chi-Lites."

The first record was "Wishing Well" on Renee Records then, after a spell with Darren the group signed to Carl Davis at Brunswick Records in 1968 and have stayed with the company.

"Price Of Love" was our first for them and "Give It Away" was big enough to put us out on the road full time, it sold about 400,000."

"Then our first 'gold' was 'Have You Seen Her', and we were away."

The group still handles much of its own affairs:

"I do most of the writing, Marshall does business stuff and plans the show, and Squirrel does all the road business."

Besides the Chi-Lites, many other soul artists have recorded Eugene Record's songs, notably Jackie Wilson, Gene Chandler, Barbara Acklin, and Young-/Holt Unlimited.

The song ideas come to him in some odd ways. "There Will Be No Peace (Until God Is Seated At The Conference Table", a recent Stateside hit but relegated to a flipside over here, was inspired when he saw the phrase written on a dressing-room wall in Boston.

Their new album (the one after the just-released here, "Toby" is called 'Take A Trip To The Islands'. It'll be released sometime in January.

How cum so many successful singles come from just one Chi-Lites' album:

"I try to write each song as a potential single and we record them that way too. It seems to work."

SOUL NOTES

● I APPROACHED Leroy Hutson's debut solo album "The Man!" (Buddah BDLP 4013) with some trepidation. After all, he replaced Curtis Mayfield in the Impressions, (before going it alone himself) is still signed to Mayfield's Curtom label, and has been heavily under the man's influence.

But "The Man!" is no sound-alike. Aided by some ace session-men, including that redoubtable guitarist Phil Upchurch, Hutson has really managed to get his own sound together.

Not, maybe, in the Stevie Wonder/Marvin Gaye league, Hutson is definitely heading in that direction.

His version of "The Ghetto" may not beat the Donny Hathaway original but it's a great cut nonetheless and the rest of the songs are strong too.

● THE TRAGIC death last week of blues' researcher Mike Leadbitter at the age of 32, is a blow to the cause of black music in this country.

Best-known as the editor of Blues Unlimited and for his several books on the music, notably "Blues Records 1946-66", Leadbitter raised specialist R&B writing to professional standards.

Highly respected by both American and British record companies, Leadbitter's services were often used in the compilation of albums and wiriting of sleeve-notes and while deep blues was his greatest love he was almost as authoritative a writer on the more commercial forms of black music.

● FIRST DISC on the new EMI distributed black label Power Exchange is the O'Jays' oldie "Peace", produced by H. B. Barnum, who is also involved in producing new material for the company.

● ECSTASY, PASSION and Pain is an appropriate name for the sextet who have brought a new degree of emotiveness to the Philly Sound.

Their first UK album, "Ecstasy, Passion And Pain" (Pye NSPL 28204) is full of wildly wailing, almost sermonising stuff without losing Philly's veneer of sophisticated smoothness. Altogether an admirable set, with the Sigma session-men in first rate form.

JAVELLS: yes, the one in the middle is white . . .

Intrepid white man crashes the Northern soul scene

"HAVE YOU heard of the Javells?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well — you're one of them." That was the gist of what one Stephen Jameson, alias Nosmo King (No smoking, get it?) learned over lunch with Pye Records' executives.

But let long-struggling songwriter Jameson himself tell you one of the most bizarre hit stories ever.

"Back in May I cut a record called 'Teenage Love' in a 60s Bobby Rydell, Carole King kind of vein, and it was released under the name Nosmo King.

"On the flip was a soul-styled thing called 'Goodbye Nothing To Say'.

"The record died a horrible death.

"Then Pye launched their Disco Demand series aimed at the Northern Soul.

"One of their people came across my record and decided the flip was a perfect Northern Sound.

"That was where the subterfuge came in. He knew that if it became known that it was by a white English artist it would never be accepted.

"So he had some 'white label' dubs made, passed them round at a Pye product meeting and said it was a record he had a chance of picking up from an obscure American soul label. He made up a name... told them it was by a group called The Javells.

"Everyone at the meeting flipped but he still didn't let them in on the truth. Instead he hedged, said he was still negotiating with the Americans and sent some more white labels round to the top Northern Sounds' clubs to gauge reaction.

"Wigan Casino and Blackpool Mecca, went big on it and other Northern clubs picked it up till there was an incredible buzz going round. Everyone was trying to dig up some facts on The Javells.

"This went on for six months or so. Then a guy in South London sussed out that 'Goodbye, Nothing To Say' was the B-side of a UK record so he bought up 600 copies from Pye — they shouldn't have been available because it was officially deleted — and started selling them for £3-£4 a throw.

"So he was making ail that bread and I was just getting a penny royalty per copy. Now I'm not greedy but I'm no charity either so I pushed Pye into getting the record out.

"It came out as by The Javells featuring Nosmo King and immediately started selling big. By the time people began cottoning on to the truth of its origins it was too late to stop it becoming a monster seller though some of the more bigotted disc jockeys who had been fooled started a rather vitriolic campaign against Pye and the record.

"It's been hanging around the Top 30 for weeks but we reckon it should be much higher. After all, it's been doing between 15 and 20,000 copies a week and has now just reached the 100,000 mark. That's normally enough to get into the top-ten.

"Maybe it's because the sales have been in concentrated areas rather than all over the place."

Now Jameson/King is preparing to take The Javells on the road: "I've got two black chicks — London Jamaicans, Jeanette Teverneir and Pauline McAlla — and we've got a really good black group, Erasmus, as our back-up band.

"We'll be working as Nosmo King and The Javells — my manager rowed that bit in."

The star of the show was formerly with a group called Truth for three years, but he's been off the road for the past four, concentrating on his songwriting: "I've been with Greenaway / Cooke for a long time and they've been really good to me, putting up the money to keep me going while I write and produce for their company.

"Marshall Doctors co-wrote 'Goodbye, Nothing To Say' with me and we usually work together closely."

The unusual story of Nosmo King, The Javells and 'Goodbye, Nothing To Say', doesn't end there.

I asked just where he dreamed up that terrible pun of a stage name: "It just came to me, but it seemed to have a familiar ring. Then somebody told me about a comedian named Vernon Watson who died back in 1949, and who worked as Nosmo King. "So here am, a white singer who got a hit by fooling everyone that I was black, and I've chosen the same stage name of a white comedian who used to black up.

"What's even weirder I then found out that a chick I've been going round with used to live with Nosmo King's son!"

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"Saturday Night At The Movies" .....The Drifters (Atlantic)
"Backfield In Motion" .....Mel & Tim (Concorde)
"Road Runner" ...Junior Walker (Tamla Motown)

● *Listings supplied by: John Grant, DJ, Kloisters, Oxford Street, Manchester.*

FOLK

ERIC WINTER

PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA

And now for something different ...

MY DEBUT as a singer came at the age of seven, when I won first prize in a school concert with a number then in the charts, and titled "Me And Jane In A Plane." The way I sang it, it came out a folk song . . . in that I took great liberties with text and tune.

I've never heard the song since — or rather hadn't until I listened to the Pasadena Roof Orchestra's new album for Transatlantic.

OK, I should be a folk reporter, but last week I took a 'holiday' at Bibas Rainbow Room (London) — a period decor place which has the furniture and fittings, menu cards, wine lists, gents' loos (can't speak for the ladies'), down to the last stylised lighting flash and quadrant of sunrays.

Onstage, between the potted palms, for something approaching two glorious hours the Pasadena Roof Orchestra, re-created dance music from an era that spans 1923 to 1933 (roughly).

Now you gotta believe me when I say my approval of the PRO is more than nostalgia. Ask the rest of the folks who were there — for four out of five people in that audience cannot ever have caught the music first time round, and there has never before been a really significant revival of it.

"To arrange the music in period," says John Arthy, the 32-year-old bakery proprietor who founded the band, "you have to *think* the period."

He's been thinking period since long before he got his 12 musicians and a crooner together in 1970.

The crooner (on second thoughts, the vocalist) is 28-year-old graphic designer John 'Pazz' Parry, who played trombone in the original Bonzo Dog band some ten years ago.

Although he's a stylised singer (the whole band *have* to be stylised — wing collars, evening dress and bow ties , Pazz is simply a tremendous asset.

The line-up is traditional: saxes doubling clarinets, trumpets, trombone, tenor and plectrum banjos, sousaphone-double bass, viola, drums, and piano. "We are playing scores from the period," says Arthy, "not revamped arrangements reworked ten to 40 years later. That's all I can say. We're dedicated to what we play."

Those scores come from the Arthy collection of 1200 to 1500, garnered with love and effort.

"There are and have been other bands playing the music, but not in period arrangements . . . and they felt a need to ham it up with comedy routines. We take it seriously."

How seriously? Well, for one thing, the last personnel change was two years ago. The band that plays at Biba's and on the album have got it together.

Transatlantic are (perhaps naturally) anxious not to see the PRO "shunted into a folk bracket." Ha ha. Well, it'd be idle to pretend that you are going to see folk clubs booking a 13-strong orchestra, but there are one or two points at which tastes meet over these matters.

For my money, the first requirements of folk music is a good gutsy sound. And, in their own area the Pasadena Roof Orchestra have that in ample measure. They also have musicianship. The members are all superb players.

And when it comes to audience participation — well, the PRO have suddenly brought back dancing ... the sort where couples get hold of each other and make like they like it, which they do.

At Biba's the couples doing the grab were mostly young, but there was a large enough smattering of memory-laners to indicate that "You've Got Me Crying Again," "Nagasaki," "White Christmas," "Love In Bloom," "That's My Weakness Now," and a dozen more, have a timeless appeal.

The band are at Biba's this Friday and Saturday, next Friday and Saturday, and on New Year's Eve. And a 1975 tour of Britain is also being planned. Try to hear them, even if it's just for a change.

What's Miss Custom Car doing with boots, a stetson, and Keith Harvie's pride and joy?

Answer: appearing on the cover of January's juicy issue of Custom Car.

Inside you'll see more of Miss Custom Car, and more of Keith Harvie's infamous altered roadster too.

There's the lowdown on econo-customizing Ford Pops, and tests of the Mathwall Mazda, the Audi 80GT, and the new Fiat Mirafiori.

There's an Eli Bungit Certificate 'X'-mas Story, the Truth About Camshafts, plus an amazing custom-built truck, as seen on Tomorrow's World.

What a line-up. January's Custom Car is at your newsagents now, for a derisory 25p. Don't miss it.

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NEWS

DAVY GRAHAM has had a breakdown. "He was on his way to the Channel Islands," Ron Milner of Eron Enterprises told me, "when he was caught in a rail strike and he tried to make the journey by bus." Enough, I would have thought, to give anyone a breakdown. Since Davy and his American wife Holly split, Davy has been a bit short on relations (though not on friends) on this side of the Atlantic. Messages, get-well cards, visitors, can reach Davy at Knowle Hospital, (Highfield Ward), Wickham, Kent.

BEGINNING on December 19 at Birmingham Repertory Theatre, a play, "King Arthur", with music specially written by Hedgehog Pie. Pie are still signed to Rubber Records, who have just put out a new Tony Capstick album, "Punch And Judy Man," and an anthology of Capstick, Mike Harding, Derek Brimstone, and Bill Barclay, called "There Was This Bloke."

THE CHRISTMAS records have started to roll in — of course! Pasadena Roof Orchestra (see above) has singled "White Christmas," backed with "Paddlin' Madelin' Home", on Transatlantic. And from DJM Records comes a plaintive Stephen Stapley number, "I Wish Christmas Didn't Have To Go." That one's backed with "Driving In The Rain"; I like it very much, and it could catch on.

FRED DELLAR

Rare interview with the famous what's his name...

SANDY ROBERTON, ex-Steeleye producer and fabulous folk factotum, tells how he became what he is

... AND NOW for a man who's helped keep the British folk scene alive — Sandy Roberton. Sandy who? Well, it seems that even Mooncrest (currently issuing records he produced) aren't sure about his name.

On Steeleye Span's "Hark The Village Wait" — just reissued — he's listed as Robertson. So much for fame!

Roberton himself doesn't help by keeping deliberately silent about how he began in the record business. Under pressure he admits he started, on Decca, as part of a duo designed as Britain's answer to the Everlys. But he claims it's too embarrassing to talk about.

He won't even mention the duo's name in case I check the records out. So it's on to 1965 . . .

"I packed up singing but didn't want to leave the business, and I met Gene Goodman — Benny Goodman's brother — who ran the publishing side of Chess.

"He offered me a job, so for the next three years I worked in publishing. Then in 1968 I joined Blue Horizon, which Richard and Mike Vernon had just formed.

"We had amazing success at first — Fleetwood Mac's 'Albatross' went to number 1 and albums by Mac and Chicken Shack all sold well. I suppose I was quite a blues buff in those days.

"Gradually I became more and more interested in acoustic music and I wanted to be a producer. At Blue Horizon, Richard ran the record side, Mike did the producing and I was still responsible for publishing. But before joining the Vernons I *had* produced an album — for jazz flautist Harold McNair.

"It was one of the first things ever done at Trident and took one evening and an afternoon. Norman and Barry Sheffield (who now own Trident) helped out on the sessions — Norman co-produced them and Barry engineered. One of them even played drums."

The album was titled "Harold McNair", and contains numbers like Donovan's "Lord Of The Reedy River".

At a poetry reading Roberton met Adrian Henri and Andy Roberts, became involved with Liverpool Scene — that engaging amalgam of folk, jazz, rock and poetry — and also formed this own company, September Productions.

"Liverpool Scene's first album was co-produced with John Peel, who'd used them a few times on *Top Gear*. We had a dreadful budget and the whole thing was put together in just a few days.

"Altogether the band did four albums — three 'official', and the fourth a collection of out-takes and live recordings.

"I remember that I took my father down to see Scene when they were at Kingston touring with Chicago. He came out raving about what a great band I was handling. Later on I found out he was talking about Chicago!"

Liverpool Scene were signed to RCA, and this resulted in Roberton producing several folk acts for that label. Eventually he found himself working almost non-stop with people like P.C. Kent, Nadia Cattouse, Martin Carthy, Keith Christmas and Synanthesia.

"P.C. Kent were a fine band. When they broke up, Gavin Watson joined The Johnstons, Dave Richards went to Plainsong and Paul Kent came to work for September Productions.

"I did an album called 'Pygmy' with Keith Christmas quite a while ago now, and I notice that he's just done one for Manticore — his first for a couple of years. I played it the other day but it must have been done by different people (it was produced at various sessions by Greg Lake and Pete Sinfield) and the recording levels vary from track to track.

SANDY ROBERTON

"In the final mix they should have evened things up a bit."

In November, 1969, Roberton bumped into Tim Hart and Maddy Prior at a folk festival, when they were putting together Steeleye Span with Ashley Hutchings and the remnants of Sweeney's Men. And after a great deal of talking, the young fresh-faced producer became the band's manager.

A few months later came "Hark The Village Wait", Steeleye's first RCA album.

"From then until March '73 I became part of Steeleye. But we just got too close . . . I was manager, producer, etc. . . . eventually the relationship just broke down.

"Tyger, who'd been a dominant part of the band, left, and Martin Carthy went too. I found Rick Kemp and Peter Knight found Bob Johnson but it was all like starting again — so the band decided that they'd make a complete change of everything."

Other artists with whom Roberton has formed a strong relationship include Ian Matthews, who eventually opted for life in America, and Marc Ellington, draft-dodging friend of Tim Hardin who reversed the situation and headed for a haven in the Highlands.

"I met Ian in America. He'd taken Andy Roberts and Richard Thompson over to back him on a tour and I was there to co-ordinate the release of Andy's record.

"The roadie was Bob Ronga and he asked if he could come back to England with me. I paid his fare, brought him over, and that was the start of Plainsong — Andy, Ian, Richard and Bob.

"I think that Ian should have stayed in this country, he has a great voice and he'd have been huge. In America there's so many singers working in the same area, and I think it's difficult for him to compete.

"Actually, his wife has returned from the States now and I don't think it'll be too long before Ian's back.

"He can be difficult to work with though — unlike Marc. Recording with Marc Ellington is like having three weeks' fun. But he's his own worst enemy, because he's made a little bit of money out of the music business and he just sits around a castle he bought up in Scotland and does a few local gigs. He doesn't really promote his albums and his last one — 'Borderskipping' — has only been released on the Continent so far."

Tales of Ellington's recording sessions are legendary. He seems to be friendly with just about everyone in folk-rock and all his friends get roped in on his albums — on "Restoration", for instance, Jerry Donahue, Dave Mattacks, Dolly Collins, Andy Roberts, Ian Matthews, Longdancer, Mac and Katy Kissoon, Simon Nicol, Pat Donaldson and Zoot Money were just a few of the people who joined in.

"Rains/Reins Of Changes" is even more De Mille-like and has the Burritos aboard.

How come? I ask.

"It's just that people like playing with Marc — Jerry Donahue plays better on 'Borderskipping' than he does on any of his previous efforts — because he was so unrestricted."

So much for the past. What has Roberton been doing of late?

"Nowadays I'm not producing anybody. I finished Longdancer's first album for Rocket after Ian Matthews did two tracks with them and then didn't hit it off — and since then I've become manager for Kai Olsen.

"He's currently at Clover Sound in Los Angeles making an album for Asylum. September Productions has become almost a one-man operation. The thing that takes most of my time is Decameron.

"They asked me to manage them after I'd produced their first album. At that time they'd never been in a studio before, Al Fen couldn't string more than a few notes together for about three days because he was so nervous — and since then they've been booked into some of the best gigs they could wish for and they're really growing.

"They're like Steeleye in that they could go on forever if they wished — there's so much talent there."

If I were to recommend a Roberton-produced album I'd plump for "Clogs", a sampler that came out on Peg a couple of years back.

It contains Andy Roberts' "Richmond" with its rocking remembrance of Jeff Beck's days with the Tridents on Eel Pie Island, Steeleye's acapella work-out on "Rave On" and others by Spirogyra, Keith Christmas, Marc Ellington etc.

It provides an excellent cross-section of the producer's work.

But which albums does Roberton look back on with most pride?

"Plainsong's 'In Search Of Amelia Earhart' — though Shirley Collins' 'No Roses' and Steeleye's 'Please To See The King' are both great. But the one I look back to with *most* pride is 'Made In U.S.A.' one side of a Liverpool Scene album which I did in 1969 — when I think of all the things on it — all those synthesisers etc — I really feel good!"

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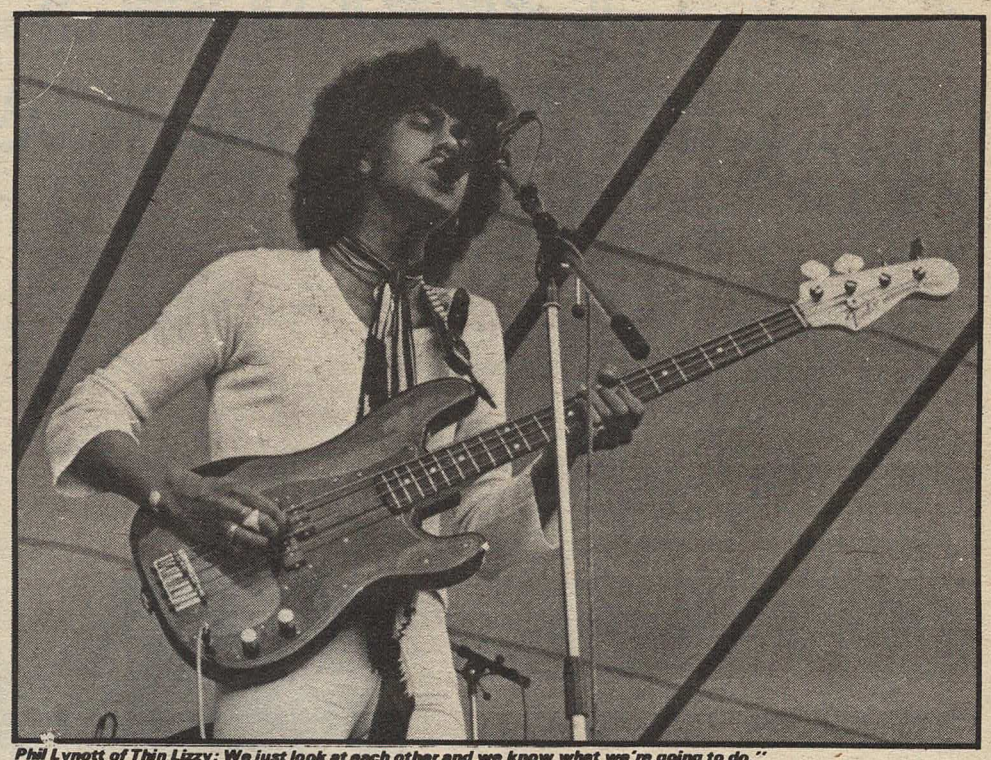

Phil Lynott of Thin Lizzy: We just look at each other and we know what we're going to do."

So you got rhythm– but that ain't all you need

TODAY'S PROFESSIONAL musician is an odd character. He is often not conversant with the basics of musical theory. There is an understandable tendency to ignore the disciplines of accepted harmonic practice, notation, fundamental arrangement technique and so on in order to gain greater freedom for self-expression.

The musical success of a band then must rely heavily on happenchance. The best bands are those in which the individual members have an almost uncanny intuitive understanding of each other's playing and on a straight jam can create a superb arrangement just out of the prevailing vibes.

All too often this mutual musical understanding seems impossible to attain and then the band have to rely on raunch, stage presentation and solo virtuosity. However, there are certain members of every band who must attain a degree of compatibility, i.e. the most hideous mess out front can be quite well dismissed as long as the rhythm section is tight.

The fundamental rhythm section comprises bass and drums. It is fortunate then that bass players and drummers have developed a very high degree of mutual empathy. Waves of ESP pass between them with the accuracy of a short wave radio transceiver.

To investigate this phenomenon I talked to Thin Lizzy bassist Phil Lynott and to Medicine Head drummer Rob Townsend.

The degree of understanding between Phil and drummer Brian Downey is really strong — explained by the fact that they were both born in Dublin, went to school and college together, and there are only two bands that they have not been in together.

However, Phil didn't take up bass until the formation of Lizzy in 1970 and was taught by Brian Shields, the bass player in his former band, Skid Row.

"He taught me the technical things. He showed me scales and technique and how to practice to get what is in your head to come out."

Added Phil: "I've played with Brian for so long I knew where his bass drum beats were — so I could play easier with him than with another drummer. But now I could play with another drummer without difficulty."

The essence of their harmony, he says, is in following the bass drum patterns. "But there's a look. You know when things are going to happen. We just look at each other and we know what we're going to do. The hardest thing is learning not to play over each other. If I'm going to play a break Brian should stop playing complex things, and I should do the same if he's going to do a fill.

"It's a question of finding where we are going to leave spaces. The better we get the more we know when to do this. It's an instinctive partnership. Now it works offstage. If I'm at one end of a bar and he's at the other he can just give me a look and I know what he's thinking.

"I basically feel there are two types of music — beat and melody. In rock the rhythm section is very important because that's the part that makes you dance."

Rob Townsend has been drumming for some time now. For the past year or so it's been with Medicine Head — who recently acquired the services of Charlie McCracken, ex-Spencer Davis, on bass.

"He's certainly improved my drumming," admits Rob. "He has so much balls that I don't have to play heavily all the time. I can sit back and be more tasteful.

"I've always liked a driving bass player — not incredibly fast or jazzy, but one who's very solid and simple. That makes it easier for the drummer. I've never been into the Cobham speed-is-important thing. I intend to keep it really simple."

I can see that balls is important, but it seems to me that drummers and bass players can have a degree of sympathy that is far subtler than just driving each other along. Rob agrees.

"Without rehearsing, you find you do little breaks together just because you're thinking along the same lines."

Of course, drumming and bass playing have a number of things in common, the most significant of which is probably that neither instrument really stands up to much solo playing — particularly at the early learning stage.

Rob still believes that the best way to learn drums is to get behind a kit and play with someone. In fact, he says he's still learning.

The fact that neither is really a solo instrument means that both drummer and bass player must regard getting along with other musicians as part of their early training, while a guitarist or keyboard player needs a lengthy period of time practicing technique alone before he can contribute anything to a partnership.

It's inevitable, then, that the rhythm section acquires a better knowledge of how to lead and how to follow. Both drums and bass have a twofold purpose. They must drive the band from the back, providing a solid beat on which the rest of the band can build its melody lines, and they must also complement the melody, adding fills and runs that enhance it rather than detract from it.

Says Rob: "There are a lot of tricks that you never learn until you get on stage. Like tuning your drums, for instance — that makes playing with a band more important to a drummer than practising rudiments. I tend to change my tuning and my style according to the group I'm playing with. I try to play in a style that complements the group. Medicine Head is a completely different approach to Family."

He says you should be flexible to whoever you play with, and this is probably as important to a bass player. The lead instrumentalist can afford to have a style of his own that perhaps he's famous for — and rhythm men must get behind him to discover how they can adapt their abilities to his style.

This is particularly essential to the session musician — a job most rhythm men do from time to time. Being a nameless face on someone else's hit single can become something of a bore after a while, but the session school is certainly the best for developing flexibility.

The drummer or bass player is required at a moment's notice to back a group of musicians he may never have heard before on a number that is totally new.

REX ANDERSON

The Band

ROB TOWNSHEND of Medicine Head: You find you're thinking along the same lines as the bass player."

MUSICIANS' LETTERS

BEING AN avid viewer of children's television, over the past few weeks I've been watching ITV's hard rock programme ***Lift Off*** *on which they have heavy hippie groups like The Rubettes, Bay City Rollers and more recently Hello. Could you please tell me where I could buy one of these new advanced guitars they use, you know the ones without leads. Nobody seems to sell them. Also how do they work? Is it a laser beam or radio waves, or is it thought waves running on cosmic batteries?* — **THE POSTER PAGE's No. 1 fan.**

There was some talk of developing a radio guitar that would work like a radio microphone needing no wires and transmitting short waves to a receiver/amplifier. It was a great idea doomed to failure because it kept picking up police messages and Martians asking if it was all clear to land. I suspect (and I suspect you suspect also) that on *Lift Off* they are just miming to the recordings. They leave the leads off the guitars to give them greater freedom of movement.

I REMEMBER reading an article you did on a Stylophone — not the pocket model but a more advanced model. Could you tell me how I can obtain one, and the price? Also, I have a very limited knowledge of reading music; mainly reading melody lines for my guitar. Would this be useful in picking up the Stylophone and does it play all right without an amplifier? **MIKE SMITH, Birkenhead, Merseyside.**

The Stylophone 350S should now be generally available in music shops up and down the country and you shouldn't have any difficulty obtaining one. It costs about £40 and operates on its own batteries, amplifier and speaker although it does sound better through a larger amplifier and speaker. As it's monophonic (ie, only plays one note at a time) your ability to read melody lines will be invaluable in learning the Stylophone. Incidentally, the instrument comes with its own tutor — and even a record demonstrating the different sounds obtainable.

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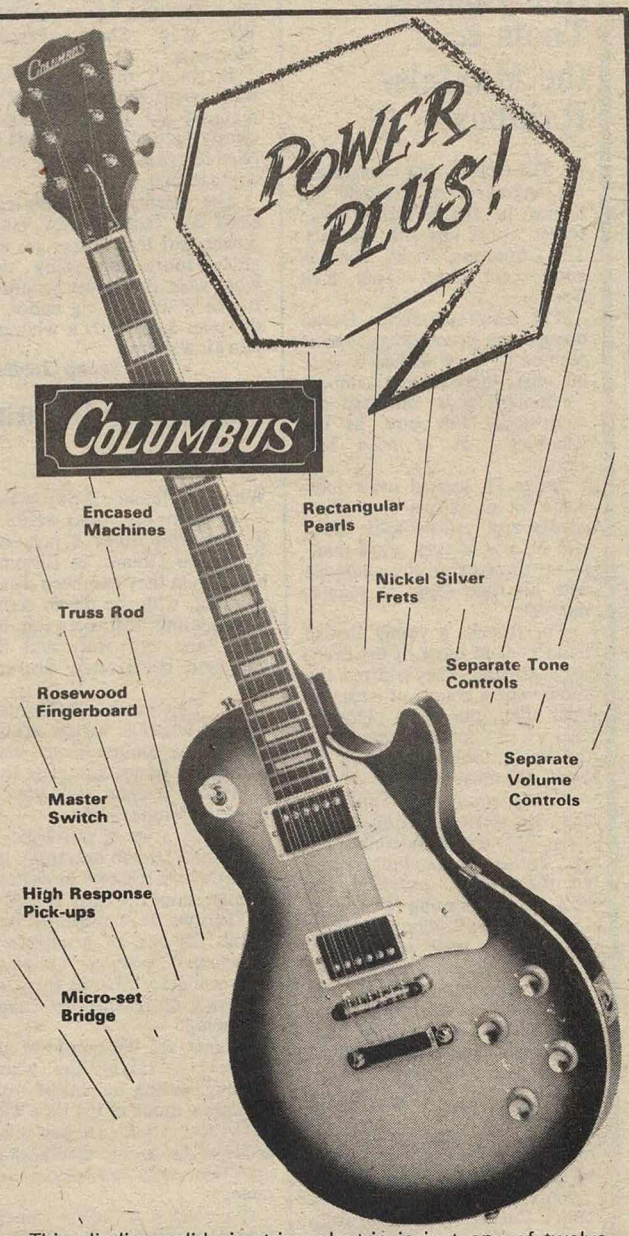

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ON THE TOWN

Ken Boothe, Toots & the Maytals/ Rainbow

A STRANGE gig altogether. An aggregate of Trojan's big names in the British reggae scene: Toots and the Maytals, The Cimarons, Nicky Thomas and recent chart-topper Ken Boothe.

The inimitable Judge Dread opened the proceedings, and it seemed as if he wished it were his night there in the Rainbow — though under different circumstances I'm sure, as the Rainbow was at least half empty.

Judge D. looked most jollisome in his purple satin dungarees and yellow satin shirt, and he was a very good maitre D. threatening the audience with his rude songs at regular intervals.

The Rebels, a young British band backed most of the evening's artistes. They started the show with a couple of items on their own, one being "Homely Girl", The Chi Lites' one about the person looking better in the dark, you must know it.

Pretty soon Toots and the Maytals were limbering up on stage. This trio of indeterminate age, dressed in matching yellow guerilla outfits, provided the best fancy hoofing I've ever seen on the Rainbow's stage. Would that their music matched up to their footwork.

They had lots of energy, and maintained a consistent funk level, without ever singing anything that particularly stood out. A disappointment after the excellence of their "Funky Kingston" L.P.

They also kept on insisting that they were about to sock it to us. I don't know whether to be sorry or thankful that they didn't. But their version of John Denver's "Country Roads" was good — inserting West Jamaica for West Virginia. It sounds more interesting than the original — what did West Virginal ever have to offer, after all?

On with — The Cimarons, who performed George McCrae's "Rock Your Baby" in a flat kind of way, then "Zion" off their L.P., which was an improvement, and worked up to brilliance with "Kung Fu Fighting", complete with demonstrations of the "choppy" (is that right?) the dance that goes with the craze. It's a scorcher, and they can all do it, sure 'nuff.

Finally, would you believe, Our Judy's "Somewhere Over The Rainbow" . . . I prefer the Cimarons', actually.

Nicky Thomas really is an amazing character. The classic example of the performer whose personality untimately counts more than his music. He came onstage like a real toff in tails and top-hat, minus trousers and plus frilly pantaloons. He actually made it funny. He managed to sing "Rainy Night In Georgia" and something else before his trousers split. But, like the trouper he is, he continued with renewed zeal.

Sadly, the best gags, judging from audience reaction, were in Jamaican patois, and only occasionally were they translated for the benefit of po' li'l white gals such as myself.

One gag I did get was a rap along the lines of, "I'm not going out full flight tonight, I'm only a support so I'm taking it easy . . ." It was well done. The belly dancer was good too, and Thomas proved that he moves a mean groin.

The Ken Boothe debacle was a bit sad. Ken came on, announced that the set was being recorded and people could shout out all they wanted, in the face of deafening silence.

In the event, he performed a rather lacklustre set, despite his gorgeous red and gold lame jumpsuit (definitely a la Bowie — hoping to be the first reggae glitter superstar?). "Sandy" was very good, a bit like "Johnny Remember Me", he performed "Everything I Own" with heartfelt sincerity, natch, and he did a grand job with his answer to the Three Degrees — "Now You Can See Me Again/Now We Can Share Precious Moments."

It wasn't that Boothe was bad; it was more a case of his material not being of a sufficiently high standard. That applied to every act of the evening come to that.

The Wailers may be criticised for lack of raw ethnic power, but their songs are infinitely more interesting than what went down last Saturday. In the event, the gig ended, as the poet said, with a whimper. Ain't it a shame.

Scoop Goldfarb

Tangerine Dream/ Leicester

What a difference a day makes — or in this case, four weeks. It is that time since I last saw Tangerine Dream, at Birmingham. Then they had been disappointing, with the music somehow getting lost between the stage and my seat, and the lightshow being really distracting.

At Leicester's DeMonfort Hall, it was like a new group; the playing communicated itself with great force, and even that lightshow seemed suddenly to be more in tune.

In their style of presentation Tangerine Dream exemplify the extent of the change in concert formats since the early sixties.

Then we were subjected to a whole fist full of groups and solo singers, trotting on in quick succession to perform their big hit, with no attempt at sound balancing.

Dream are the complete antithesis — taking the whole evening, sitting in almost total darkness, much of the time with backs to the audience and manipulating electronic machines to entertain with no discernible melody.

To reap the fullest benefit from their music it is necessary to concentrate fully.

The accompanying lightshow immediately makes this nigh on impossible, and why they insist on employing this is beyond me, expecially as it seems to have little relevance to the actual stuff being played.

The three protagonists in the group each have their own part to play, too often as subsidiaries providing backcloths for Edgar Froese, but equally as often coming to the fore. The rhythm will be introduced, sustained, heightened, and then recede, with the other two weaving in between constantly. The shifts of mood are subtle, and yet so complete, and it is not until the move is over that you realise it has occurred.

Someone behind me likened it to a Magical Mystery Tour, and indeed that is a fine description. It is ethereal, and apparently at random, but they are totally in control. The evening at Leicester it all came together, and they felt it too; they even waved to the audience!

Michael J.

Hustler/ Marquee

IF THERE'S a no-nonsense band around at the moment, it's Hustler. You love them or you hate them, but either way you don't forget 'em.

Intellectuals complain that their music has no depth, subtlety or sophistication, but for the rock fan who likes to shake his ass and have a laugh, Hustler are the greatest.

They have already acquired a loyal band of fans who have been following them round the clubs of London, and their recent tour dates with Queen.

The fans turned out in force to welcome the band back to the Marquee.

It was obvious that this was going to be a sizzler. There was no support band, and the crowds began to get impatient long before Hustler were due on stage.

They were shouting for the band, stamping, clapping and singing snatches of songs from the current Hustler album, "High Street." For half an hour they were on their feet in front of the stage, waiting for the Big Moment.

When the group finally appeared, they zoomed into "Jack The Lad," and the sweat was on.

Bodies were leaping and jumping, and the back of the hall was packed with people craning their necks for a better view.

Hustler's great asset is that they truly entertain and involve their audience. Each member has his own endearing qualities, and they blend together well with no one person hogging the limelight.

Steve Haynes, vocalist, prances around hungrily, and delivers some good, gritty vocals.

Micky Llewellyn, guitarist, is bossy and cheeky in the nicest possible way. Tigger Lyons smiles amusedly as he towers over his bass, and Kenny Daughters, on keyboard, is the quiet one. Drummer Tony Beard concentrates dementedly on his kit.

The band went through a number of tracks from their album, "High Street" — "The Hustler," "Uptight Tonight," the very fine "Miranda" and the big favourite, "Get Outa Me 'Ouse."

There were a couple of punchy rockers to keep up the tempo. The last number was a delight. It began with a hornpipe leading into "Shake, Rattle and Roll." The audience, familiar with Hustler's set, sang along of their own volition.

It all ended with "Twisting The Night Away."

If Hustler's reception in the clubs continues like Thursday's, they won't have to work too hard onstage, but at least they'll keep on getting bigger.

Carol Clark

Spike Milligan/ Leeds

THE SCENE: A living room — anyone's living room — complete with chairs, piano, boxes, a line of washing, a couple of humanoid dummies to punch, and the dreaded Yingtongiddleiypoes! — in reality, three china chamber pots — for chamber music!

Dramatis Personae: Alan Clare: pianist, late of Sid Millward and his NitWits (Yes, *the* Sid Millward and his NitWits) and not quite as late of Steven Grapplethighs and his singing violin.

Jeremy Taylor: "humorist, satirist, social and political commentator, writer and singer of childrens' songs, personal ballads, poems and monologues" — *gasp* (That's the publicity blurb, by the way, not a description of Max Bygraves).

Spike Milligna: well-known printing error, boy soprano and goon.

Others taking part: one Spotty Min Bannister, (Spinster of the parish), Mr. Henry Crun, (on loan from Peter Sellers) and a certain great inventor, name of Eccles.

Now comes the hard bit.

How do you review the damn thing?

Well, it was called "For One Week Only" and it's been on an eleven week tour, so if you missed it, that's it, 'cos it's just about the funniest thing I've ever seen.

And that wasn't all. Think back if you will, to the aforementioned names. Jolly Alan Clare, for example. He can trot out a nice tune on said piano when he wants to, you know.

And then there's Jeremy Taylor and his guitar. He's really quite funny (despite the blurb). One unusual song couples the tune of a psalm with words from "The Sunday Times" colour supplement. And his latest single, "Jobsworth" should conjour up new impressions of that strange breed of uniformed mini-great-dictators which we have all come to know and love.

Now, as for Mr. Milligoon's songs — well, they are even less conventional.

Take, for example, the one about the aeronautical anthropoid (written, apparently, for his daughter's school concert in place of a fee!).

There were readings from "Adolf Hitler: My Part in his Downfall" and "Rommel: Gunner Who?", traditional Scottish folk songs — just like the "White Heather Club" really — plus the Milligna's attempt at a new Australian national anthem, extoling the virtues of that fine land, "Australia, Australia, we love you from the heart" and spleen and giblets and just about everywhere else too. Nice and meaty.

And then there was the great Milligna kidnap. Yes really. Spike Milligna really was kidnapped — before our very eyes.

Well, actually it was rag week in Leeds. 'Nuff Said?

Huw Collingbourne

Keith Christmas/ Marquee

ACTING AS his own support act, Keith came on first with a solo set that seemed to have seen better days.

His voice was shaky and the sound system gave him trouble every time he seemed to get things moving. To add to those difficulties he did a talking blues number with an assortment of stale puns that most of the audience either found difficult to understand or were too sophisticated to respond to.

That over, however, the band came on and with Keith warmed and ready and the bugs cleared out of the P.A. the whole thing suddenly came together.

The first number, "Country Farm" was a real rocker and Keith with the boys behind him was relaxed enough to be what he is best at, a good strong lead singer.

The audience, knowing immediately that they were going to hear the kind of music they had hoped for, were hooting their encouragement before the first tune had heavy riffed to a halt.

It was all go from there on.

"Country Farm" was followed by "Could Do Better," well chosen to keep the audience and the band up on the wave "Country Farm" had started.

Bass player, Ade Shaw, and guitarist, Andy Dalby, were solidly with each other on this one with some good inventive riffs by Dalby clearly well understood and backed up by the bassist.

What followed was as crisp and fresh and finely performed as anything I have seen lately.

When I filed out past the sign that reads "due to the increase in petty thievery women's handbags will be checked free," I noticed that everyone seemed happy. It was a great gig and nobody had been ripped off.

Charles Brown

Dave Gelly/ Wolsey's Wine Bar

ON THE Old Brompton Road, between the cemetery and the gay trade — separate features — the Wolsey Wine Bar has been belting out the improper stuff and pulling proper houses for some while now.

On Monday nights the tenderloin's jazz venue boasts the Dave Gelly/Jeff Scott Quintet, one beefy two-tenor swing band. On Wednesdays they're sitting all the way down at the Wolsey Wine Bar in Wells Street.

Dave Gelly keeps the book and has a pro's respect for the good old standards. He's a mobile player with a round sound, great control of his horn, and the occasional audacity of a Lester in the slowpoke way he meets his deadlines.

Like Ben Webster too, he knows how to tease, italicise, understate, HIT IT, and all the while swinging so hard you could hang your hat on it.

Jeff Scott hasn't got that sort of fluency yet, but he can surprise. He has a heavier, harsher sound with broad tonal gestures, and on his night brings off some real landslides.

Together, the tenors invest old warhorses like "Jive at Five" and "Soul Station" with a good deal of the vigour and sinew of the Zoot Sims/Al Cohn partnership. There's more bounce to the ounce from Tom Bridges' piano than a raft of fashionable jazz-rock keyboards can muster, cat comes on like Carl Perkins.

Lindsay Cooper — not to be confused with lady flautists — is a boss bass player. He can play any bag from walking the thing like Felix the Cat to Mad Morseman with the apocalyptic S.M.E. The drummer is something else.

Dave Wickins studied with Philly Joe Jones and the crispness shows. He's one of those drummers who seem to have all the time in the world to prowl and still be there, RIGHT THERE, to catch the falling star on the ride cymbal. He could drive a half-hundredweight of breadpudding.

Catch them.

Brian Case

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U. SOCIAL CLUB
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LABI SIFFRE
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Tickets 80p inc. VAT

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Tues. 17th **BEES MAKE HONEY**
Wed. 18th THE KURSAAL FLYERS
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Grand Xmas Party

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REMEMBER THE ROCKING 60's WITH

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CHALK FARM NW1
SUNDAY 15 DECEMBER
3·30-10·30

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BIG XMAS BEAT EXTRAVAGANZA
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EVER POPULAR FAVOURITES
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SAT., DEC. 14th

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Thursday December 12 (7.15-11.00) **MOONRIDER** + Friends & Ian Fleming	Monday December 16th (7.15-11.00) **JSD BAND** + Support & Jerry Floyd
Friday December 13th (7.15-11.00) **ROSS STAG** + Support & Ian Fleming	Tuesday December 17th (7.15-11.00) **STAN WEBB BAND** + Friends & Jerry Floyd
Saturday December 14th (7.15-11.00) **GRAND SLAM** + Guests & Ian Fleming	Wednesday December 18th (7.15-11.00) **RARE BIRD** + Guests & Jerry Floyd
Sunday December 15th (7.15-11.00) **McGUINNESS FLINT** + Friends & Mark Poppins	Thursday December 19th (7.15-11.00) **BECKETT** + Support & Ian Fleming

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No less than **6 groups** from the swinging 60's
Live on stage
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KOKOMO NICK PICKETT D.J. TERRY DAVIS	**GONZALEZ** BREWER'S DROOP
Open 7.30 Late Bar	Late Bar

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Tuesday Dec. 17th **HOVE TOWN HALL** Norton Road
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Show Starts 7.30
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

JAZZ

THURSDAY

BARNES Bulls Head: **ALAN STEWART OCTET**
BARNET Queens Arms: **STEVE LANES SOUTHERN STOMPERS**
BETHNAL GREEN Rochelle School: **MIKE COLLINS REHEARSAL BIG BAND**
CHARLTON White Horse: **ROSEMARY SMITH TRIO**
CHELSEA Pizza Express: **BELLE GONZALES**
COVENT GARDEN 7 Dials Club: **KENNY WHEELER BIG BAND**
CROYDON The Gun: **EQUILIBRIUM**
DRURY LANE White Hart: **NICKI FRANCIS QUINTET**
DEPTFORD Mechanics Arms: **BOB BARTER 5 / ALAN JACKSON**
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: **MEL HENRY 6**
HAMMERSMITH Harlequin: **PETER THORNTONS NEW TIGER RAGAMUFFINS**
ISLINGTON Kings Head: **STEVE PHEASANT QUINTET**
LONDON W.1. Central London Poly: **EDDIE PREVOST / ITEM 9**
LONDON W.1. Hoop and Grapes: **TONY STRINGFELLOW BAND**
LONDON W.11. Duke of Clarence: **YELLOW DOG JAZZ BAND**
LONDON W.C.1. New Merlins Cave: **DAVE MAWSONS DIXIELAND BAND**
MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: **TONY LEE TRIO**
PUTNEY Half Moon: **MIKE DANIELS BIG BAND**
STOCKWELL The Plough: **DAVE CLIFF /RAY MANDERSON QUARTET**
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: **TERRY WILSON JAZZ BAND**

FRIDAY

BARNES Bulls Head: **DICK MORRISSEY**
CROYDON The Gun: **WEST LONDON LINEUP**
EARLS COURT Troubadour Coffee House: **ERIC LISTERS BLUE JAZZ**
HARROW ON THE HILL Kings Head: **DOUG MURRAY SEXTET**
HAYES Brook House: **MOLES DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND**
LONDON N.W.3. Club Calabash: **RAM AND THE RAMALITES**
LT DO N.W.1. Martha's Wine Bar: **POWDER MILL**
LONDON W.C.1. New Merlins Cave: **JOHN PICARD BAND**
LONDON W.1. Pizza Express: **JOHN GILL**
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: **CHRIS BARBER**
MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: **BARBARA THOMPSON'S JUBIABA**
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: **BILL BRUNSKILL JAZZMEN**

SATURDAY

BARNES Bulls Head: **ALAN BERRY TRIO**
BISHOPSGATE Peanuts Club: **MIKE OSBORNE & FRIENDS**
BRENTFORD Bricklayers Arms: **BRICK SIX**
CHELSEA Trafalgar: **THE WEST LONDON LINEUP**
CHELSEA Pizza Express: **THE NOVELTY JAZZ FOUR**
DRURY LANE White Hart: **THE GOTHIC JAZZ BAND**
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: **PETER THORNTONS NEW TIGER RAGAMUFFINS**
LONDON E.5. Ship Aground: **GRAHAM HUMPHREYS JAZZ BAND**
LONDON N.W.3. Club Calabash: **RAM AND THE RAMALITES**
LONDON S.E.14. Kentish Drovers: **JOHNNY BURCH 3**
LONDON W.1. Hoop and Grapes: **TONY STRINGFELLOW BAND**
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: **AVON CITIES JAZZ BAND / ELITE SYNCOPATERS**
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: **MACDUNCAN'S BAND**

SUNDAY

LUNCHTIME

BARNES Bulls Head: **DICK MORRISSEY /TONY LEE TRIO**
CHELSEA Trafalgar: **WEST LONDON LINEUP**
DRURY LANE Prince of Wales: **LEN SAUNDERS JAZZ BAND**
EARLS COURT Wolseys Wine Bar: **KEN McCARTHY QUINTET**
GREENWICH Greenwich Theatre: **IAN BIRD QUINTET**
GREENWICH The Mitre: **NICHOLLS HOT SHOTS**
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: **PETER THORNTONS NEW TIGER RAGAMUFFINS**
LONDON W.C.1. New Merlins Cave: **JOHN CHILTON FEETWARMERS**
PUTNEY Flanagans: **KATZENJAMMER**
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: **BILL BRUNSKILL JAZZMEN**
TWICKENHAM Turks Head: **THE SUNDAY BAND**
WANDSWORTH Kings Arms: **MEL ROBINSON 4**

SUNDAY

EVENING

BARNES Bulls Head: **BEBOP PRESERVATION SOCIETY**
BARNET Salisbury Hotel: **BLACKBOTTOM STOMPERS**
CHELSEA Pizza Express: **ORIGINAL STRING QUARTET**
CODICOTE, HERTS. Bell Inn: **JIMMY SKIDMORE**
CROYDON The Gun: **MAJOR SURGERY**
CROYDON Ashcroft Theatre: **KINGS OF JAZZ — PEE WEE IRWIN etc.**
DEPTFORD Mechanics Arms: **BOB BARTER / ALAN JACKSON**
DRURY LANE White Hart: **MIMI DANIEL AND RUSSELL QUAYE**
GREENWICH The Mitre: **LAUGHING GRAVY ORCHESTRA**
HARROW Headstone: **MOLES DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND**
HIGHGATE Gatehouse: **CROUCH END ALLSTARS**
ISLINGTON Pied Bull: **BARBARA THOMPSONS PARAPHERNALIA**
KENSINGTON The Kensington: **PAZ**
LONDON E.17. Chestnut Tree Jazz Club: **KEN McCARTHY QUINTET**
LONDON S.E.13. Rose of Lee: **ELITE SYNCOPATERS**
LONDON W.1. **TERRY SEYMOUR BIG BAND**
LONDON W.1. Wigmore Hall: **LENNIE FELIX TRIO**
LONDON W.C.1. Pindar of Wakefield: **DAVE JAMES BIG BAND**
LONDON W.C.1. Bedford Corner Hotel: **MIKE COLLINS BIG BAND**
MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: **PETER COE BIG BAND**
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: **GENE ALLAN JAZZMEN**
PUTNEY Flanagans: **MAX COLLIES RHYTHM ACES**
TWICKENHAM Madingley Club: **MIKE PETERS**
WANDSWORTH The Fountain: **BANDANA**

MONDAY

BARNES Bulls Head: **JOHN BENNETT BAND**
CHALK FARM The Engineer: **AMAZING BAND**
CHELSEA Pixxa Express: **EDDIE THOMPSON TRIO**
DRURY LANE White Hart: **DOUG LANDAU'S HARLEQUIN STOMPERS**
EARLS COURT Wolseys Wine Bar: **DAVE GELLY / JEFF SCOTT QUINTET**
ELTHAM Dutch House: **CHRIS WATFORD TRIO**
HATFIELD Red Lion: **CHRIS BARBER**
ILFORD Cauliflower: **EASTSIDE STOMPERS**
LONDON N.W.3. Martha's Wine Bar: **POWDER MILL**
LONDON S.E.16. Ship York: **TED SIMMONS**
LONDON W.1. Pizza Express: **LENNIE FELIX**
LONDON W.C.2. Pindar of Wakefield: **PAZ KING GOODIE BAND**
LUTON Royal Hotel: **STAN GREIG SWING BAND**
MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: **ALAN BERRY TRIO**
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: **KINGS OF JAZZ — PEE WEE IRWIN etc.**
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: **PETER TAYLOR QUINTET**

TUESDAY

BARNES Bulls Head: **BARBARA THOMPSON / ART THEMEN / BILL LE SAGE**
BATTERSEA Riverside Tavern: **JAZZMAKERS QUINTET**
BECKENHAM Three Tuns: **SQUIRREL**
BRENTFORD Bricklayers Arms: **JOHN KEEN**
CHELSEA Pizza Express: **SIR LAWRENCE**
DRURY LANE White Hart: **SIMON MOZER BEBOP BAND**
FULHAM Kings Head: **DICK SUDHALTERS JAZZ WITHOUT TEARS**
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: **DAVE ELEY DIXIELANDERS**
LONDON N.W.1. Unity Theatre: **PAUL RUTHERFORD**
LONDON S.W.1. Clarence: **YELLOW DOG JAZZ BAND**
LONDON W.1. Pizza Express: **SUSANNAH McCORCKLE AND KEITH INGHAM**
LONDON W.1. Blackhorse: **'JOY' JIM DVORAK**
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: **KINGS OF JAZZ — PEE WEE IRWIN etc.**
PUTNEY Flanagans: **JOHN BENNET BAND**
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: **ALAN ELSDON BAND**
WEMBLEY Hopbine: **TOMMY WHITTLE /TONY LEE TRIO**
WANDSWORTH Kings Arms: **JAZZ JUNCTION**
WANDSWORTH Ship Inn: **COLIN TOZERS BLUES BAND**

WEDNESDAY

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: **BRIAN WHITE AND THE MAGNA JAZZ BAND**
BETHNAL GREEN Rochelle School: **MAGGIE NICHOLS / JOHN STEVENS WORKSHOP**
BLETCHWORTH Red Lion: **DIRTY HAT BAND**
CROYDON The Gun: **SYNDROME**
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: **MAIDEN VOYAGE**
GROVE PARK Chinbrook Hotel: **RON RUSSELL JAZZ BAND**
HARROW SOUTH Half Moon: **MOONSHINE 6**
LONDON W.1. Wolseys Wine Bar: **DAVE GELLY / JEFF SCOTT QUINTET**
LONDON W.1. Pizza Express: **EDDIE THOMPSON DUO**
LONDON W.C.1. Pindar of Wakefield: **JEFFERSON CITY JAZZ BAND**
OXFORD CIRCUS The Phoenix: **BARBARA THOMPSONS JUBIABA**
PUTNEY Flanagans: **NEW ERA JAZZ BAND**
PUTNEY Half Moon: **BOB KERRS WHOOPEE BAND**

THURSDAY

BARRY Red Dragon Club: **DESMOND DEKKER**
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: **JACK JONES**
BRISTOL Grannary: **SLACK ALICE**
BRISTOL Victoria Rooms: **SUPERTRAMP**
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: **MAC & KATIE KISSOON**
CARDIFF Capital: **URIAH HEEP**
CARDIFF Revolution Club: **FACTORY**
COVENTRY Mr. George's: **EDDIE HOLMAN**
DARLINGTON Middleton St. George College: **SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS**
DUNDEE College of Art: **TROGGS**
EDINBURGH Assembly Rooms: **BLAZE**
EDINBURGH University: **OSIBISA**
EXMOUTH College: **ZZEBRA/ROCK ISLAND LINE**
FAREHAM Collingwood Club: **HECTOR**
GILFAC Festival Club: **FUSION ORCHESTRA**
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: **RUBETTES**
GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's: **GROUNDHOGS/STRAY**
HANLEY Heavy Steam Machine: **PILOT**
HANLEY Place: **UNION EXPRESS**
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: **BREWERS DROOP**
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: **RARE BIRD**
HULL ABC Theatre: **GEORGE McCREA/BLACK VELVET**
KIRKCALDY Adam Smith Centre: **"THE JOLSON REVUE" *with* DAI FRANCIS/GEORGE CHISHOLM/CLEM VICKERY'S STOMPERS**
LEEDS Town Hall: **CLIFF RICHARD**
LEICESTER Polytechnic: **COUSIN JOE**
LIVERPOOL Stadium: **BUDGIE**
LIVERPOOL University: **HALF HUMAN BAND**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **KURSAAL FLYERS**
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: **GAS WORKS**
LONDON Marquee Club: **MOONRIDER**
LONDON PEKCHAM Newlands Tavern: **THE DOGS**
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: **LYNYRD SKYNYRD/WALLY**
LONDON S.E.1 College of Printing: **CHILLI WILLI & THE RED HOT PEPPERS**
LUTON Barnfield College: **DUCKS DELUXE**
MANCHESTER Hardrock: **FOGG**
MANCHESTER Mather College: **SUNDANCE**
MANCHESTER Palace: **BAD COMPANY**
MIDSOMER NORTON Community Centre: **ACE**
NEWCASTLE City Hall: **HAWKWIND**
NEWPORT Ringlands Social Club: **MARMALADE**
NEWTON ABBOT Agricultural College: **SASSAFRAS**
NORTHWOOD New Galaxy Club: **YAKETY YAK**
NORWICH City College: **BYZANTIUM**
SALISBURY R.A.F. Upavan: **TREMELOES**
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: **BECKETT**
SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall: **ARGENT**
YEOVIL Johnson Hall: **STACKRIDGE**
YEOVILTON R.A.F. Heron Club: **MICHIGAN FLYERS**

RADIO AND TV

RADIO 1: 7 a.m. Noel Edmonds; 9.0 Tony Blackburn; 12 noon Johnnie Walker (with "Newsbeat" at 12.30); 2 p.m. David Hamilton; 5.0-7.0 Dave Lee Travis and "Schools Out" (with "Newsbeat" at 5.30); 7.30 Jack McLaughlin introduces "Folk 74" with John D. Loudermilk; 8.0-9.0 Tony Capstick introduces "Folkweave" from the Norwich Folk Festival; 10.0-12 midnight John Peel with Roy Harper/Nic Jones/Global Village Trucking Company.
LUXEMBOURG: 6.45 p.m. Peter Powell; 9.0 Tony Prince; 11.0 Bob Stewart (with Pop News at 11.30); 1 a.m.-2.30 "Todays sounds".
TELEVISION: "Top Of The Pops" with Jimmy Savile (BBC-1); Nana Mouskouri in concert at the Royal Albert Hall — Part 1 (BBC2); "Sing The Lady Out Of Bed" — a new revue (BBC-2); "The Geordie Scene" (Tyne Tees TV); Bay City Rollers/Medicine Head/Wayne Gibson/Hustler/Maynard Williams in "45" introduced by Kid Jensen (most ITV regions, London viewers see it on Saturday).

FRIDAY

ARUNDEL American College: **RANDY**
BATH Academy of Art: **GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY**
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: **SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS**
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: **URIAH HEEP**
BRAINTREE 2J's Club: **FLYING SAUCERS**
BRISTOL Colston Hall: **RORY GALLAGHER**
BRISTOL Hippodrome: **PINK FLOYD**
CHATHAM Central Hall: **JIMMY PAYNE**
CHIPPENHAM Technical College: **STRAY**
CORK City Hall: **STEELEYE SPAN / RICHARD DIGANCE**
COVENTRY College of Education: **BREWERS DROOP**
COVENTRY Matrix Hall: **BEARDED LADY**
DARLINGTON Incognito (doubling **STOCKTON** Incognito): **EDDIE HOLMAN**
DERBY College of Art: **WINKIES**
DUNDEE College of Technology: **JSD BAND**
EDINBURGH Odeon: **FACES**
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: **HAWKWIND**
GLASGOW College of Technology: **OSIBISA**
HANLEY Victoria Hall: **BAD COMPANY**
HARROW Technical College: **PIGGY**
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Decorum College: **BYZANTIUM**
HUCKNALL Plough & Harrow: **BAND CALLED 'O'**
HEREFORD Flamingo: **HELLO**
ILKESTON Regency Suite: **SWEATY BETTY**
KIRKCALDY Adam Smith Centre: **"THE JOLSON REVUE"**
● See same venue Thursday for details.
LANCASTER St. Martin's College: **STARRY EYED & LAUGHING**
LINCOLN Blenkinhall: **WARLORD**
LINCOLN Wild Life Club: **RICKY STORM & HOUNDOGS**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **STEVE GIBBONS BAND**
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: **STATUS QUO/SNAFU**
LONDON KENSINGTON Biba's: **PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA**
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: **MICHIGAN FLYERS**
MARGATE Dreamland: **YAKETY YAK**
NEWARK Palace Theatre: **JULIE FELIX /AL MATTHEWS**
NEWBURY Henwick Free House: **HECTOR**
NEWPORT All-ty-ryn College: **SUPERCHILD/RUBBER RHINO**
NORTHWICH Memorial Hall (doubling **NEWPORT** Village): **EDWIN STARR**
NOTTINGHAM College of Education: **SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER**
OXFORD New Theatre: **GEORGE McCRAE /BLACK VELVET**
OXFORD Westminster College: **SHUSHA & HER MUSICIANS**
PAISLEY Technical College: **TROGGS**
PENZANCE The Garden: **SLACK ALICE**
PLYMOUTH Guildhall: **ARGENT**
RHYL Talardy Hotel: **MERLIN**
RHYMNEY Hymac Club: **FACTORY**
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: **GAS WORKS**
SOUTHPORT Theatre: **JOHN ENTWISTLE'S OX**
SUNDERLAND Empire: **CLIFF RICHARD**
SWANSEA Patti Pavilion: **ACE**
SWINDON R.A.F. Lyneham: **MARMALADE**
TAUNTON County Ballroom: **KEN BOOTHE /CIMMARONS**
TORQUAY Pavilion: **STACKRIDGE**
TORQUAY Tiff's Disco: **GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS**
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: **LABI SIFFRE**
WITHERNSEA Grand Pavilion: **WEE WILLIE HARRIS**
WOKINGHAM Swindlesham Mill: **ROCK ISLAND LINE**
WREXHAM Fagin's: **TREMELOES**

RADIO AND TV

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-5 p.m. As Thursday; 5.0-7.0 "Roskc's Round Table" (with "Newsbeat" at 5.30); 10.0-12 midnight Michael Wale introduces "Rockspeak".
LUXEMBOURG 6.45 p.m. Kid Jensen (with Gig Guide at 8.30); 9.0 Peter Powell; 11.0 Bob Stewart; 1 a.m. LP Of The Week; 1.30-2.30 "Dimensions".
TELEVISION Young Generation in "Ken Dodd's World Of Laughter" (BBC-1); "Introducing Diane Solomon" (BBC-1); Danny Street /Jeanie Lambe in "Top Score" (BBC-1 afternoon); Dave Cash/Kelly's Eye in "The Geordie Scene" (London ITV); "Russell Harty" (some ITV regions).

SATURDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: **SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS**
BIRMINGHAM Brooklyn Technical School: **BREWERS DROOP**
BIRMINGHAM Icognito: **STEVE GIBBONS BAND**
BLETCHLEY White Hart: **FLYING SAUCERS**
BOLTON Navada: **MERLIN**
BOLTON Institute of Technology: **GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY**
BOLTON Institute of Technology: **BYZANTIUM**
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: **BABE RUTH**
BRISTOL Hippodrome: **PINK FLOYD**
BRISTOL Mangotsfield Social: **MARMALADE**
BRISTOL University: **FUSHION ORCHESTRA**
BRISTOL Yate Stirling Suite: **CISSY STONE/BODY & SOUL**
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: **RORY GALLAGHER**
CANTERBURY Technical College: **RARE BIRD**
CARDIFF Capitol: **JACK JONES**
CIRENCESTER Anthea's: **MAC & KATIE KISSOON**
CLEETHORPES Pier Pavilion: **PILOT**
CROYDON Trinity School: **KEITH CHRISTMAS**
DAGENHAM Roundhouse: **GREENSLADE**
DERBY Cleopatra's: **RUBEN & THE JETS**
DUBLIN Stadium: **STEELEYE SPAN/RICHARD DIGANCE**
DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Theatre: **JULIE FELIX/AL MATTHEWS**
DUNSTABLE California (doubling **LONDON PECKHAM** Mr. Bee's): **EDWIN STARR**
FALKIRK Municipal Hall: **"THE JOLSON REVUE"**
● See Kirkcaldy on Thursday for details
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: **FACES**
GOOLE Vikings Hotel: **ROCK ISLAND LINE**
HANLEY Heavy Steam Machine: **GEORGE McCRAE/BLACK VELVET**
HANLEY Place: **JIGSAW**
HASTINGS Pier Ballroom: **CLEMEN PULL**
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: **WIZZARD**
HUDDERSFIELD Builders Exchange: **FACTORY**
HULL City Hall: **CLIFF RICHARD**
LINCOLN Swinderby Vampire Club: **BEANO**
LIVERPOOL Empire: **NEUTRONS/BAND CALLED 'O'**
LLANELLI Glen: **HELLO**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **JONATHAN KELLY'S OUTSIDE**
LONDON City University: **HOUSESHAKERS**
LONDON HACKNEY Cock Tavern: **SPANGLED MOB**
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: **STATUS QUO/SNAFU**
LONDON KENSINGTON Biba's: **PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA**
LONDON KILBURN Gaumont State: **ALVIN LEE & FRIENDS**
LONDON WESTMINSTER College: **MIKE ABSALOM ROAD SHOW**
MANCHESTER Palace: **HAWKWIND**
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: **HUSTLER**
OAKENGATES Town Hall: **YAKETY YAK**
OXFORD New Theatre: **URIAH HEEP**
PAIGNTON Penelope's: **MICHIGAN FLYERS**
SALISBURY Starlight Club: **DESMOND DEKKER**
SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall: **KEN BOOTHE/CIMMARONS**
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: **WINKIES**
ST. HELEN'S Theatre Royal: **SWINGING BLUE JEANS/LOVE AFFAIR/NASHVILLE TEENS/HONEYCOMBS/MOJOS/CUPIDS INSPRIATION**

HAWKWIND'S TOUR STARTS

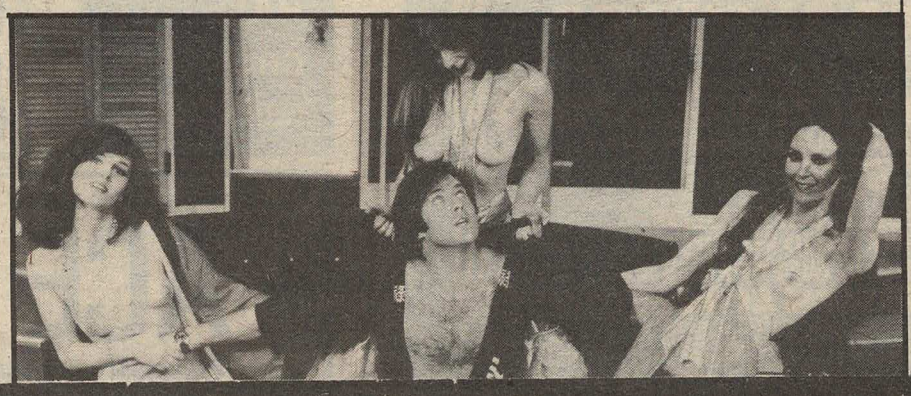
HAWKWIND, recently back from the States, set out on their travels around Britain this week — with an extensive tour itinerary which, apart from a Christmas break, extends for nearly three months. They open at **Newcastle** (Thursday), **Glasgow** (Friday), **Manchester** (Saturday) and **Birmingham** (Sunday).

RAINBOW GIG FOR SKYNYRD

LYNYRD SKYNYRD flew into Britain this autumn to make their debut in this country as support act on the Golden Earring tour. But the reaction they generated exceeded all expectations. And the result is that they have been booked for their own headlining show at **London** Rainbow on Thursday.

Will the real B. Ferrari please stand up?

BRYAN FERRY fulfils his long-standing ambition when he performs as a soloist in **Newcastle** (Tuesday) and **Birmingham** (Wednesday) — with a London gig to follow next week — supported by a large orchestra. Although you might be forgiven for thinking that the picture on the right shows El Ferrari rehearsing with his backing group, it's actually his double (a dead ringer for Our Hero) in a sequence from "Let's Get Laid" at London Windmill Theatre. The picture on the left is a cardboard cut-out of the real Bryan Ferry. We are assured that B.F. is not leaving Roxy, and his publicist has not even said it is "likely". But who knows what 1975 may bring.



NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

REPLACEMENT GIGS BY HEEP

URIAH HEEP return from Australia to play three concerts here this weekend — at **Cardiff** (Thursday), **Bournemouth** (Friday) and **Oxford** (Saturday). The band toured Britain extensively in the autumn — but projected gigs at these three venues had to be cancelled at the time due to Gary Thain's illness.

ALVIN LEE IN LONDON SHOW

ALVIN LEE is starting his world tour in Europe, and his solitary British date is in **London** this Saturday. He's supported by Steve Thompson, Ronnie Leahy, Mel Collins and Ian Wallace, among others. And as you might expect, he'll be featuring material from his double album "Solo Flight".

SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: **TRAX**
WOLVERHAMPTON 67 Club: **FREEDOM**
YEOVIL Johnson Hall: **ACE**

RADIO AND TV

RADIO 1 8 a.m. Ed Stewart and "Junior Choice"; 10.0 Stuart Henry; 12 noon Rosko; 2 p.m. Marvin Gaye featured in "All American Heroes" introduced by Paul Gambaccini; 3.0 Alan Freeman; 5.0 David Simmons; 6.30-7.30 "In Concert" with the Pretty Things/Jasper Carrott; 10.0-12 midnight Alan Black introduces "Rock On."
LUXEMBOURG 6.45 p.m. Peter Powell; 9.0 Kid Jensen's Party Time; 12 midnight Peter Powell; 1 a.m.-2.30 "Dimensions."
TELEVISION Kid Jensen introduces "45" (London ITV, see Thursday for details); "New Faces" talent show (ITV); "The Geordie Scene" (Yorkshire, Anglia, Harlech, Border and Scottish TV); Showaddywaddy in "Saturday Scene" (London ITV); Stanley Baxter in "The Best Of Baxter" (ITV); Petula Clark/Susan Hampshire in "The Sounds Of Petula" (BBC-1).

SUNDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: **BAND CALLED "O"**
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: **HAWKWIND**
BRADFORD The Tavern: **FACTORY**
BRISTOL Colston Hall: **SHOWADDYWADDY**
BRISTOL Locarno: **SWINGING BLUE JEANS/LOVE AFFAIR/NASHVILLE TEENS/HONEYCOMBS/MOJOS/CUPIDS INSPIRATION**
BRISTOL Town Hall: **BAD COMPANY**
CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre: **PAUL BRETT**
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: **EDDIE HOLMAN**
COLCHESTER Woods Leisure Centre: **HELLO**
COVENTRY Theatre: **RORY GALLAGHER**
CROYDON Greyhound: **BUDGIE**
HARROW Tithe Farm House: **CHARLIE**
LEEDS Staging Post: **CALIBAN**
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: **CHILLI WILLI & THE RED HOT PEPPERS/ACE/ELECTRICIANS/KURSAL FLYERS**
LONDON CHELSEA King's Road Theatre: **FUMBLE/ROCK BOTTOM**
LONDON DRURY LANE: Theatre Royal: **JACK JONES**
LONDON ENFIELD Salisbury Arms: **FLYING SAUCERS**
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: **JONATHAN KELLY'S OUTSIDE**
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Palais: **OSIBISA/CASABLANCA/FUNKEES**
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Three Horseshoes: **NIGHTHAWK**
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: **SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER**
LONDON VICTORIA Palace: **SUPERTRAMP**
LONDON Wandsworth Town Hall: **KEN BOOTHE/CIMMARONS**
LONDON 100 Club: **ALEXIS KORNER-/JOHNNY MARS & THE SUNFLOWER BOOGIE BAND/COUSIN JOE**
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: **CISCO**
NOTTINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: **EDWIN STARR**
NUNEATON Griff and Coton Sports Club: **CRANE**
READING Target Club: **JAMES HOGG BAND**
SHEFFIELD Black Swan: **WINKIES**
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: **MARMALADE**
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: **BE-BOP DELUXE**
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: **BLACKFOOT SUE**
SWANSEA Pandora's: **SUNDANCE**

RADIO AND TV

RADIO 1: 8.30 a.m. Ed Stewart and "Junior Choice"; 10.0 Paul Burnett and "All There Is To Hear"; 1 p.m. Jimmy Savile and "Savile's Travels" followed by "Speak-Easy"; 3.0 The Dave Lee Travis Request Show; 5.0 Jackie Stewart's Top 12, introduced by Brian Matthew; 6.0 Tom Browne with the Top Twenty; 7.0-7.30 "Sounds On Sunday" with Emerson, Lake and Palmer; 10.0-12 midnight "Sounds of Jazz" with the Monty Sunshine Band.
LUXEMBOURG: 6.15 p.m. Peter Powell; 6.30 Larry Grayson Show; 8.0 Tony Prince; 8.45 "Club 208 Show"; 9.0 Tony Prince; 10.30 British Top Thirty; 12 midnight Peter Powell; 1 a.m.-2.30 "Dimensions".
TELEVISION: The Osmonds cartoon series (some ITV regions; Max Bygraves in "The Golden Shot" (ITV); "A Day With Dana" (BBC-2).

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: **RORY GALLAGHER**
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: **BAD COMPANY**
BRIGHTON Dome: **SHOWADDYWADDY**
BRISTOL Nurses Home: **TREMELOES**
CANTERBURY Marlowe Theatre: **JIMMY PAYNE**
CHESTER Quaintways: **FACTORY**
COVENTRY Mr. George's: **CRANE**
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: **BAND CALLED 'O'**
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: **FACES**
GLOUCESTER Tracey's: **EDWIN STARR**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS**
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: **BEARDED LADY**
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: **MICHIGAN FLYERS**
LONDON Marquee Club: **JSD BAND**
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Night Out Club: **FLYING SAUCERS**
LONDON Speakeasy: **EDDIE HOLMAN**
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont: **STATUS QUO / SNAFU**
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: **ACE**
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: **BRINSLEY SCHWARZ**

RADIO AND TV

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-5 p.m. As Thursday; 5.0 Rosko and "Discomania" (with "Newsbeat" at 5.30); 7.0 Alan Freeman with "Free Spin" quiz; 7.30 Alan Dell and "The Dance Band Days" followed by "The Big Band Sound"; 9.0 Humphrey Lyttelton with jazz records; 10.0-12 midnight Bob Harris with Greenslade/Jackie Lynton's Grande/Keith Christmas.
LUXEMBOURG 6.45 p.m. Tony Prince (with Gig Guide at 8.30); 9.0 The Bruce Johnston Story; 9.30 Peter Powell; 11.0 Kid Jensen; 1 a.m.-2.30 "Today's Sounds".

TUESDAY

BEDFORD Sharbrook Roadhouse: **FOUNDATIONS**
BIRMINGHAM College of Food: **TROGGS**
BOGNOR Club Rex: **PILOT**
CARDIFF Capitol: **RORY GALLAGHER**
COVENTRY Mr. George's: **CRANE**
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: **SWINGING BLUE JEANS/LOVE AFFAIR/NASHVILLE TEENS/HONEYCOMBS/MOJOS/CUPIDS INSPIRATION**
FAREHAM Collingwood Club: **BARRON KNIGHTS**
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: **FACES**
GLOUCESTER Tiffany's: **MAC & KATIE KISSOON**
GOSPORT Sultan Club: **HECTOR**
GRAYS HURROCK Thameside Theatre: **STARRY EYED & LAUGHING**
HOVE Town Hall: **ACE**
ILFORD Green Gate (Doubling **LONDON W.1** Crackers): **EDDIE HOLMAN**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **CHILLI WILLI & THE RED HOT PEPPERS**
LONDON City University: **JACK STRAW**
LONDON TOTTENHAM Royal (doubling) **LONDON W.1** Gulliver's): **EDWIN STARR**
NEWCASTLE City Hall: **BRYAN FERRY**
PONTEFRACT Blackmoor Hotel: **CALIBAN**
RAMSGATE Granville Theatre: **JULIE FELIX/AL MATTHEWS**
SCUNTHORPE Technical College: **WARLORD**
SHEFFIELD City Hall: **JOHN ENTWISTLE'S OX**
TAUNTON Somerset College of Arts: **HEAVY METAL KIDS/STRIFE**
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Hall: **GROUNDHOGS/STRAY**
WEST BRIDGEFORD College of Education: **BREWERS DROOP**

RADIO AND TV

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-5 p.m. As Thursday; 5.0 Rosko and "Discomania" (with "Newsbeat" at 5.30); 7.0 Alan Freeman with "Free Spin" quiz; 7.30 Alan Dell and "The Dance Band Days" followed by "The Big Band Sound"; 9.0 Humphrey Lyttelton with jazz records; 10.0-12 midnight Bob Harris with Greenslade/Jackie Lynton's Grande/Keith Christmas.
LUXEMBOURG 6.45 p.m. Tony Prince; 9.30 British Top Thirty; 11.0 Kid Jensen (with Pop News at 11.30); 1 a.m.-2.30 "Today's Sounds."
TELEVISION Showaddywaddy/Stephanie De-Sykes/Vince Edwards/Beano/Crane/Ayshea Brough in "Lift Off" (ITV). NOTE: No "Whistle Test" this week.

WEDNESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Odeon: **BRYAN FERRY**
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: **SHOWADDYWADDY**
BRIDGEND Youth Centre: **SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS**
BRISTOL Churchill School: **SASSAFRAS**
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Corn Exchange: **ACE**
COVENTRY Mr. George's: **CRANE**
DEWSBURY My Place: **EDDIE HOLMAN**
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: **FACES**
HEREFORD Brockhampton Court: **GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY**
LICHFIELD Barnaby Rocks: **STEVE GIBBONS BAND**
LINCOLN Four Seasons: **P. J. PROBY**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **CHILLI WILLI & THE RED HOT PEPPERS**
LONDON EDGWARE RD. Crown: **PADDY GREY/GEORGE ADAIR**
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: **ROCOCO**
LONDON Marquee Club: **RARE BIRD**
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: **BAD COMPANY**
LONDON STREATHAM Cat's Whiskers: **MIKE MORTON SOUND**
LONDON 100 Club: **KOKOMO**
NORTHAMPTON Salon: **KEN BOOTHE /CIMMARONS**
PORTSMOUTH Victory Club: **BARRON KNIGHTS**
READING Target Club: **SKY**
RHONDDA Judges Hall: **FUSION ORCHESTRA**
SOUTHPORT Floral Hall: **RORY GALLAGHER**
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: **WILD ANGELS**
YEOVIL Sparkford Inn: **PILOT**

RADIO AND TV

RADIO 1: 7 a.m.-5 p.m. As Thursday; 5.0 Stuart Henry and "College Date" (with "Newsbeat" at 5.30); 7.0 "Pop Score" quiz, introduced by Pete Murray; 7.30 George Hamilton IV and "How The West Was Sung"; 8.0 Wally Whyton and "Country Club"; 10.0-12 midnight Anne Nightingale and Alan Black introduce "Review".
LUXEMBOURG 6.45 p.m. Tony Prince (with Gig Guide at 8.30); 9.30 American Top Twenty; 11.0 Kid Jensen; 1 a.m.-2.30 "Today's Sounds".
TELEVISION: Johnny McEvoy and guests in "Sounds Like McEvoy" (ITV lunchtime); John D. Loudermilk (BBC-2).

RESIDENCIES

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: **CISSY STONE/BODY & SOUL**
● Week from Monday
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: **ITOJO KUMANO**
● Japan's No. 1 singer. Week from Sunday
BRIGHTON Theatre Royal: **"JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT"**
● Wednesday until January 18
BRISTOL Bailey's: **TOMMY HUNT**
● Week from Sunday
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: **YAKETY YAK**
● Week from Sunday
DERBY Bailey: **PAPER DOLLS**
● Week from Sunday
EASTBOURNE King's Country Club: **DES O'CONNOR**
● Sunday for ten days
GLOUCESTER Tracey's: **MUSCLES**
● Thursday for three days
HANLEY Bailey's: **ROCKIN' BERRIES**
● Week from Sunday
HULL Bailey's: **ROCK ISLAND LINE**
● Week from Sunday
LEEDS Grand Theatre: **GRUMBLEWEEDS**
● Monday for eight weeks
LIVERPOOL Empire: **AYSHEA BROGH in "CINDERELLA"**
● Monday for a season
LONDON Casino Theatre: **TWIGGY in "CINDERELLA"**
● Season starts Wednesday
LONDON Palladium: **TOMMY STEELE in "HANS ANDERSEN"**
● Tuesday for an indefinite season
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: **GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS**
● Monday for three weeks, except December 24-26
LONDON Shaftesbury Theatre: **THE WOMBLES' CHRISTMAS SHOW**
● Matinees only. Monday until January 18
LONDON WILLESDEN White Hart: **MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS**
● Thursday for five days
LONDON W.14 New Nashville Room: **SEARCHERS**
● Week from Sunday
LUTON Caesar's Palace: **TONY CHRISTIE**
● Week from Sunday
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: **ROGER WHITTAKER**
● Week from Sunday
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita (doubling **SOUTH SHIELDS** Tavern): **CHIMES**
● Week from Sunday
OLDHAM Bailey's **CAROL WAYNE**
● Week from Sunday
SHEFFIELD Cavendish: **FLIRTATIONS**
● Week from Sunday
SOLIHULL New Cresta Theatre Club: **BEANO**
● Week from Sunday
STOCKTON Bailey's: **HELLRAISERS**
● Week from Sunday
STOCKTON Fiesta: **FORTUNES**
● Week from Sunday
STOKE Jollees: **BLACK ABBOTS**
● Wednesday for four days
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: **VINCE HILL**
● Week from Sunday
WATFORD Bailey's: **SPRINGFIELD REVIVAL**
● Week from Sunday

FOLK

THURSDAY

BEDFORD Angel: **SUE MALLESON**
BIRMINGHAM EDGBASTON Kings Head: **ALEX ATTERSON**
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: **SOUNDS COUNTRY**
BRIGHTON King & Queen: **ALISTAIR ANDERSON**
HUDDERSFIELD Builders Exchange: **DAVE BURLAND**
IPSWICH Gardeners Arms: **ERIC ILOTT**
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: **BRIAN DEWHURST**
LIVERPOOL Dolphin: **FLAT COUNTY STRING BAND**
LONDON BARNET Black Bull: **PEABODY & McNULTY**
LONDON ISLINGTON Rising Sun: **WEBB'S WONDERS**
NOTTINGHAM Windsor Castle: **DAVE HALLIDAY**
ROTHERHAM Masons Arms: **EWAN MACCOLL & PEGGY SEEGER**
STOCKPORT Mersey Tavern: **MOOD INDIGO**

FRIDAY

ASHINGTON Lampglass Arts Centre: **WATERSONS**
BRADFORD Star Hotel: **HARRY BOARDMAN**
BURTON ON TRENT Barley Mow: **TRAVELLING PEOPLE**
DUFFIELD White Hart: **ROY HARRIS**
ERDINGTON Roebuck: **JASPER CARROTT**
ETON Christopher: **CELEBRATED RATLIFFE STOUT BAND**
GUILDFORD Star Inn: **CHARLIE BATE**
LEIGH White Horse: **WILD GEESE**
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: **SPINNERS**
LONDON STOCKWELL Surrey Hall: **DAVE & RUTH COOPER/MARTIN NISBETT/RALPH ALEXANDER**
LONDON WEST END Le Macabre: **DOLPHIN SMILE**
MANCHESTER MIDDLETON Ring o' Bells: **BRIAN DEWHURST**
MANCHESTER Bay Horse: **ALLISON POTTS**
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: **MARTIN CARTER**
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: **BOYS OF THE LOUGH**
SOUTHAMPTON Bay Tree: **BUSHWACKERS & BULLOCKIES BAND**
STALYBRIDGE Rose & Crown: **JED MORGAN & TERRY CHRISTIAN**
STOCKPORT HEATON MOOR Rugby Club: **JEREMY TAYLOR**
TIDESWELL First Drop Inn: **UNION FOLK**
UDDINGTON Greyfriars Monastry: **MIKE WHEELANS**
WESTHOUGHTON Red Lion: **WIDDERSHINS**

SATURDAY

BISHOPS STORTFORD Trial: **YETTIES/PETER DASHWOOD**
CAMBRIDGE Portland Arms: **DICK GAUGHAN**
COVENTRY Fletch: **DROWSY MAGGIE**
DUMFRIES Theatre Royal: **BOYS OF THE LOUGH**
FALMOUTH Dock Railway: **TONY ROSE**
HASTINGS Fairlight Cove Hotel: **JOHN TIMPANY & AUDREY SMITH**
LEISTON Sports Club: **MAGIC LANTERN CHRISTMAS SHOW**
LEWES Lewes Arms: **ALISTAIR ANDERSON**
LONDON REGENTS PARK Cecil Sharp House: **A. L. LLOYD**
LONG CRENDON Church House: **REELISTS/ROGER HOLT**
SHEFFIELD Highcliffe Hotel: **MARTIN CARTHY**
SHEFFIELD Three Cranes: **SEAN MURPHY**
SHEFFIELD Grapes: **ROY HARRIS**
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont: **SPINNERS**
TELHAM Black Horse: **THREE BUMS**
TICHFIELD Carron Row Farm: **ETCHINGHAM STEAM BAND / MENISCUS**
TRANENT Brig Inn: **FINN MAC CUILL**
WAVENDON Stables: **ISLA ST CLAIR**

SUNDAY

AYR Station Hotel: **TICH FRIER**
BIRMINGHAM White Lion: **CHARLES PARKER / JOAN THOMAS**
BRENTWOOD Youth House: **WILD WILLIE BARRETT**
CREWE Brunswick Hotel: **MIKE HARDING**
DAVENTRY Sacarens Head: **ETCHINGHAM STEAM BAND**
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: **SPINNERS**
GROOMBRIDGE Junction: **JOHN MORGAN**
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge Hotel: **BERKSHIRE TRAGEDY**
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: **CELEBRATED RATLIFFE STOUT BAND**
HORLEY Chequers: **TONY CAPSTICK**
HORSHAM Anchor: **ALISTAIR ANDERSON**
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: **BILL CLIFTON**
LONDON FOREST HILL Bird in Hand: **JOHN FOREMAN**
LONDON REGENTS PARK Engineer: **FRED McKAY**
LONDON UXBRIDGE Brunel University: **ROBIN & BARRY DRANZFIELD**
MANCHESTER OLD TRAFFORD North Westward Ho: **GYPSIES KISS**
NORWICH Studio 4: **DICK GAUGHAN**
POYNTON Folk Centre: **BRIAN DEWHURST**
ST ALBANS Goat: **JOHN FAULKNER & SANDRA KERR**
ST ANDREWS Star: **ARCHIE FISHER**
SCUNTHORPE Berkeley Hotel: **MARTIN CARTHY**
SOUTHPORT Blundell Arms: **ROY BAILEY**
TIDDINGTON Village Hall: **TONY ROSE**
WALKDEN Stocks Hotel: **HAREWOOD MAGNA**

MONDAY

AMBERLEY Black Horse: **SOUTHERN RAMBLERS**
CREWE Blessed John Sherd Secondary School: **BOYS OF THE LOUGH**
LONDON BAYSWATER Marquis of Clanricarde: **HERITAGE**
LONDON HIGHGATE Gatehouse: **MARTIN WINSOR**
LONDON ILFORD Angel: **ALLAN TAYLOR**
NEWPORT (Mon.) Castle: **STAVERTON BRIDGE**
PEMBROKE Coach House: **RICHARD DIGANCE**
PORTSMOUTH FRATTON Railway Hotel: **JEREMY TAYLOR**
SHACKLEFORD Social Centre: **ALISTAIR ANDERSON**

TUESDAY

CHATHAM Old Ash Tree: **SCARLET RUNNER**
CHELFORD Dixon Arms: **GARY & VERA**
CRAWLEY Locomotive: **BILL CLIFTON**
DARTFORD Railway Hotel: **ETCHINGHAM STEAM BAND**
DERBY Rugby Club: **JASPER CARROTT**
GUILDFORD Star Inn: **MICHAEL CHAPMAN**
LONDON CATFORD Rising Sun: **PETER BELLAMY**
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Three Horseshoes: **MARTIN CARTHY**
LONDON ISLINGTON Florence: **DICK GAUGHAN / GORDON McCULLOCH /BOBBY CAMPBELL**
LONDON KENSINGTON Commonwealth Instute: **BOYS OF THE LOUGH**
RIPLEY Horse & Jockey: **CROWDY CRAWN / ROY BAILEY**
WADDINGTON Horse & Jockey: **BRIAN DEWHURST**

WEDNESDAY

CHECKENDON Four Horseshoes: **BOB DAVENPORT**
EGREMONT Market Hall: **BUSHWACKERS & BULLOCKIES BAND**
IRVINE Eglinton Arms: **SAM BRACKEN**
LONDON SURBITON Assembly Rooms: **JEREMY TAYLOR**
LONDON UXBRIDGE Load of Hay: **GRAHAM SMITH / BRILLO**
NORTH SHEILDS Wheatsheaf: **JIM SHARPE**
SALISBURY Rising Sun: **MAGIC LANTERN CHRISTMAS SHOW**
UPPERMILL Cross Keys: **NEIL & TIM**

COMPILED AND EDITED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Jazz: Brian Case Folk: Eric Winter

Our scantily clad ladies this week come to us by courtesy of the Paul Raymond Organisation. The shot on the right (like Ferry's double on the facing page) is from Raymond's stage show "Let's Get Laid". The bird on the left is from nothing in particular — she's for decorative purposes only.

ON THE TOWN

George McCrae/ Kilburn

I LIKED "Rock Your Baby" as much as anyone.

It wouldn't be my choice for the soul single of the year or anything — not with classic discs by Bobby Womack, Ann Peebles, Latimore and Bobby Bland around — but a fine song and production, anyway.

But a whole act built around the song is another thing entirely.

To give McCrae his due allowances though: he did start the tour with his wife, Gwen, who had to fly back to the States, so no doubt, he's had to change his act considerably and at short notice. And he is a professional who works hard etc., etc. But whether this slick professionalism makes mediocrity even more depressing depends on the listener's own values.

McCrae is also something of an anachronism in that he's a straight main-stream soul singer at a time when black music is enjoying a renaissance and widening of boundaries with performers such as Marvin Gaye and Stevie Wonder. Not that there's anything wrong with that: indeed, it can often be a pleasure to hear a professional doing his job within a well defined tradition, and so embellishing same.

After all, singers such as Johnny Taylor and even Al Green are appreciated for just this.

Unfortunately, McCrae's voice has neither the distinctiveness and virtuosity of an Al Green or the sheer power and cutting timbre of a Johnny Taylor.

And he did get all the possible mileage he could out of "Rock Your Baby". He asked the audience if they liked it; thanked them for buying the record and said it had passed the eight million mark in sales; sang it straight; sang it with the audience singing along (amazingly in tune); and for his encore started off with a similar song but soon led into a reprise of "Rock Your Baby".

The opening act, Sharon Forrester was in many ways more interesting. She has something of the appeal of Linda Lewis projecting a similar woman/girl vulnerability/seductiveness.

Unfortunately her voice has the sort of quality that could easily lend itself to M.O.R. material and this is where she could find the most success.

And it's difficult to say what sort of setting would bring out the best in her. Certainly, the backing of Black Velvet didn't. And she should cut out saying how much each song means to her and hoping the audience are going to like it as much.

Afterwards, Black Velvet played their own set and made their limitations even more obvious.

Contrary to a popular opinion it doesn't necessarily follow that funk equals monotony equals boredom, but Black Velvet showed it sure can be like that.

Saturday night's first house was cancelled while the second was only half full, possibly because of the coincidental appearance of the Ken Boothe/ Toots and the Maytals show at the Rainbow.

Pete Dalton

Queen Frankfurt

AFTER THEIR British tour one could have made the mistake of assuming that Queen have it easy at all their gigs.

Audiences are familiar with their numbers, encores are automatic, confidence is assured.

Untrue. Germany for instance is virgin territory for the band — no big hit album or single to help them along, no previous gig experience there. In short, it's going to be hard graft.

Extra hard graft in fact in Frankfurt especially when the support band were Lynyrd Skynyrd and half the audience were American GI's.

The first couple of numbers ("procession" tape and "Ogre Battle") went over the heads of the predominently stoned audience who seemed more intent on rollin' joints than rockin' to the music.

Mercury almost worked his arse off, camping aggressively round the stage, very frustrating wiggling your bum and flicking your hair around when the audience is sitting crossed legged on the floor glazing into space.

The medley which included "Killer Queen" and "Lap Of The Gods" was the first point in the set when the dope either wore off or accelerated and a response was gleaned form the crowd.

"Son And Daughter", featuring some nifty guitar work from Brian May, brought a small ripple of applause and gave Mercury enough guts afterwards to ask "Do you want some fun?" and upon receiving an affirmative response, added "I was beginning to wonder."

Understandable sarcasm crept in from both Roger Taylor, the drummer, who commented "You've gotta get off your arses soon" when introducing "Seven Seas Of Rhye" and from Brian May before "Lap Of The Gods".

Musically speaking the gig held up — there were some dodgey moments during "Killer Queen" however.

Despite the sarcasm from the band they did manage to stay regally cool, and were a study in professionism in the way they finally coaxed round the crowd.

At the end of the set it was a somewhat guilty and sheepish audience who demanded an encore, and were rewarded with Mercury leaping to the mike to announce triumphantly "We're gonna have you now" before launching into his strip type "Big Spender" routine.

Oh yeah, the crowd were sorry that they hadn't got into it sooner by this stage. Apologetic about not responding till now. Took them a while to appreciate Queen but they were going bananas at the end.

Julie Webb.

SB & Q/ Roundhouse

YOU HAVE to be pretty good to play London's very own House of Horrors. If you can pick your way to the stage over the spilt beer, crushed icecream cones and collapsed bodies, then you still have the task of penetrating the massed befuddled consciousness.

Well that's not really fair because the Roundhouse audiences are always large of number and generous of collective heart.

Therefore a band of the acknowledged excellence of S.B&Q really only needs to mark time in order to get a rapturous reception. But in fact they performed with their customary strength and versatility, devoting much of their set to material from the new album.

Although most of these songs were recent additions to their repertoire, everyone seemed to be pretty familiar with them and the usual problems of presenting new stuff to an audience eager mainly for old favourites just did not arise.

But the hitch that struck me in the past and which as far as I can see is still nagging them, is that S.B&Q are almost *too* good.

They canter amiably through a set, leaving hordes of contented folk in their wake; they write catchy, memorable songs which they perform always with the ease of the professionals that they obviously are.

In short, they err on the side of good taste.

Okay, so that's hardly a crime but it is what is preventing them from being the huge band that they really should be. Be a little tougher boys, and stop grinning from ear to ear!

But overall criticisms aside, Sunday's gig was truly superb.

They started well with "Beat of the Street", the sort of number that is a virtual S.B&Q paradigm and very much in the tradition of their other singles.

Almost immediately the slumbering forms covering the floor and walls began to stir and elegant limbs were shaken to the music, if not actually in time with it.

Other tracks from the new album proved to be equally strong, "Laid Back In Anger" being a particular success.

Tim Renwick who never falls below par as far as I can see, put in some exquisite guitar work on a lengthy semi-instrumental which also featured some impressive piano.

This was by far the most adventurous piece the band did; sadly it did not seem to go down quite as well as, for instance, "Singin' the Blues" or the inevitable medley of "Dream Kid" and "You Got Me Anyway".

It's a shame really because Lord knows what oceans of inventiveness lie beneath S.B&Q's happy knack for producing bouncing rockers.

Lindsey Boyd

Supertramp/ Preston

MAYBE Supertramp thought THEIR TICKETS WOULD SELLA BOMB if they threw in a film of Mr. Overdub doing his Bells thing as an extra for their tour dates.

After all, anyone who can bring on Mike Oldfield, even film of Mike Oldfield, must be good. More than a few of the crowd at the impressive built-for-sound Guildhall held that view anyway.

A Delay-Ridden Night was compensated for by good music, although it's a pity soundmen didn't realise N.M.E. was represented — they might have made sure of a smooth run otherwise!

By playing a confident game of musical chairs on stage the band make total use of facilities. With keyboards dotted all over the place they need all the manpower they can get.

They get it from the two members who double on keys as well as the contributions of Richard Davies sitting beneath a yellow parasol and trapped on three sides by organ, electric and grand pianos.

Ther perfect example of their instrument-sharing methods came when windman John Helliwell, calmly holding a chord on the mellotron-mimicking synth, realised an oboe solo was due and was expertly relieved from keyboard duties by Roger Hodgson who obviously considered That Vital String Sound more important than his guitar at that particular point.

They didn't leave any audible crack in the music.

Helliwell is the band's answer to Paul Madely wandering roundstage like a lost child discovering new things — striking bells, clapping into mikes, harmonising and, on odd occasions, trying-out the instruments assigned to him. He even feels it his duty in spare moments, to conduct his two fellow-singers, Davies and Hodgson.

Dougie Thompson never appears bored by the generally-uncomplicated Supertramp bass duties which are often confined simply to laying notes over the bass-drum beats.

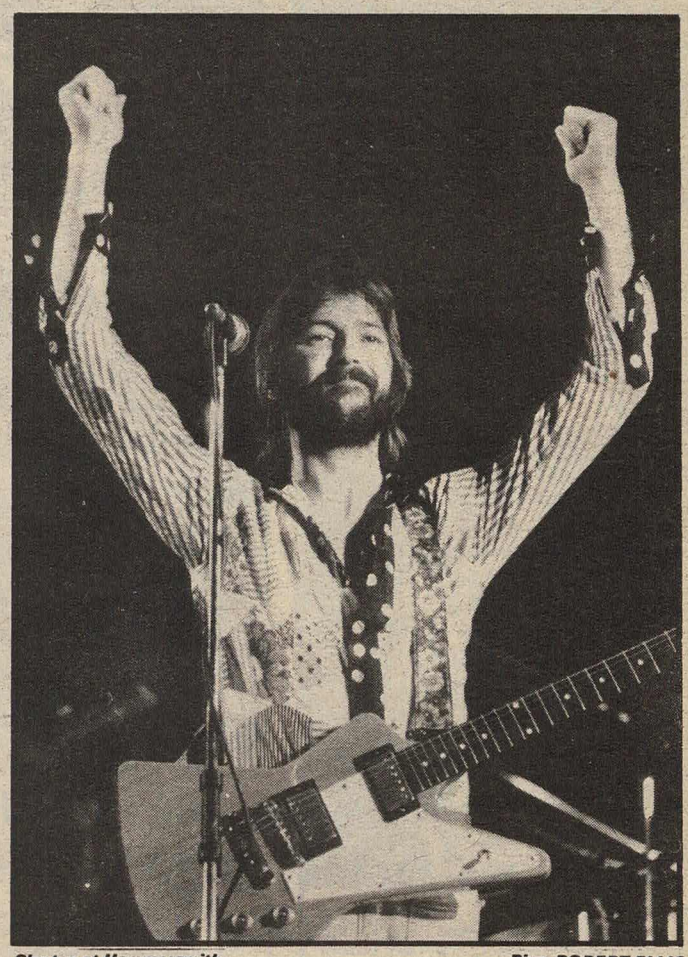
Davies, who begins most of the numbers on his own, is just as at home singing to his own piano-playing as he is blasting along with the rest of the band.

There seems to be more happening now for a band who deserved more credit than they ever got for past efforts.

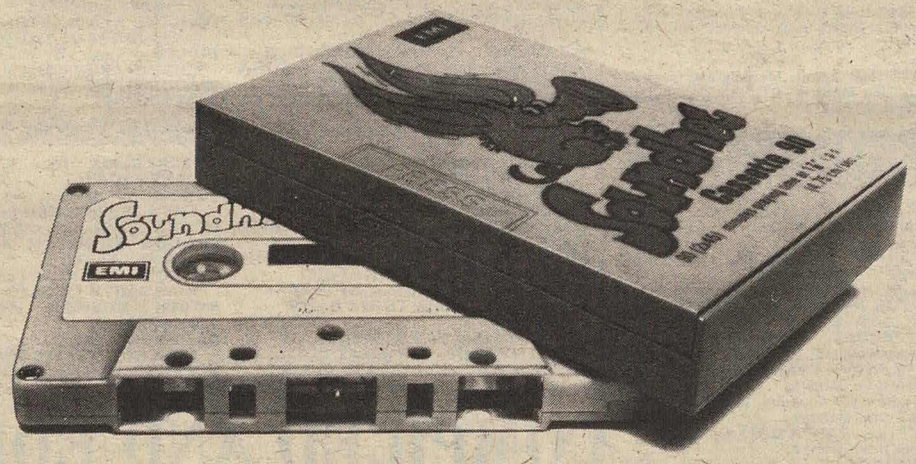
Davies and Hodgson, the only remaining originals, agree. Davies suggests the difference is that it's their first work with a producer (Ken Scott of Mahavishnu fame) and he says he likes The Production Thing.

They played the whole of the new album, "Crime Of The Century" slipping a couple of oldies in between sides.

Just a mention for Chris De Burgh, A&M's New Year prospect who announced that his "alleged album" comes out in



Clapton at Hammersmith. *Pics: ROBERT ELLIS*



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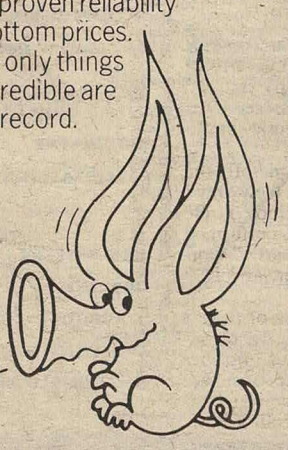

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ON THE TOWN

Eric Clapton/ Hammersmith

THURSDAY night marked the final gig in the third of Eric Clapton's post-hibernation tours and in conjunction with the Wednesday night concert, the first time in four years that he'd appeared on a British stage with a permanent band.

This third tour had kicked off at the end of October in Tokyo and then wended its way homewards through Germany, Holland and France, leaving behind it two equally successful tours of the States. All in all, the concert marked the conclusion of Clapton's most rewarding year since the barn-storming days of Cream, with a habit kicked, an album well established in the best seller lists, a string of sell-out gigs, a role in a film and even a top ten single.

Naturally, both of the Hammersmith concerts were sold out and expectations were running high as RSO duo Macko Palmer attempted to pacify the audience with forty minutes of Arizona soft rock. The music was inoffensive, acoustic and quiet enough to talk through. It's no fun though, acting as Hors d'oeuvres for such as Eric Clapton.

The Man Himself arrived on time, dressed all in white for the home game and raising the expected outbreak of cheers. He sauntered across the stage and made a couple of adjustments before taking off into an acoustic set of "Smile", "Let It Grow" and "Can't Find My Way Back Home", all of which represent the new less-intense Clapton and provided excellent emotional preparation for the more aggressive material that was to follow.

After attempting various hair lengths, facial surfaces and outer garments throughout the preceeding tours he was more or less back to the 'Rainbow '73' image of medium length hair, beard and suit — although looking a whole lot more healthier and happier than he did in the twilight years. His attitude on stage was relaxed and informal — sauntering, lighting up and even bawling back at the audience who constantly called out their requests. Above all it was the sheer enjoyment of performing that Clapton projected and, although it was Hammersmith Odeon, he was able to bring something of the informality of clubland to the audience.

After the third number Clapton's acoustic guitar was exchanged for the electric by one of the roadies and a roar of knowing approval went up. As the instrument has become almost synonymous with his name it was hard not to stop the Pseuds' Corner of my heart from seeing this exchange as a minor ceremony. Full of Significance and Meaning.

The first electric offering came by way of "Tell The Truth" and ran on into "The Sky Is Calling" and "Have You Ever Loved A Woman". It was at this point that it became obvious that the years away were of no lasting consequence — for not even time and heroin can destroy the essential Clapton, and neither can changing musical fashions render void the honest expression of emotional joys and pains by a Master. Music (for the most part) being beyond words, suffice it to say that as he juiced the feelings out of his machine it began to make up for every bad concert I'd ever attended.

The band used throughout the tour has been the same as that used for the "461 Ocean Boulevard" album — George Terry (guitar), Dick Sims (keyboards), Carl Radle (bass), Jamie Oaklader (frums), Yvonne Ellman (vocals) — with the addition of vocalist Maria Levy. They're a tight and effective unit, allowing Clapton to play *with* them as opposed to *in front* of them and therefore fulfilling his wish of being part of a band again.

The only fault of the evening was one of pace. The set peaked far too early, during "Badge" in fact, which was the eight numbers in a show which lasted two hours and twenty minutes. At that point I was all ready to mark it down as one of the two best concerts I'd ever experienced — but unfortunately the emotional intensity couldn't be retained and the adrenalin was allowed to settle back during numbers such as "Let It Rain" or "Better Make It Through The Day" ... all good, well executed material but, to my mind, wrongly positioned in the set.

The closing number was the much-requested "Layla" followed up by the Everly Brothers' "Dream" (or at least an excerpt from it), sung by Yvonne and Maria — an unexpected, unannounced ending to things. One encore was given when Clapton and the band returned with Ron Wood (introduced by Clapton as being Pete Townshend) and played through "Steady Rollin' Man" and "Little Queenie". By this time the houselights had been put on and so demands for a second encore quickly petered out as the band left the stage.

Overall, this was a triumphant return to London by a man who's contributed so much to the history and direction of rock. It proved beyond all doubt that the whole saga wasn't — as had been insinuated by some — yet another nostalgic comeback devoid of artistic merit and designed to keep the tax man from the door.

Steve Turner

January and who got an encore with the funniest song I've heard in years all about Patricia the Stripper ("God made her a sinner just to keep fat men thinner").

Oh and that darned Oldfield film was played at a slower pace than the album, presumably to allow Mike to be his Usual Casual Self in swapping from acoustic to bass.

John Walker

Kevin Ayers/ Norwich

IT ALL happened at the University of East Anglia recently, when somebody got up on stage and introduced Kevin Ayers and Soporifics.

Soporifics (a sleep-bringing agent — Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary) came on and straightway went into the opening bars of "May 'i."

Kevin Ayers ambled on in his light grey silky suit, fag in mouth. Turning his back to the audience he tuned his guitar, stubbed his fag out, adjusted the microphone and we were away.

Mr. Dreamy Lungs was back in business.

"May I" was followed by "Shouting In A Bucket Blues" and then came Kevin's delightfully subtle drug song "Stranger In Blue Suede Shoes."

At this point in the proceedings Kevin removed his jacket amidst a barrage of wolf whistles before going into "Didn't Feel Lonely Till I Thought Of You," this surprisingly being the only song he performed from "The Confessions Of Dr. Dream."

Soporifics are a four-piece group who include well respected guitarist Ollie Halsall and Kevin's long-time buddy Archie Leggett on bass.

Having proved to be a very tasty outfit right from the start they really came into their own on a highly dramatic version of "Lady Rachel," which was to my mind one of the highspots of the evening, the other being Kevin's rendition of the beautiful "Decadence."

Towards the end of the set Kevin and the group performed a few new numbers, which will possibly be on the next L.P.

One of these, "Sweet Deceiver" started off along similar lines to Dylan's "You Ain't Going Nowhere" and featured some obscure vocals from Halsall. Audience reaction showed this to be the most popular number of the whole evening.

On another new song, a rocker, which was "so new it hasn't got a title yet" Kevin showed off some guitar acrobatics, and on the final number of the official set it was Halsall's turn for some spectacular guitar work. As he got into full swing Kevin graciously stood back to acknowledge his brilliance.

The group's departure from stage was heralded with much stamping, clapping and whistling before Kevin came back to do a mickey-taking version of "Falling In Love Again."

Finally, after more shouting and stamping Soporifics came back for their encore with Ollie Halsall taking vocals on "Don't Be Cruel." Sadly, the lights then came on and it was time to go home.

Try as I might to criticise the set the only fault I can find is that it didn't last about two hours longer.

The supporting act of the evening was Long John Baldry, who is now into blues tinged rock and is backed by Baracuda; who, during the set even played an instrumental called "Do The Baracuda".

Long John kicked off the evening with "Brand New Day" from his excellent "Good To Be Alive" L.P., and also performed things like "Crazy Lady," written by his sax player, and Ray Charles "Busted."

Near the beginning of the set John said he'd have no objections to anyone dancing; but nobody did, despite the fact that most of his music was danceable.

Colin Cross.

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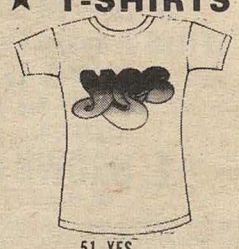

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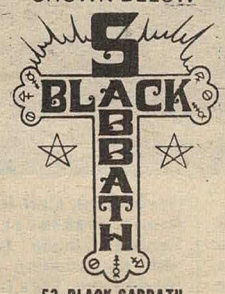

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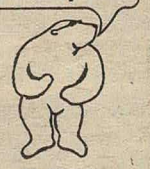

55. CRESTA

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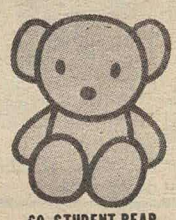

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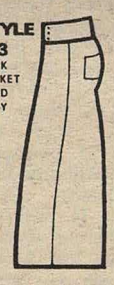
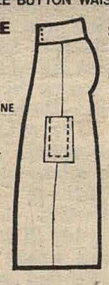
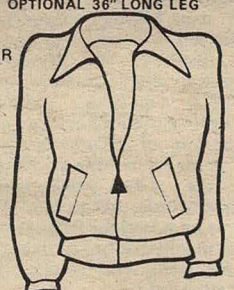


STYLE 242 THIGH POCKET CORD GABERDINE DENIM CANVAS DONIGAL



STYLE BOMBER 240 CORD DENIM DONIGAL



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SIZE
STYLE
COLOUR
ALTERNATIVE CHOICE

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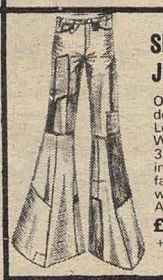

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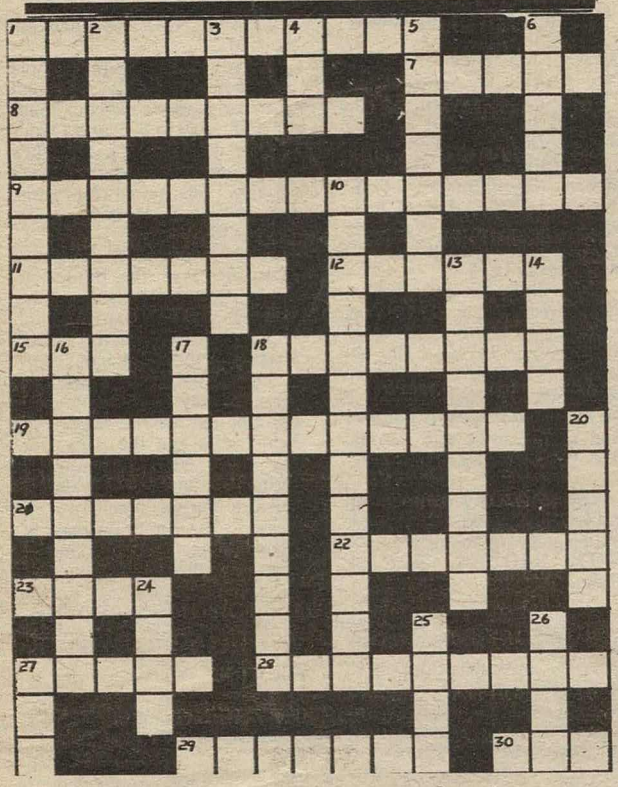

ACROSS

1 Rural Roxy (7,4)
7 Instrument
8 Bonzo, sometimes Python, contentedly idiotic (4, 5)
9 Confessions of a deified axeman! (1,4,3,7)
11 Originally by A. Cooper — covered by H. Wilson?
12 & 4 down Wayward West Coast legend, of the group forever changing
15 Initially, a heavyweight monster (1,1,1)
18 Trad folk instrument, Joni Mitchell being best known current exponent
19 Now in retirement, got first gig singing alongside R. Stewart and J. Baldry after spell as organiser of Yardbirds fan club (5,8)
21 See 27 across
22 What M. Bolan manifestly appears *not* to do these days! (3,2,2)
23 Sugary duo-component with namesake of 14 down
27 & 21 Later gory red (anag. 5,7)
28 Beatles ballad, close to being their most-covered toon
29 See 27 down
30 An offer P. Moraz could not refuse?

DOWN

1 K. Tippett's miniscule jazz-rock monster
2 i.e. rape, huh? (anag. 5,4)
3 Derived name from lead singer, who went on to marry P. Spector
4 See 12
5 See 20
6 Jimmy . . ./Richard
10 America's foremost gospel group (6,7)
13 Featuring G. Ridley on bass (6,3)
14 Gaelic axeman
16 Bronx-born singer/songwriter, the 1971 set "Gonna Take A Miracle" was her last release before retirement into New York domesticity (5,4)
17 '62 Top Tenner for the Four Seasons
18 Airborne fiddler (6,3)
20 & 5 More than a DJ; almost a mountain?
24 & 26 Early 60's pop-singing brother of P. Sarstedt
25 Mr. Roden
26 See 24
27 & 29 Of "Bridget The Midget" and "The Streaker", etc.

ACROSS: 1 John Phillips; 6 Jon (Lord); 7 Hardin And York; 10 Gentle Giant; 11 Jim (Cregan); 13 Jim Croce; 14 Martin (Barre); 15 Sonny Terry; 17 Sweet; 18 Crystals; 19 Paul Simon; 25 "It's Only Rock 'n' Roll . . ."; 28 Lord; 29 Russell; 30 Barre. DOWN: 1 John (Mayall); 2 Harvey Mandel; 3 Pointer Sisters; 4 (Peter) Sarstedt; 5 (Mike) Rossi; 8 Amen Corner; 9 (Ten) Years After; 11 Johnny Cash; 12 Mick Ronson; 13 Janis Joplin; 16 Russ (Ballard); 18 Contours; 20 Leon (Russell); 21 Mayall; 22 Mike (Rossi); 23 Cregan; 24 Elmore (James); 26 Duo; 27 Ten (Years After).

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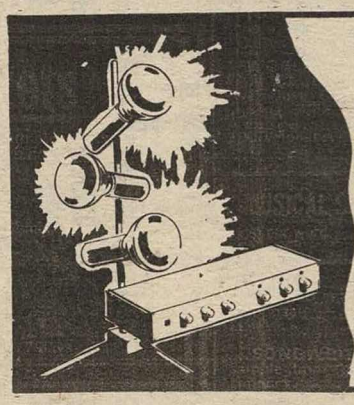
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NEW RELEASES

	Record Retail Price	Comet Record Price
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Illusion	2.26	1.93
WOLF		
Night Music	2.26	1.93
SLADE		
Slade in Flame	2.70	2.20
THE GREG ALLMAN TOUR	3.92	3.45
JACK BRUCE		
Out of the Storm	2.46	1.99
BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST		
Live	2.94	2.55
OSIBISA		
Best of	2.50	1.99
RINGO STARR		
Goodnight Vienna	2.50	1.99
SWEET		
Desolation Boulevard	2.44	1.99
GENESIS		
Lamb Lies Down on Broadway (2 LPs)	4.49	3.75
IKE & TINA TURNER		
Sweet Rhode Island Red	2.45	1.99
LOVE UNLIMITED	2.45	1.99
OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN		
First Impressions	2.50	1.99
MARTHA REEVES		
Martha Reeves	2.50	1.99
CAT STEVENS		
Saturnight (Best of)	2.45	1.99

New Releases Cont.

SUTHERLAND BROTHERS AND QUIVER		
The Beat of the Street	2.45	1.99
BOB DYLAN		
Blood on the Tracks	2.79	2.20
ROY HARPER		
Flashes from the Archives of Oblivion	3.75	3.25

DIRECT FROM THE USA

ROLLING STONES		
Hot Rocks (Best) (2LPs)	Sp. Price	5.70
THE BEATLES		
Magical Mystery Tour	Sp. Price	3.45
ERIC CLAPTON		
Clapton	Sp. Price	3.45
DEEP PURPLE		
Purple Passages (2 LPs)	Sp. Price	4.25

J. GEILS		
Nightmares	2.69	2.20
MONTROSE		
Paper Money	2.69	2.20
FAMILY		
The Best Of	2.69	2.20

New Releases Cont.

TODD RUNDGREN		
Utopia	2.69	2.20
FRANK SINATRA		
Main Event	2.69	2.20
HERBIE HANCOCK		
Thrust	2.49	1.99
JOHNNY CASH		
The Junkie and the Juicehead Minus Me	2.49	1.99
ARGENT		
Encore	3.49	2.85
WOMBLES		
Gift Package (3 LPs)	4.99	4.49
JOHNNY NASH		
Greatest Hits	2.79	2.20
MILES DAVIS		
Get Up With It	3.49	2.85
THE DRIFTERS STORY	2.49	1.99
LED ZEPPELIN		
Physical Grafitti (2 LPs)	4.49	3.65

PERRY COMO		
The first 30 years (4 LP boxed set)	7.56	6.45

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Liza with a Z	2.49	1.75
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LEONARD COHEN		
Live Songs	2.49	1.75
JOHNNY WINTER		
Still Alive and Well	2.49	1.75
SPIRIT		
The Best of Spirit	2.49	1.75
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Triumvirate	2.49	1.75
JOHNNY CASH		
and His Woman June Carter	2.49	1.75
RAY CONNIFF		
Harmony	2.49	1.75
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Fresh	2.79	1.85
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Alone Together	2.46	1.75
A Time For Us	2.46	1.75
SLADE		
Old, New, Borrowed and Blue	2.46	1.75
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Second Album	2.46	1.75

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Hat Trick	2.69	2.20	—
ARGENT			
Argent	2.49	1.99	—
Altogether Now	2.49	1.99	—
In Deep	2.49	1.99	—
Nexus	2.49	1.99	—
ATLANTIC			
Black Gold	2.49	1.99	—
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Nice 'n' Greasy	2.45	1.99	—
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A King at Nightfall	2.44	1.99	—
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The Road of Silk	2.44	1.99	—
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Lunch	2.55	2.10	—
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Bad Company	2.45	1.99	2.45
BAD FINGER	2.69	2.20	2.45
BADGER			
One Live Badger	2.49	1.99	—
THE BAND			
The Band	2.50	1.99	2.55
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Rock of Ages (2 LPs)	3.75	3.25	—
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Pet Sounds	2.50	1.99	2.55
Greatest Hits	2.50	1.99	2.55
Sun Flower	2.75	2.20	2.55
Surfs Up	2.50	1.99	2.55
Holland	2.69	2.20	2.55
In Concert (2 LPs)	3.99	3.50	3.86
BEATLES			
Revolver	2.50	1.99	—
Help	2.50	1.99	2.55
Sgt. Pepper	2.50	1.99	2.55
Double Album	5.00	3.98	4.10
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C, S & N	2.49	1.99	2.55
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COMET RECORD DEPARTMENT
Dept. N.M.E. 14.12.74
101 New Road Side
Horsforth, Leeds LS18 4QD

Letters edited by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

IT'S RATHER A pity that the first round of correspondence re Kent and Erskine's evaluations of the Floyd wasn't a little more analytical.

Kent is a disturbing and unsatisfactory journalist. He lacks any real perception and covers his lack of knowledge with a kind of journalese which is all techno flash and without substance. So be it. Unfortunately what he writes does have some influence (slight I hope) on pop music trends and therefore needs serious refutation.

As an exercise in biased reporting, and superficially and fundamentally unfair criticism, the Pink Floyd article was unsurpassed.

1. The article (?) opened with criticism of Dave Gilmour's personal cleanliness. Precisely what this had to do with the concert evades me. Is Kent trying to suggest that Pink Floyd's stage performance was in some way affected by the cleanliness of Gilmour's hair?

Alternatively, he may be inferring that a clean musician holds his audience in some respect. Either way, the point Kent is trying to make is far from clear. Comments like those in the opening paragraph do much to confirm Simon Puxley's recent comments about NME being too middle-class.

2. Then there's the unfortunate Bill who sat next to Kent during the show. Again the implied criticism of a lifestyle is extraordinarily boorish. What right has Kent to pass judgment on Bill's lifestyle and appearance with comments like "a kind of bleary-eyed doggedness"?

Maybe I have a rather idealised view of reporting but I thought the journalist was supposed to be an objective observer rather than a clown who interprets everything according to his own set of values, prejudices, idiosyncrasies and hang ups. I realse the former is impossible but that doesn't mean that the latter is the only alternative.

It's when Kent is forced to get down to details that his analysis really falls apart:

3. "Each note hanging in that archetypally ominous stunted fashion that tends to typify the Floyd at their most uninspired." Now what the hell does that mean? Wouldn't it fit perfectly into Pseud's Corner? C'mon Nick, clear and comprehensible explanations of "archetypally ominous stunted fashion", a list of works that show "Floyd at their most uninspired", and then show how you reconcile "stunted fashion" with "Floyd at their most uninspired".

4. "His voice mottled by a slightly squeamish, self-consciousness of timbre." Again — what do you mean? The tone of the comment is obvious, it's just that the description is meaningless.

5. "I can't think of another rock-group who live a more desperately bourgeois existence in the privacy of their own homes." So what? You're showing your values (and what a set of values) again, Kent.

I'd say on the evidence of the Floyd article and the values and attitudes that it espouses (dislike of dirty hair, that navvies who tar roads don't overstrain themselves) that I can't think of another journalist who lives a more desperately bourgeois existence. — **BRUCE ELDER, Thornbury, Bristol.**

ON READING the November 23 edition of NME, I just had to write and tell you that I thought Nick Kent's article on Pink Floyd — not meaning to be rude — stinks.

I'm all for people stating their own opinions, but I object when they criticise trivial things like Dave Gilmour's hair. *"His hair looked filthy there on stage, seemingly anchored down by a surfeit of scalp grease and tapering off below the shoulders with a spectacular festooning of split ends."*

Who cares? I thought people went there to listen to the music.

Pink Floyd have progressed on to better and different things since 1967 but Kent doesn't want them to. Throughout his write-up of the concerts, he seems continually to give the impression that he thinks they're not what they used to be in the good old days.

To be continually haunted by the past can't be much fun for the Floyd — and it must make it worse for them if there's people like Kent about to write articles on them. — **SARAH LINNETT, Hounslow, Middx.**

OKAY, SO Nick Kent and Pete Erskine didn't enjoy the Floyd (understatement of the century), but did their criticism have to sink to the level of personal insults and the now cliched remembrances of the "legendary" Syd? Alright, so he was the guiding light in the early days but, as Roger Waters said, "this is 1974".

Why does NME bother to send reviewers to Floyd concerts at all? There seems to be no difference between this review and that of Ian MacDonald when the band last played the Pool — except it is possibly even more snidey and derogatory. What a waste of four tickets.

Next time, why not shut up and let the 32,000 who did enjoy it speak for themselves. — **RUTH BROOKS, Dartford, Kent.**

REGARDING MR. KENT'S appraisal of the Pink Floyd concerts. Two general points: (1) I have seen the group in question on a number of occasions over the last seven years, and listened to their records; (2) I am not inclined to replace new journalism with new testament (I don't keep back copies of NME), but Mr. Kent does seem to occasionally deliver the goods — within the genre, suspect though that is in itself, and I fear he may receive many letters of a threatening nature for what was after all only honest criticism.

Anyway, to add my own insignificant grist to Mr. Kent's mill, my only surprise is that he hasn't come round to this opinion before.

Or has he? For instance, between '67 and '70 the group obtained immense mileage from "Saucerful Of Secrets", "Set The Controls", "Eugene", and "Astronomy Domine", i.e. the first two LPs, half of every concert for three years, and the whole of the live LP of "Ummagumma".

I saw the group perform in early 1970 at Leeds University, producing lame, bored versions of these four with virtually no progression apparent in two and a half years.

On past experience, then, one would not imagine that "Dark Side Of The Moon" would not be flogged until the last drop oozed from the stone. However, as always, that's not the only point — but I can't answer to others either. For instance:

(1) Has 'rock music' ever been primarily concerned with the pursuit of excellence — as opposed to giving the people what they want?

Or:

(2) Can any "popular" musician now resolve the problem of live performances against recording commitments, etc. (yawn), etc. — **D. HICKEY, Clifton, Nottingham.**

I DON'T want to join the "Floyd versus Kent" round of contretemps that's going to be hitting dem NME pages any day now; may I just say, on a superior level of musical critique, you could probably shoot down the Floyd, and expose their limitations.

The point is, kids, the audience ENJOY Floyd music (two years of "Moon" album in chart), and with that fact you cannot argue. All right, so Peters and Lee may touch just as many hearts. But how many *minds* do Peters and Lee, Engelbert, etc., touch?

It must be a good thing if lots of folk can get off, travel, trip with Pink Floyd music. So what if they are personally bourgeois? So what if they're rich? T'aint their fault . . .

However, a nice deflatory article does us all a power of good, including the Floyd themselves — who will, no doubt, gird up their collective loins in order to reach even greater boundaries to break through. — **CHARLIE BLOOMFIELD, Radio Caroline, Scheveningen, The Hague, Holland.**

I WAS delighted to see Nick Kent's article on Pink Floyd. Before, there had been only the occasional snide comment-/slight cynicism in your paper about the aforementioned persons' amazing capacity for making money, but Kent's article was what I had wanted to see for some time.

I mean, NME, you had me worried.

There had been a perceptible decline in the bitingly harsh and sarcastic reviews all your readers had come to love and I wondered whether the World's Most Self-Conscious Rock Weakly was going the same way as *Melody Maker, Sounds,* and the like.

Kent is quite right, of course, when he says the danger to guard against in contemporary rock is the automaton sound. Not the Floyd, but the Stones are the greatest rock band ever.

You must also realise that the genuinely talented bands at the moment are the likes of the Who, Man and the Alex Harvey Band, whose brilliant performances and mostly excellent musical output stand out in contrast to the drab playing, musical pretentiousness, monotonous electronic sound and overall wimpidity of groups such as Yes/Rick Wakeman, ELP, Greenslade and Sparks. So Floyd, put "Dark Side of The Moon" behind you and record "Saucerful Of Secrets Part Two". — **NONAME JACKSON, daft address.**

SO YOU'RE interested in people wanting to defend the Floyd against your two anti-Floyd mates N.K. and P.E.

Quote: "Let's get the Floyd back into perspective," they say. Even before reading the two and a half page unfairly written article, you see that the Floyd are in for a pretty rough time.

If the two concerned thought it was the most boring concert they had ever sat through — why the hell go back on the Friday night (when I was there)? They write that the Band are "incredibly limited", this would explain, would it, why "The Dark Side of the Moon" is still in the Album Charts for the 87th week?

The criticism of the film projected on the huge circular screen seems pretty unjust to me. The "dastardly duo" seem to think that shots of currency were pretty obvious when they were playing "Money" — what the hell were you supposed to see, two cats making love?

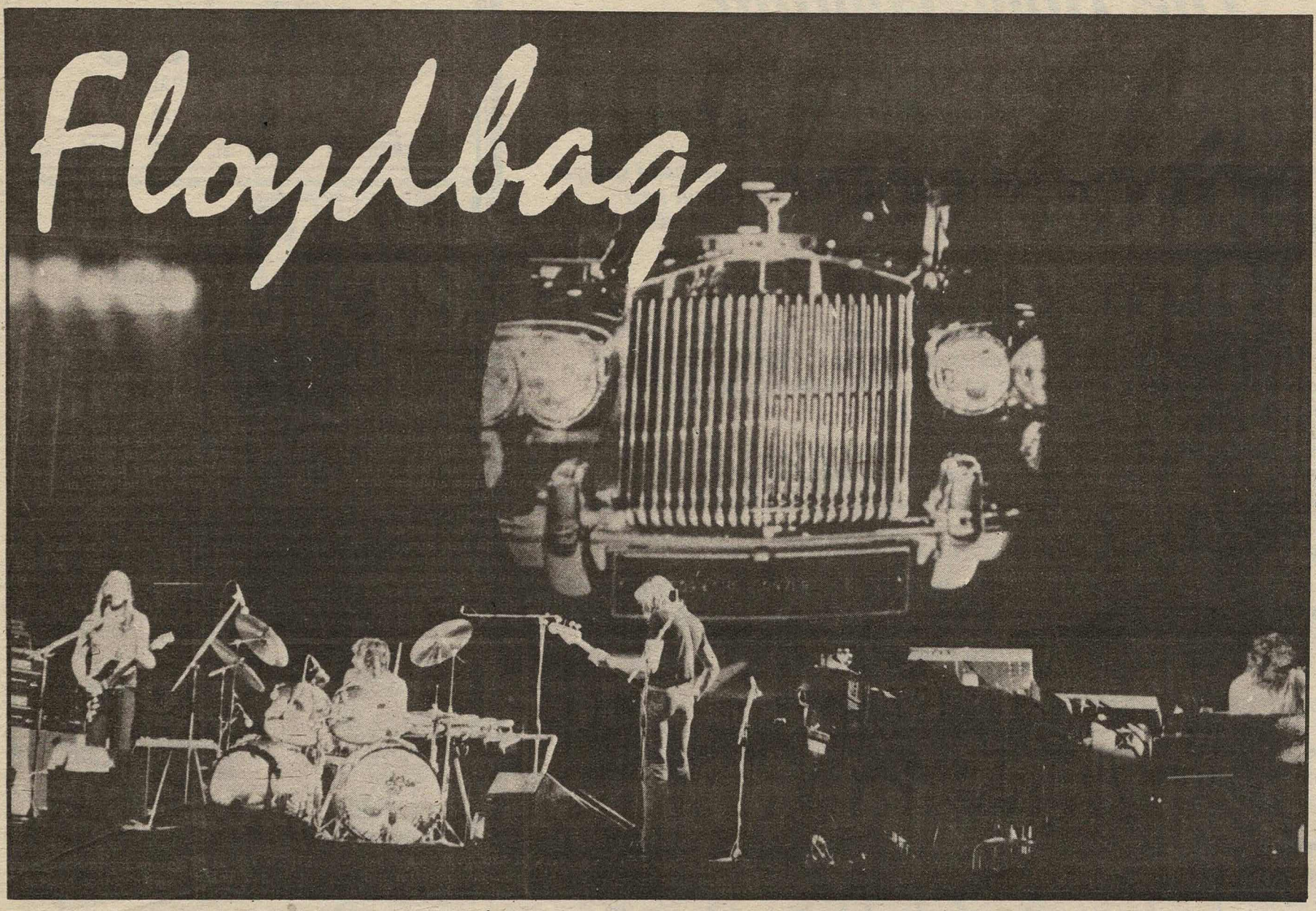
Nobody seemed to mention that the 'ol films were a new dimension to the show in that the "visuals" took your attention away from the four musicians and let your mind go beyond . . . "to go boldly where no man has ever been before" — The Dark Side of the Moon.

By the way I was at the Earls Court Gig in May 1973 and looking through my Press cuttings I see that Steve Clarke reported on that performance — I suggest that you let him have another go the next time Floyd are around because his article was short, to the point, and he gave them a chance. — **KEVIN ROWETT, St. Austell, Cornwall.**

P.S. Intentionally I haven't made any attack on Kent and Erskine's basic thesis, partly because to do so would take some thousands of words, and partly because I did not attend the concert on which the article is based. If however, Mr. Kent wishes to defend an across-the-board denigration of the role, significance and musicianship of Pink Floyd, then let him nominate the weapons and the battlefield.

Ever since NICK KENT and PETE ERSKINE did the bizness on PINK FLOYD a couple of weeks back, our letterbox has been dominated by angry missives. Score so far: KENT/ERSKINE 9, FLOYD 91. Anyway, as promised, this week we're devoting the main section of GASBAG to this steamy subject. We were gonna call it Pink Gas — but we settled for . . .

Floydbag



Pic: ROBERT ELLIS

I WOULD like to thank Nick Kent on his excellent article on Pink Floyd, and especially '1984 Orwell rock' for actually daring to criticise Big Brother (The Floyd) and all he stands for. If the thought Police get hold of you, they'll vapourise you, Kent.

The article must inevitably have brought a deluge of letters from outraged Floyd fans protesting about Kent and Erkine's article. I read the two letters in defence of the Floyd and the first thing which really annoyed me was contained in the first letter by Friedrich Nietzche.

He stated: "Why not a remote-controlled rock concert, after all". Surely music is a form of expression and means of communication with an audience, (as well as being satisfying to the musician)?

How can a musician possibly express himself and create an atmosphere by pressing buttons and switching on tape loops and "funny noises" which is all an automatic concert would be. Also, how can he possibly gain any amount of satisfaction from seeing large amounts of people getting their rocks off on "live" music which has taken no more of an effort than pressing buttons etc. and maybe even a quick appearance on stage. This situation may develop into the "Hate Time" as in Orwell's '1984'. In this case in question though, Kent or Erskine's face will be projected on the Floyd's video screen/or telescreen before the concert. The fans will feel real hatred and contempt for these criminals who dared bring down the Floyd.

Next will be a picture of the Floyd on the screen and the crowd will become hysterical and will chant, P-F, P-F, P-F. This isn't so far from the truth as it may seem.

I am not anti-Floyd and I enjoy especially the music on their first two albums, but I cannot go along with the attitude that everything they do is hallowed and they cannot do wrong. I cannot help but feel that '1984' is nearer than we think. "Who Are The Brain Police?" Now we know. — **EITRET NOSYT, Ministry of Truth, Argyll, Scotland.**

●Right. First of all, sorry that Kent can't be here in person to answer these points but he's in Paris relishing the attentions of his Fan Club. So you'll have to make do with me. It seems that the essence of most of the anti-Kent letters boils down to: "I don't agree 'cos it got *me* off"; or "What's Gilmour's hair got to do with it anyway?" (Apart from Bruce Elder's comments upon Kent's writing idiosyncrasies which the divine Nicky the K must answer for himself.) Facts are these: we didn't expect anything other than a sackful of flak when we learned what our duo were planning to write — but we *did* have two other reporters (Roy Carr and a certain CSM) present, whose opinions paralleled those of Kent/Erskine. On the other hand, Steve Clarke — who was also there — disagreed with all four. I rather fancy the point about the hair was intended to reinforce the (highly-valid) critical assumption that the Floyd *didn't give a toss* — and that it showed. Kent invoked the Ghost of Barrett, one assumes, to contrast current Floyd with past Floyd. Did I miss anything? Oh yes. Enjoyment by the masses cannot be the only criterion of a band (one hopes), and when the band is such a mighty outfit as the Floyd, one Must Speak One's Mind — Mustn't One? After all, would you respect us if we just gave you the same old "Everybody - dug - it - so - it - must - have - been - good" horseradish? — TONY TYLER

The Good, the Bad, the Ugly, and the just plain Bananas

I FEEL I must express my disgust at the mishandling of Argent's recent gig at Barry Memorial Hall — or perhaps I should say a gig which was to have taken place on 25th November. It was well publicised pop/rock concert in South Wales for some time. Indeed more posters were seen in Newport for this gig than for Pink Floyd at the Capitol Cardiff. The tickets were sold by one of the most renowned shops in Wales.

When my friend and I arrived at the hall at 7.30 p.m. we were told the group would not be appearing. According to the officials at the hall they were telephoned by Argent's representatives at 5.30 p.m. and were told that Argent's representatives thought the stage was too small. On this stage many top live groups have played (they include Groundhogs and Uriah Heep). How then was it too small for Argent's needs?

Also if the stage was too small the date should never have been agreed in the first place. We were offered Sassafras at 25p less (65p). However we had travelled 24 miles to see Argent, being ardent fans of their music. We refused — our money was refunded. This was however hardly compensation for the wasted journey, first to Cardiff to get the tickets, then to Barry to see the concert. This lost us a great deal of time and money.

It seems a little strange that the group cancelled their date at 5.30 p.m. and yet at 7.30 p.m., just two hours later, a replacement had been found to take their place and in fact while we were there we could hear them tuning up.

Was this just a big boost for the Cardiff-Newport group Sassafras? Did Argent genuinely pull out of the gig? If so why did they leave it so late before pulling out? How did they get a replacement so quickly? These questions need answering. — **D. MITCHELL, Newport, South Wales.**

● One of Argent's managers, Len Lubin, admits the band did pull out of the Barry gig. Mr. Lubin says this was because the stage area was too small, but they did not find this out until they arrived at the hall in the late afternoon. Previously, he says, they had been assured by the Barry Director of Publicity and Entertainment, P. N. King, that the stage area measured 42 feet across and 34 feet in depth. But the band discovered the workable area was 15 foot narrower than stated. Argent's manager told us that the officials of the Barry Memorial Hall accept full responsibility for the cancellation of the gig, and he added that he is "contemplating taking further action against the hall". In the meantime the band are looking for an alternative venue in the area. Mr. Lubin didn't know that Sassafras had been offered as a replacement group so that's a matter for the Hall to reply to. — D.J.

WHILST READING your "newspaper", I came across this remark from Charles Shaar Murray: "I even like this dredged-up drearoid from one of Argent's earliest and most obscure albums". The album it comes from is hardly obscure. The album's name is "Altogether Now" and it has just gone gold. It also contains two hit singles, "Hold Your Head Up" and "Tragedy". — **AN ARGENT FAN,** No address given.

● 'swhat I mean — it's one of their most obscure albums — CSM.

I WORK in a record shop, and am fascinated by the covers. Here are my nominations for 1974.

MOST OFFENSIVE: "Country Life" (Roxy Music). Thoroughly tastless, cheap 'n nasty.

MOST PRETENTIOUS: "Serenade" (Neil Diamond). Overblown Portrait of an Artiste.

MESSIEST: "Walls & Bridges" (John Lennon). Loose strips swing about. And Lennon looks so repellent with his tongue out that I also nominate this sleeve:

SILLIEST: See above.

BEST BY A MILLION MILES: "Relayer", the new Yes album. Designed by Roger Dean, the daddy of them all. "He doth bestride the world of sleeve design like a Colossus" (Shakespeare).

Note to all sleeve designers: Next time you feel the urge to produce a cover in the form of a football or beer-mug; or to include a gimmick like giveaway knickers (Alice Cooper) — could you possibly fight it? They're absolute hell to deal with in a busy record shop, and bring down the curses of all the staff on your clever little heads. — **J. GREENE (Mrs.), Stanmore, Middlesex**

THE CAPTION to the photo on page 40 of NME dated November 2 makes interesting reading. You ask, "Why are these people looking so serious? The answer — "The dope didn't arrive." Since only three members of the Beatles are featured, are we to assume that the dope referred to is George Harrison? — **MR. D. HOGARTH,** Co. Antrim, N. Ireland.

● No such assumption should be made or even inferred. See singles column. — CSM.

I'M WRITING to tell you that prefixing a woman's name with Ms. doesn't mean that you are being non-sexist. With headlines like "New Chick Band" and "Black Chick Trio" you maintain your usual trashy standards. More news of women's music is needed — what about Joan Armatrading, Kiki Dee, Carole Grimes et al? You should take a listen to Yoko Ono's American album "Feeling the Space", preferably at full volume to blow the mouldy cobwebs out of yer ears.

Reading Jean Millington's remark about truck drivers annoyed me ever so slightly too — I remember when Fanny was a good band with Alice de Buhr thumping some nice rhythms and Nicky Barclay pounding away. Wot's a truck driver like anyway? Patti Quatro's sister Suzi? Leave the dykes alone — we got enough shit to cope with from male cretins, without the only commercially successful women's band knocking us too. What would you sister June say 'bout you? — **LIZ** No address given.

● God, what's a nice girl like you doing on a page like this ? — CSM.

WITH JAMES Johnson joining the *Evening Standard,* any chance of hiving CSM off to the *Sun*? They'll accept *anything*. — **A. N. On.**

● If they give me free run of the Page Three girls I'll fink abaht it — CSM

The Next Week Box Story: The Homecoming

"Those were perilous times indeed," mused "Stainless" Steele, as he poured the Next Week Box another brimming goblet of cheap Beaujolais. "I really thought you meant it at the time."

"Well, I was kinda strung out," mused the Box, "but you soon got my head straight quick enough once we got to talk it over in private. The stitches come out next Friday," it added as an afterthought, "and the doctor sez I should be walking — uh, slouching again soon."

"So we're friends again?" asked Steele.
"Sure, man," smiled the Box. "'Course we are."
"Then get back to work, you loathesome editorial device!" Steele bellowed. "Here's yer script. Now get outta my office before I throw you out." The Box dragged its mangled carcass to the door, and shortly afterwards its voice was heard echoing through the neon-lit kromium korridors of Long Acre.

"Attention all personnel. Attention all personnel. This is Vital City.
"Next week in the world's most humanitarian music weekly we got SPARKS SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE by Max Bell, and GONG SOMEWHERE ELSE IN EUROPE by Chris Sale — uh — SALEW —"
"Salewicz!" hissed the Crossword Puzzle from the ceiling.

"Plus a seven-years- this-month-since-his-death appreciation of OTIS REDDING."
"Honey, you are one big lunkette," purred the Loon Pants Ads. "Mon brave, y'all done forget the bleedin' Magnum Opus, my life. Wot abaht that absolutely divine RICK WAKEMAN CONSUMERS' GUIDE TO BEER? You is an imbecile, senor."

Sounds of carnage, violence and fearsome imprecations rent the air (at the special GLC low winter rate). Steele smiled blissfully (but with a thoroughly unpleasant aura of smugness). Just one big happy family — just like before. He struggled into his just-an-ordinary-editor-type-overcoat, and looked at his Chronoplex Gary Glitter wristwatch. He had just enough time to make the flight to L.A.

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TEAZERS

A WEEKLY COMPILATION

YES, FRIENDS, now it can be told: our own **Ian Anderson** refused to appear on the cover of US *Creem* magazine wearing **Santa** outfit and posing nubile lovelies on the **Anderson** knee; his reason? "The **Santa** outfit has got to be in black — but that's if I was to do the shot, which I'm not because I hate little girls'...

With **Keith Richard** constantly bemoaning the ever-improving state of the recording art, are the **Stones** currently recording in Germany due to primitive equipment over there? **America's** latest Warner Bros. elpee "Holiday" goes gold in US... Is this madness? **John Cale, Nico** and **Eno** gigging at Reims Cathedral this Friday December 13... Sampler elpee now imminent from Virgin Records...

At recent NY rehearsal for biggies **Bachman-Turner Overdrive,** obese roadie approached NME Lensman **Joe Stevens** with the immortal woids: "Ya see dose guys onstage? Well, they're tired and disgusted and can't be trusted so ya better put ya camera away an' geddouddahere"... Apart from **Lyn Paul,** what the hell happened to the other **New Seekers?** ... **Olivia N. John** scoring twenty grand a week for US cabaret deal next year.

Bought by Warner Bros: **Curtis Mayfield's** record company... US hit looming for **Anne Murray** version of **Beatles'** "Day Tripper"... Fab Chrissy Pressy for **Elvis'** doctor **Ellas Ghanein:** last year, a seven-grand Merc; this year, a £13,000 custom Stutz Black Hawk; is **The King** trying to tell us something? Is this "a cry for help"?...

Two days at Philadelphia Spectrum for **Elton** and **Kiki Dee** grossed 300,000 dollars; and he still wants to live in Britain?.. Which press officer fell asleep in the middle of a band's set — which he'd taken three music journalists many miles to see?.. **Jet Harris** to marry again...

Carl Palmer currently recording solo album with members of **Back Door** ... And **Chris Squire** yet another with Own Album To Do... Is there a merger imminent between **S. Happy** and **H Cow?**..

Why is The World's Most Mobile Navel (i.e. **Maria Muldaur**) refusing to sing "Midnight At The Oasis" on her current US tour... **Yes** Manager **Brian Lane** phoned NME offices to mention that **Gryphon** doing v. well in US; would we give 'em a plug? Gladly, **Brian: Gryphon** doing v. well on current US tour with **Yes;** their album "Red Queen To Gryphon Three" doing v. well in US also... **Rod Stewart** buying Knightsbrige home from **Paul and Barry Ryan**...

David Bowie and **Marc Bolan** writing screenplay together... **Lynsey de Paul** also buying new pad, in Highgate; cost: fifty grand... **John Lennon** plus **May Pang** plus **Yoko Ono** all at same party for **Elton John** following Madison Square concert last week; revelation: it was **Yoko** who sent the white gardenias to **John and Elton** (the ones they wore onstage)... And while we're on the subject of **E. John,** the lad has been getting in some fair old plugs for **Alex Harvey** in US recently; quote goes like this: **"Alex Harvey** is bizarre and crazy and one great rock and roller. When America gets a taste of him they will flip. He's paid his dues and he's ready to break out"...

According to *Time* Magazine, US rock industry in throes of unparallelled gloom; New York concerts promoted by **Howard Stein** have fallen off up to 40% in gross terms, say *Time,* and **John Denver** only half-filled 14,000-seater Tennessee University auditorium recently; record sales holding fast, though... Guess who's playing guitar on current **Beach Boys** tour? **James William Guercio,** that's who, and he manages them as well... **Three Degrees** number one in US charts this week with "When Will I See You Again — and to think they used to do commercials...

Etta James doing gigs with **Van Morrison**... Reformed **Iron Butterfly** signed with MCA... Horrid news: Radios One and Two in possible merger, according to *Daily Mail* ... And Capital Radio reportedly seeking re-finance of £250,000 to keep broadcasting... **Allmans** joined **Bonnie Bramlett** for new "It's Time" elpee...

Rick Nelson due to star in new **Andy Warhol** movie as, you guessed, rock-star-who-gets-busted-and-gaoled...

NME switchboard jammed by callers querying **Kenny Everett's** announcement on London Capital Radio that **Mott The Hoople** were appearing at Hammersmith Odeon last weekend... With regular support act **Robin Trower** indisposed, **Manfred Mann's Earthband** guested with **Frank Zappa** at Cleveland Constitution Hall last week...

Roger Daltrey played in-bed love scenes with six different birds, all auditioning for role in his **Liszt** movie; he finally settled for **Jane Seymour**... **Average Whites** now have another replacement for the late **Robbie McIntosh** in ex-**Donny Hathaway** drummer **John Sasswell;** they're currently cutting a single in New York.. **Kilburns** broke attendence record at Islington Hope & Anchor last Wednesday, when **Eno** was among the audience..

Rubettes keyboards man **Bill Hurd** marries **Gina Smith** in Ramsgate this Saturday...

Everybody's sideman **Ron Wood** joined **Eric Clapton** onstage last week for second Hammersmith gig by the **Big Cee;** in the audience: **Mick Jagger, Ronnie Lane, Roger Chapman, Jimmy Page** and **Roberto "Percy" Plant;** and while we're on the subject of this particular concert, just which record company (female) publicist bought up quantities of tickets and "redistributed" same, incidentally making 100 per cent profit on the way? And we've been trying to do something about touts for all this time...

Essex-mania seems to have worked metamorphosis on formerly supercool London audiences... **Ralph McTell** gunning for *Guardian* rock critic... Which Well Known Heavy Metal Bassist is planning to Form Own Band?

Presumably as part of his policy of being as un-Beatle as possible, **George Harrison** has withdrawn permission for "Here Comes The Sun" to be featured in the "John, Paul, George, Ringo... And Bert" musical — and also caused all his material to be pulled out of the "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" Broadway musical. Living In The Material World with the proverbial vengeance; mean ol' sod...

SHE DOESN'T look too happy, does she? This is Raquel Welch, pictured at Reno Sweeney's after Dana Gillespie's opening night (which gets the bird from Our Lady in the Big Apple; see Thrills, page 10). Racquel, 74, is actually haveing her first elpee produced by Dana. (Incidentally, we at NME learn that** *Spare Rib* **magazine is uptight at us for our recent feature on Dana; we're accused of being "sexist". Goddit? Right, now turn to page 10 and get the full lowdown on Dana's act. Reddit? Now form your own conclusions.)

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